

Part 3:

Win Some, Lose Some

Bridget was holding it together, but only by a thread. She had stormed out of the school with no intention whatsoever of going back in before her mom found her stomping over the parking lot. Her chest rose and fell as she took deep breaths in a valiant attempt to calm herself. Once she got close enough, Catherine could see tears standing in her eyes, and she did her best to comfort her. They moved back towards the doors, then she saw the counselor and Mr. Finch standing on the top step just outside of them. She gestured irritably to them, trying to communicate that they needed to go back inside and let her handle this herself. Then she turned back to Bridget.

“Once you’ve gotten this out of your system, let’s go back inside and talk to Mr. Sellers and Mr. Finch about it, alright?”

“Isn’t there anything else I could try?” Bridget said, keeping her voice below a scream of frustration through sheer force of will. “That one kid down the street is homeschooled.”

“Honey, look at me.”

Bridget heard her mother switch to a cool and even voice. The “Danger Tone,” as her dad liked to call it. She turned her red eyes, still welling with unshed tears, up to meet her mother’s. Catherine put her hands on her shoulders and leaned in so close their noses almost touched. They had almost identical light brown eyes, so it was oddly like looking into a mirror.

“I’m not just saying this to get you to do what I want. You do *not* want to do that to yourself. It’s worth getting through this, baby. I promise. You’re going to want the school experience, even though it’s a pain in the ass most of the time.”

Bridget sniffed, and a strained, strangled sound escaped her, though she kept her lips shut tight. She was trying not to laugh.

“If you need to cry, or scream, or break something, you do that out here. But we’re going to have to go back and face this once you’re done. Why don’t you tell me what happened?”

Catherine let go of Bridget’s shoulders and stepped back to give her some room. Bridget let her chin fall to her chest and finally let the tears fall. They soaked into the dark fabric of her baggy t-shirt, leaving slightly darker stains that were visible in the bright sunshine. When she felt like she could speak again, Bridget filled her mother in on her miserable experiences that morning. From all the whispers and stares to the note in her textbook to the Eva Trio’s bit of social engineering.

“And you’re sure Lily Polk was the one that wrote that in your book?” Catherine asked.

"I mean, I can't prove it," Bridget said, her eyes still puffy and her voice thick with emotion. "But after everything she said, I'm pretty sure she did it."

"Are you feeling up to going back in now?"

"Maybe," Bridget sniffed. "I still can't believe I let them work me up like that."

"Don't let it worry you too much. None of them will remember this in about a week."

Catherine got up from where she sat beside her daughter at the bottom of the school's front steps. She brushed off the seat of her jeans and held her hands out to help Bridget stand up.

"C'mon. We still have about half an hour before the bell rings. Mr. Finch will want to see us."

"I really don't want to go back in there, Mom," Bridget moaned. "Can't you make some kind of excuse for me and take me home?"

Catherine gave her a stern look and put her hands on her hips.

"You may have *your* father's name, but let me tell you something *my* father told me when I wasn't much older than you. He always said, 'The O'Guinns don't run,' and you're as much of an O'Guinn as I am, Bridget. We're facing this head-on. I have a bone to pick with the faculty anyway."

She knew then that it wasn't worth arguing anymore. Her mom had invoked her grandfather's old-timey wisdom, and that meant she was going to make her go back and face everyone. She took her hands and let Catherine pull her to her feet. As she stood up, she overbalanced when the weight of her chest dragged her forward. She felt her bra shift out of place again and remembered her plan to ask her mom if there was something wrong with it.

"Um, mom..." She muttered as she grabbed the band and tried to reposition it.

"What is it?"

"I think there might be something wrong with this bra."

"One of the brand-new ones? What happened?"

"I dunno. I was sitting in class, and it started to feel really uncomfortable."

Catherine thought it over for a second and then motioned for Bridget to follow her into the school.

"You're probably just not used to wearing it yet," she said as she went up the steps. "You jumped up to a pretty large size in a couple of months. Just bear with it. It'll feel natural soon enough, I promise."

“Ok...”

Bridget wasn't convinced, but she didn't want to argue when her mom was looking so fired up. Anyway, saying what she was worried about would make it real, and she was more terrified by that prospect than going back into the school to face her peers. She followed her mother inside and straight up the hall to the principal's office for the second time that day. Mr. Finch and Mr. Sellers were both there waiting for them, the latter with a sour look on his face. Catherine crossed her arms and cocked her wide hips. She faced them without a trace of apprehension, waiting for one of them to make the first move.

And Mr. Sellers did just that. The tall, rail-thin guidance counselor always dressed in clothes that seemed to be at least two sizes too big for him, and he hardly looked imposing against a confident, beautiful, and taller-than-average woman like Catherine. His unpleasant demeanor left most of the students scared of him, but in Bridget's experience, he was a pushover if you didn't start off on the wrong foot. She wasn't sure how this meeting would go, but she felt like she could bet on her mom after watching her dominate the principal that morning.

“Mrs. Thomas,” the counselor said. “I've just been speaking to the principal about your daughter's behavior—”

“I don't doubt that,” Catherine said, cutting him off with a chilly look in her eye. “But I have something I'd like to discuss about three other students who just got away scott-free after tormenting my daughter without *any* of the faculty noticing or stepping in.”

Mr. Sellers looked shocked that she had interrupted him, and Mr. Finch grimaced.

“Mrs. Thomas,” the principal said, hoping to smooth things over. “I assure you, Mrs. Carter saw a potential problem brewing, but she wasn't able to break it up in time. I'm sure you understand that Bridget's behavior is unacceptable, regardless of the circumstances...”

“What I understand,” Catherine said, turning on him with a patronizing smile as her every word dripped with venomous nectar. “Is that you told me you would look out for my little girl, and when three little *harpies* smelled blood in the water and pounced, you're all acting like it's a surprise? Why was no one there to stop it? Were you just telling me what I wanted to hear before?”

“No, ma'am,” the principal said, straightening his posture in an attempt to save face in front of his subordinate. “But—”

“I apologize for any trouble she caused. I do. But I think you can appreciate the kind of mental and social strain she's under right now. Even if you can't understand what it's like for a girl her age, I think you can imagine how hard it is to be singled out.”

Catherine turned her head to look at Bridget over one shoulder, gave her a significant tilt of the head in Mr. Sellers's direction, and mouthed one word.

Apologize.

Bridget understood and was ready to obey, but she didn't feel like it was very fair. The adults were the ones who screwed up, but she knew her mom had a plan. It would be best to go along with it.

"I-I'm sorry," she said, her voice catching in her throat. "For what I said in the hall. And I'm sorry for ignoring you, Mr. Sellers. I was mad, and I wasn't thinking."

The two men looked at mother and daughter like they were a pair of powder kegs sitting too close to an open flame. Once again, Mr. Sellers was the first one to speak up.

"I understand," he told them, tension in his voice betraying his obvious anxiety. "Things can be volatile during the first few days of school. Just try not to let it happen again. If anyone bothers you, come to me or Mr. Finch straightaway, alright?"

"Yes, sir," Bridget said, her hands tightening into fists as she swallowed her pride. "Thank you."

Catherine put a hand on her shoulder and looked at Mr. Finch over her head so she couldn't see the icy glare she gave him.

"I expect her to be in *much* better shape when I come to pick her up after school," Catherine said. "She's got enough on her mind without other students adding to her problems or—worse—affecting her grades."

She put extra weight on the last few words, biting off every syllable without bothering to conceal her irritation at the thought.

"We'll make sure the students are under control," Mr. Finch said, swallowing hard as he met her eyes. "But it can take some time to cover all of our bases, and children are unpredictable. We need to keep a closer watch over some of the girls, it seems."

"That seems obvious," Catherine said before checking her watch and turning her attention back to Bridget. "What's next on your class schedule, honey?"

Bridget pulled her schedule out of her backpack and checked it.

"PE..."

It came out as a dry rasp. She hadn't even thought about how she was going to survive that kind of physical activity in her condition. It had always been one of her favorite class periods before. A chance to get up and move after hours stuck in a desk. Now she wasn't sure how she would manage to keep up with the rest of the students. She didn't even have anything to wear now that she had grown so much over the summer.

“We’ve shifted fifth period to a student assembly today,” Mr. Sellers said. “In part to address what happened just before lunch along with some other announcements that need to be made.”

“Well, since Bridget’s lunch hour was wasted on all of this,” Catherine gestured around the office. “I’m going to take her out for the day. We still need to buy you some proper gym clothes anyway, now that I think about it.”

“Understandable,” Mr. Finch said, almost sounding relieved. “We’ll see you tomorrow, Ms. Bridget. Bright and early. Have a good day, ladies.”

Bridget stuffed her schedule back into her backpack and went for the door. Her mom said something to Mr. Sellers she couldn’t hear, then followed her out of the office. Once she shut the door, she let out a sigh of relief, and the tension went out of her back and shoulders. They both stood in the hall for a moment, and then Catherine looked at her.

“Let that be a lesson to you, sweetheart,” she said. “The best way to get what you want out of men is to challenge their authority early on and spend the rest of the argument massaging their egos without letting them realize it.”

Bridget considered that but wasn’t sure she quite understood what she meant. Catherine started to walk down the hall.

“Thank God your principal is a man.”

Adults are so weird, Bridget thought.

They only had five minutes before the bell rang and the hordes left the cafeteria, so she rushed after her. They left the school and went out to a nearby deli for a nice lunch. She called a few sporting goods stores while they were waiting for their food and found one across town that seemed promising. According to the assistant manager, they would have athletic gear that would fit her on hand.

“I don’t know how I overlooked that,” Catherine said as they left the restaurant. “I should have thought about new gym clothes. You’ll definitely need more than that one sports bra you got at the mall.”

Bridget was worried about how she would perform in PE now that she had to deal with the equivalent of two WNBA basketballs strapped to her chest. She wondered if it was even worth bringing it up but decided to give it a try.

“Can’t I get a doctor’s note to get out of it or something?” She asked. “I could use that hour to do homework or something.”

“Honey, the only way you’re getting out of PE is if you break a leg.”

And that was the end of that. Bridget didn't even bother to argue any further. Her mom was going to force her to make a fool of herself. For a sporty tomboy like herself, that was probably going to be the biggest blow to her pride yet.

Two and a Half Years Later

"Bridget!"

Bridget's eyes snapped upwards and locked onto her target. A voice in her head told her she wasn't going to make it, but she knew she had to try anyway. The front line was too far away to reach her, and her backup had just recovered from their last save. Her vertical jump had been shit for years. Between her damn tits weighing her down so much and her below-average height, her Achilles' heel was obvious. The opposition had enough experience to recognize it, and they probably thought this was their big chance to seal the deal. That's why they had sent such a

Nothing ventured... She thought as she squatted down and prepared to make a fool of herself.

With a roar of effort, she leapt up, stretched her arms out to their limits over her head, and actually managed to make contact with the ball. She bumped it just enough to her left that Jenna could set it. Then Mary, who had proven her right to wear her team captain star many times over that day, spiked it with such force that the resulting boom sounded out over the roars of the crowd. Bridget landed flat on her back and knocked the wind out of herself, but she hardly noticed. She was too busy watching the ball hurtle toward the opposite side of the court like a meteor.

It was a true kill. The ball came within millimeters of the top of the net, zoomed right past the front row before they could set up a line, and the three desperate girls in the back panicked and went for it all at once. Their lack of communication proved to be their undoing as they collided with each other. One went down, then the other two tripped over her and followed her down as well. In a pure fluke, one of them reached out and managed to get a hand on the ball, but it still hit their side of the court before it went spinning off out of bounds. There was an instant of total silence, broken by the referee's whistle as she signaled the final match point. Then a horn blew, and the commentator's voice boomed through the gymnasium.

"Match point! Game! Richardson High takes the state championship!"

Holy shit...

Bridget could hardly believe it. The game had been tied in the fifth match for so long that they all thought it would never end. Every time they had pulled ahead, their rivals had tied it right back up again or vice versa. Neither side had made any headway for almost thirty minutes, hoping the other would be the first to tire out and make a mistake. As most of the

team crowded around Mary, screaming and squealing over her spectacular final spike, two of Bridget's best friends on the team ran to help her up.

"We're going to nationals!" Jenna shouted, laughing as she held out a hand.

"That was a great save!" Clara shrieked over the noise of the crowd as she grabbed Bridget's other arm and pulled.

The two tall and athletic girls helped Bridget up from the floor, and she rose, still a bit winded and totally exhausted. Her boobs were trying to escape their confines, but she casually stuffed them back into place and threw her arms around her friends.

"Thanks, guys!"

She coughed and wheezed as she leaned in and squeezed them close. Her breasts were roughly squashed as their bodies pressed together, but she ignored the discomfort. They weren't going to keep her from enjoying this moment. Nothing was.

"I don't think I've jumped that high since I was twelve!" She laughed as they separated. "Great game, girls!"

"Get her!" Mary screamed, pointing at Bridget.

She looked to her left and saw the entire Richardson High volleyball team stampeding towards her. Within an instant, Jenna, Clara, and Bridget were all wrapped up together in more than a dozen pairs of arms, all trying to get their hands on the latter in particular.

"Good save!"

"That was awesome!"

"You're amazing!"

Bridget was overwhelmed by the sudden attention, but she couldn't wipe the smile off of her face. She was almost surprised Mary had decided to direct a share of the glory to her, but she was a good team captain. She knew when to share the limelight.

"Okay, let me breathe!" Bridget shouted. "Ow! Brittany, that's my boob!"

The crowd around her broke up as Coach Autry ran up and blew her whistle.

"That was a good bump, Thomas," she roared. "And a perfect followup by Gaines and Phillips. Now get over there and congratulate your opposition! They played a hell of a game."

The two teams lined up on each side of the net, and a buzzing chorus of "good games" filled the air as the opponents crossed paths and slapped their hands together. A few of the girls looked ready to cry, or fight, or both, but everyone managed to keep it civil. When it was

all over, their rivals retreated to the locker rooms, and Coach Autry ordered them to do the same.

Bridget tried to follow the order with the rest of her team, but she saw her dad and Aidan standing on the sidelines and waving at her.

"I've gotta change!" She shouted to them, pointing towards the rest of the team running out of the gym. "I'm all sweaty and gross!"

"Great save, sweetie!" Her dad yelled to her between cupped hands. "Hell of a jump!"

"Hurry up!" Aidan shouted, grinning at her. "That game took forever!"

She stuck her tongue out at him and flipped him off as soon as her dad turned his back to find her mom. He returned the gesture, and she turned to jog into the tunnel that led to the locker room.

Idiot...

She arrived to find the whole team in various states of undress. A few of them were topless. A few others were in their underwear, but they were all screaming and bouncing around as they reveled in their victory. She saw Jenna's chestnut ponytail bouncing up and down as her long, thin arms wrapped around Clara's waist. They hugged each other close and shrieked with joy. Then Jenna's shouts turned into a squeal as the muscles in Clara's thick legs rippled as she lifted Jenna from the floor in a bear hug.

Bridget felt a hand on her butt and went rigid. In the girliest response imaginable, she let out a squeak of surprise, and her hands flew up near her shoulders, both hands in loose fists as her spine straightened and her chest thrust out. Her boobs bounced wildly, despite the dual sports bras she was wearing, and her unseen assailant grabbed and squeezed them before letting her go with a giggle. Bridget was red in the face as she turned on the culprit, already certain she knew who she would find.

"Mary!" She shrieked. "That's harassment!"

"You know I can't keep my hands off of you!" Mary giggled. "You're just so...*squishy*!"

Bridget crossed her arms over her chest and looked for backup, but Jenna and Clara were still too busy celebrating with the rest of the team.

"When are you gonna let me take you out?" Mary asked, for what had to be the hundredth time that season.

"Oh, come on!" Bridget begged. "You've got to stop asking me that! You know I'm happy for you and all, but I'm just not into other girls."

"I know," Mary pouted. "But it's sooo not fair."

“I know a few guys that say the same thing about you,” Bridget mumbled.

With her cute face, long black hair, and curvy yet athletic figure, Mary was the object of many a boy’s obsession. At least half of them knew she was gay, but it didn’t seem to stop them from dreaming either way.

“What was that?”

“Nothing,” Bridget said, shaking her head. “C’mon, let’s go have some fun with the girls before Coach chases us out of here.”

They all gathered up and congratulated each other on a game well played. Mary gathered everyone around and gave everyone a pep talk about not losing sight of the goal. Bridget saw her playfully groping a few of the girls who dared to go topless in her presence, but couldn’t help but laugh. Everyone was in high spirits, and they all knew Mary was just being Mary.

As Bridget had predicted, Coach Autry showed up and shouted for them to get a move on before she threw them out in the halls naked. Bridget had already split off from the partiers to get out of her bras so she could air out her underboobs by then. Once she dragged a towel under them a few times, she just stood there holding them up and sighing with relief as the cool, dry air rushed over her hot skin. They’d randomly blown up a cup size or two at a time over the last couple of years—saddling her with her current K-cups—but it had been way more gradual and easier to handle than the insane growth spurt that set it all off. She’d only grown about two inches in height since that fateful summer in middle school, and she thought that was probably because every bit of growth she had left was going to her boobs. There were still plenty of inconveniences that came with having such a large bust, but she had surprised herself with how much she had managed to achieve over the last two years.

She had gotten over most of the social anxiety that had plagued her since her breasts started growing. She still wasn’t exactly confident in her appearance, but she could at least ignore the part of her that always worried about what other people thought. Since her mom forced her to adapt anyway, she had thrown herself into sports once she got used to moving around with her changed body. She started to think of the extra weights on her chest as training equipment, telling herself that if she learned to run and jump with them, she would be unstoppable. Some things she tried just wouldn’t work out, but she never stopped trying. She had found out softball was a no-go the first time she swung a bat. She was too short for basketball and too slow for track. She’d made a half-decent goalie, but her small stature and limited reach put her on the sidelines more often than not. When she had rediscovered volleyball in her freshman year of high school, it had all clicked. Despite what she considered a significant athletic handicap, she had worked hard until she’d earned a starting position on a champion team. That was nothing to sneer at, in her opinion.

“You doing alright, Thomas?” Coach Autry asked as she scanned the locker rooms for anyone ignoring her orders. “That was a great bump earlier. I’m impressed.”

“Thanks, Coach,” Bridget said, turning her back to wrap her towel around her chest.

She still didn’t feel comfortable letting anyone see them if she could avoid it. She wished she had the confidence to go around topless like some of the other girls, but she was still too self-conscious about their size. Everyone always seemed to stare a little too long at them.

“I’m alright. Just trying to clean up a little before I go out for dinner.”

“You played a good game,” the coach told her as she turned to shoo a few stragglers out of the room. “Kept your cool and made some good plays. You know, you were just shy of matching the school record for assists tonight.”

“Really?”

Bridget kept her back turned and twisted a lock of her hair around her finger. She was feeling overwhelmed by everyone’s open praise of her performance that night. She wasn’t used to getting so much attention.

“I don’t want to count my chickens, or get your hopes up too high, or anything,” Coach Autry continued. “But if you keep playing at this level, you might even take the captain’s star one day.”

Bridget pretended to busy herself with something in her locker, but now it was to hide a wide smile. Her coach wasn’t the type to blow smoke. If she was taking the time to tell her, then she genuinely thought she had what it took.

“Sure thing, Coach,” she said. “Thanks again.”

Coach Autry let out a groan of irritation and walked away to chase an impatient mother out of the locker rooms. Bridget took a moment to have a private and silent celebration where no one else could see and then started to change. She found an older—but perfectly clean—spare bra she had forgotten about in her locker and put it on. It was an older one that was just a little too small, but it would work until she got home after dinner. She sprayed some perfume on her neck and chest and applied some deodorant. The last thing she wanted was to be around Aidan smelling like a gym sock. He’d never let her live it down.

By the time she’d put a semi-passable outfit together with what she had in her locker and duffel bag, most of the team had cleared out. She took the opportunity to check herself in the mirrors by the sinks and grimaced. Her hair was a sweaty mess of tangled curls, but that was just how it was going to be until she could get home and shower properly. Her boobs overflowed her bra and formed a muffin-top effect that made it look like she had four boobs. It was annoying, but there wasn’t much she could do about that, either. She fluffed them a bit and tried to fix it, but there wasn’t much to be done about it.

I should just throw this one out tonight, she thought.

She felt guilty about it. Her bras were almost three times as expensive as anything off the rack, but she didn't have a choice anymore. She tried to hang onto them as long as she could, but there came a time when she just couldn't wear them anymore. The old I-cup had outlived its usefulness half a year ago, if she was honest.

"One more night," she told it. "Then you'll be free."

"Talking to yourself?" Clara asked, wiggling up beside Bridget to put on some makeup.

"Um, yeah, kinda," Bridget replied, adjusting her boobs again and trying to smooth the wrinkles out of her shirt.

She watched Clara paint her thick lips and apply some eyeshadow in record time, jealous of her skill. Everyone went to Clara for makeovers. Her mom was a beautician, and she was easily the best in the school at that kind of thing. Bridget had considered getting her to work her magic on her a few times, but she always chickened out at the last second. It felt weird to try to look pretty. It just wasn't her, and she didn't like drawing any more attention to herself than necessary. She was just the one with the huge boobs. No one thought she was actually hot, and that was probably for the best.

"What's got you so down, Jugs?" Clara asked as she smacked her lips and grabbed a paper towel to blot them. "You should be celebrating!"

"Don't call me that!" Bridget whined.

She turned pink and covered her chest, snorting with laughter. She knew it was all in good fun, but Jenna and Clara were just about the only ones she never threatened too harshly for using the nickname. She was never sure if the others were just making fun of her or not.

"You know I love you, baby," Clara said, blowing her a kiss. "Have fun tonight! Matty and I are going to get *fuh-reaky*!"

She smacked herself on the butt as she went through the doors, swinging her hips with an exaggerated stripper walk. Bridget chuckled to herself and tried not to imagine what Clara and her boyfriend would get up to that night.

"I'm turning the light out in ten seconds, Thomas! With or without you!" Her coach shouted from the doorway. "Move it!"

"Coming!"

Bridget grabbed her duffel bag and crammed her things into it, then snapped the lock back onto her locker and ran for the door. If she hadn't been in such a rush or hadn't been preoccupied with the unfortunate combination of a low-cut shirt and an ill-fitting bra, she might have noticed the small orange prescription bottle that rolled across the locker room floor. As it was, she just ran for the door, trying to hold her chest down with one tiny hand.

“Keep it in your shirt, Thomas,” Coach Autry teased as she bounced out of the locker room. “I’m not really gonna lock you in.”

“See you Monday, Coach!” Bridget said as she jogged down the hall, one hand still held to her chest.

She found her parents and Aidan waiting for her near the tunnel entrance.

“That was a great game, honey!”

Her mom wrapped her up in a bosomy hug, and their boobs squashed into each other as she kissed her on the cheek. Catherine had put on a few pounds over the last couple of years. Her golden hair now featured a strip of silvery-gray, but she was as pretty as ever. Part of it was simply due to age, but the surprise baby brother her dad was playing airplane with behind her had contributed as well.

“Julian says good job, too!” Her dad shouted to her before he went back to making whooshing sounds for the giggling baby’s amusement.

“Thanks, Jules,” said Bridget, rolling her eyes. “Where are we gonna eat?”

“It’s your choice,” Catherine said, reaching out a hand to take her son back. “What do you want?”

Her dad gratefully handed the infant over and let out a sigh as he leaned over to catch his breath.

“You really should know better, Nick,” Catherine said, setting baby Julian on her hip. “You’re not as young as you were when Bridget was a baby.”

“How about pizza?” Bridget asked the group. “Antonio’s is open late for the games this weekend.”

“Pizza sounds good to me,” her dad said, standing up straight. “We should probably get a move on, though. I’ll bet a lot of people had the same thought.”

Aidan snuck up behind Bridget once her parents had turned around and poked her in the sides. She jumped and let out a squeak, and the bulk of her breasts bounced right out of her bra.

“Aidan!” She growled, slapping her hands over her chest. “What the *fuck*?”

Aidan laughed at her and slipped away before she could smack him in the head as he so richly deserved. She shoved her boobs back into the cups and readjusted the straps, fuming and muttering to herself.

“Why does everyone think I’m just their personal plaything?”

“Aw, come on,” Aidan scoffed. “I’m just joking around.”

“Yeah, well, I’ve been working my ass off on the court all night. Sorry if I’m a little cranky.”

“No need to get all whiny at me,” Aidan said as he moped away.

Then he spun around and grinned at her.

“And maybe try working your tits off next time. You’ve got a lot more to spare.”

He ran ahead, laughing as he closed the distance between them and her parents.

“Coward!” She screamed after him. “Dad! Smack Aidan for me!”

Her dad heard and looked back at her. He saw Aidan running up behind them and gave him a look that he meant to look stern, but was more amused than anything else.

“Are you tormenting my daughter again?” He demanded as Aidan trotted up to Catherine’s side.

He pulled faces at the baby and tickled his side before he answered.

“Just teasing her for being slow, Mr. Thomas,” he fibbed. “Can’t let the champ get a big head.”

Nick snorted but didn’t say anything else. He turned around, walking backwards to shout something to Bridget. He affected a strong Southern accent as he called out to her.

“C’mon, Punkin! Get a move on! Yee-haw!”

It was a character Bridget had named “Daddy Farmer” when she was barely older than Julian. He couldn’t ever seem to invoke her old—and now hated—nickname without slipping back into it.

“Daaad!” The despair was plain in Bridget’s groaning reply. “You’re so embarrassing!”

“That’s Daddy Farmer’s job, I tell you hwat!”

Aidan fell into a laughing fit that didn’t stop until they piled into Catherine’s minivan.



“And I guess that may have been the first night that I thought about Aidan—”

“I’m going to stop you right there, Bridget,” Dr. Navin interrupted.

Bridget snapped her jaw shut and looked up at the screen of her laptop, which was squashed into her cleavage. Her psychiatrist, an even-tempered Indian gentleman, stared out at her with a hand held up, indicating he needed her to slow down.

"I may be wrong, but I'm not certain this relates to some of the trauma we've come here to discuss. How does this story, nice as it is, relate to your condition?"

"Uh, I guess I was getting to that," Bridget said. "But I'm rambling again, aren't I?"

"Your word, not mine. If you feel you need to talk, I want you to talk. I merely question which parts of the story are most relevant."

"Well, that night should have been a big win for me..."

"From what you've told me, it was."

Dr. Navin smiled at her from the screen.

"Yeah, we won the game," Bridget sighed. "But I never played volleyball again."

"I see. This was when your second growth spurt began, was it?"

"Around then, yeah..."

"Tell me everything, but skip a few of the more granular details, yes?"

Bridget flashed a disarming smile and nodded.

"I'll do my best, doctor."



They got home an hour after the game, carrying a bag of sports gear, two boxes of leftover pizza, and a sleeping baby between them. They had already dropped Aidan off at home, and Bridget could feel just how tired she was without him around to annoy her. She felt like she would sleep for two days.

"Head on up to bed, sweetheart," her dad told her. "Leave your bag down here. I'll throw the stuff in the wash. I need to get some work done before I turn in anyway."

"Thanks, Daddy," she said, standing on her tiptoes to kiss him on one bristled cheek. "Waffles for breakfast?"

He sighed, letting his shoulders droop as he shook his head. He loved making her his specialty every chance he got, but he hadn't been home much lately.

"How can I say no to you, Punkin?"

She grinned up at him and went for the stairs.

“See you in the morning.”

“Great job again, Bridget. I love you.”

“Love you.”

She stumbled upstairs into the bathroom and took the fastest shower possible before she fell into bed in an old t-shirt nightgown. It was about an hour before she usually went to sleep, but she was too tired to stay up any longer. She scrolled through a few of her friends' posts about their victory, liking and sharing as was expected of her. One from Jenna showed her front and center, surrounded by the team as they hugged her and screamed. She fell asleep with a smile on her face as she read the caption.

Hero of the evening!!!!

Her phone dropped from her hand and hit the rug beneath her bed with a muffled thump. About ten minutes later, while she was dead to the world, a notification went off and a single word flashed up on the screen as it buzzed three times against the floor and went still once more.

Medication!



“NOOOO!”

The high scream of terror was joined an instant later by those of an infant. Nick thumped upstairs as quickly as he could and burst into Bridget's room to find her huddled over on top of the bed and babbling. He rushed over, terrified she was having some kind of fit. She had her arms wrapped around herself as she thrashed her head around and screamed the same word over and over.

“No! No! No! Noooo!”

The last time it came out as a broken wail and she stopped moving.

“Catherine, get the baby!” He shouted as he tried to brush Bridget's hair out of her face so he could look into her eyes. “There's something wrong with Bridget!”

He heard his wife jump out of bed and rush to the nursery.

“Look at me, baby,” he pleaded, pulling her upright. “What's wrong?”

She went limp in his arms, but she convulsed as eerily silent sobs wracked her body. Her face was a picture of misery. Her eyes were shut, but tears leaked out and ran down the sides of her face. Her lower lip trembled, and her body shook with barely contained emotion.

“What happened?”

One hand flopped over on top of her chest, and he took his eyes off of her face for the first time to follow its movement. He froze when he saw that her chest had grown again. A lot. All at once. Just like the first time. He didn’t know what to do. He turned his head around and shouted through the doorway.

“Catherine! We have a problem!”

He held Bridget until he heard her mother approach. She stepped into the room, still holding a weeping Julian in her arms.

“What’s going on?”

Nick waved her over, and she gasped when she saw Bridget’s pajamas stretched tight over her enormous breasts. They had grown large enough to reach her navel, but were still so firmly packed within her overstretched skin that they stuck up unnaturally far from her ribs. The buttons strained to hold it all inside, and her inflamed, pink flesh stood out against the soft cream-colored top.

“Not again!” she wailed. “Please, please, *please* not again...”

“I’m going to call Dr. Jackson,” Catherine told Nick as she rushed back out of the room with Julian.

“We’ll get you taken care of,” Nick said, hugging her close again. “It’s not the end of the world, alright?”

He was trying to reassure himself as much as his daughter. He hated himself for it, both in the moment and years later, but all he could think of was how much it was going to cost them if she started growing all over again with a baby in the house.



“Was this when you began to have difficulty moving?” Dr. Navin asked.

“Not quite,” Bridget said. “That took a little while longer.”

“Do you regret your lapse? In failing to remember your prescription, I mean.”

“I did at first,” Bridget sighed, running a hand through her hair. “Once I realized later that day. But Dr. Jackson has been telling me for years that it wasn’t my fault. She said I’d probably been building up to another spurt since I never quite stopped growing. It only ever

slowed down. She thinks it was just a matter of time before it happened either way. At most I would have bought myself another few months.”

“Very possibly,” Dr. Navin said with a nod. “Tell me about your family’s financial troubles at the time. You’ve spoken about residual guilt and anxiety from those days. I want to know more, if you’re ready.”

Bridget nodded.

“Things started to get really expensive around then. My dad was already working a lot more with a new baby in the family and all. I could see he was tired and stressed out, and the last thing I wanted was to make things harder on him, but there was nothing I could do. I talked about finding a job to pay for some things, but he wanted me to stay focused on school. My mom couldn’t do much until Julian got older, so Dad was under a lot of pressure.”

“It sounds like he didn’t want you to worry,” Dr. Navin said.

“Yeah, but I still felt bad. I kept getting bigger, and he had to pay for it all. It really sucked. I started to feel like a freak again, and then I started to get...well...”

Dr. Navin looked out at her from the laptop screen. When the silence stretched a little too long, he gave her a gentle prod.

“Are you not ready to talk about this yet?”

“No, I think I am; it’s just...”

“You feel conflicted?”

“Yeah...but probably not quite how you think.”

“Well, now you must tell me,” Dr. Navin chuckled, stroking his short, white beard. “It could be important.”

“Well,” Bridget said, leaning closer to the screen in a conspiratorial fashion. “It was also when I started getting really sensitive. You know, *sexually*.”

Dr. Navin’s eyebrows rose towards the top of his bald head as he understood.

“What’s that part of your personality that just functions on instinct and desire?”

“You mean the id?” The doctor offered.

“Yeah, that’s the one. As I started getting way bigger, I guess my id started to push to the front, and I had a real sexual awakening. I’d always been aware of some cute guys around me, but I wasn’t all that interested in sex. After that morning, it was almost all I could think about. I started—”

She cut herself off, blushing and biting the knuckle of one finger. She cast her eyes around the room, though most of her vision was blocked by her boobs, and forced herself to continue.

“I’d never really done it before then, but I started masturbating.”

“I see,” he said, scratching a note on his pad. “Go on and tell me more about this. There’s no need to be ashamed. I’ve heard quite a lot from some of my other patients.”

“I know, but it’s hard for me to talk about with anyone.”

“Even your boyfriend?”

“*Especially* my boyfriend.”

“Then you really do need to talk about it,” he said, more seriously. “There are far too many grown men and women who still feel ashamed to speak about things we all do. In your own time.”

He leaned back in his chair and waited for her to begin.

“Oh, man,” she groaned. “If you insist...”



Bridget sat alone, miserable and topless, on her bed. She tried to focus on her homework to take her mind off of the pair of growing problems stuck to her chest, but she still felt bad as she typed up a book report for her English class. The whole class had been assigned an American classic to summarize and present to the rest of the class, and she’d been stuck with *The Grapes of Wrath*. With everything going on in her life, she had put off reading it. As the due date crept closer, she hadn’t even cracked it open once. When she finally did, just two weeks before the report was due, she barely put it down until it was done.

She’d found it difficult, wordy, and relentlessly depressing. It was full of ham-fisted gut punches that never let up as characters either died or suffered unspeakable tragedies, but it was beautifully written all the same. She found some strange catharsis in Steinbeck’s skillful use of language. It was as if he was putting her own complicated feelings into words, and it made her cry more than once while she was reading it. She’d never connected with a book like that before but intended to read more often going forward. The scene at the very end, where a woman actually put her breasts to use to save a dying man’s life, was oddly poignant to her. It gave her hope that her own enormous burdens might be useful somewhere down the line, though she didn’t know how.

She stretched out her back and felt the vertebrae of her lower spine pop and crack. Her chest thrust out with the movement, and her boobs slipped onto her laptop. The supple flesh

flattened out over the majority of the keyboard and squashed several keys at once. Then the pages she had spent the last two hours writing went blank.

“Oh, shit!” She hissed. “Shit, shit, shit!”

She almost flew into a raging panic, but then her more logical side kicked in. She mashed the “Control” and “Z” keys and prayed for mercy from any god that would listen. Time seemed to slow down, and she began to fear that her old laptop was frozen up, but then it caught up and the text was restored. She let out a sigh of relief and saved it three times just to be sure.

“These fucking things,” she growled to her breasts. “You won’t rest until you’ve taken everything from me, will you?”

She gripped them with her small hands, and the flesh squished between her fingers and overflowed her palms. Pliable as they were, the weight was immense. The skin of her chest had become extremely sensitive. She had nearly lost her mind when Dr. Jackson touched them during her last exam. Thankfully, the effect was dulled when she was the one touching them, but even so, a dim spark of arousal flared up in her brain when she did. She ignored it and let them drop, then instantly regretted her carelessness as they hit her ribs with a pair of meaty slaps, one before the other, like a drum flam.

Bridget looked down at herself. Her upper body had been overwhelmed by her tits. They were massive but somehow maintained a shape that might have been attractive if they’d been at all reasonably sized. Dr. Jackson said that her ligaments were like steel bands at this point. According to her, if she was going to have this problem, she was very lucky that her body was so unusually adapted to it. Bridget felt like that just made her more of a freak of nature. An anomaly destined to end up more breast than woman.

“Ugh,” she groaned as her stomach began to growl. “I’m starving.”

Her mom had taken Julian to see his pediatrician about a cough, and her dad still hadn’t come home from work. He was supposed to bring home something to eat, but she was too hungry to wait any longer. She decided to get up and do something about it. She wasn’t much of a cook, but she thought it might be a good time to try taking up a new hobby anyway. The one thing she’d felt like she did well wasn’t possible for her anymore.

As of six weeks ago, Dr. Jackson had advised that she drop all sports. It had broken her heart to do it, but she had taken that advice and quit volleyball. Most of the team had cried right along with her when they learned she wouldn’t be able to join them for the state championship. Coach Autry had kindly offered to let her join them on the road, but Bridget had decided that would only hurt even more. She wanted to support her team, but watching them in person would only make her feel worse if she couldn’t get out on the court to help them. Now she just stuck around the house when she wasn’t at school. It was exhausting to walk

around too much, and she wasn't sure she'd ever manage to get used to this new weight. There was a lot more to deal with than the first time around.

She slipped off of her bed and wobbled on her tiptoes for a second as she located her center of gravity. It had shifted a bit over the past weeks as her boobs bloated up to what would have been an S-cup if such a thing existed. Which it didn't. Not as far as she had managed to find, at least. She planted her feet, letting her back take on the weight of her chest and sticking her butt out a bit as a counterbalance. It was murder to stand like that for too long, but she hadn't stopped growing, and they couldn't afford to get a bra made for her until she did. It was going to cost as much as a car note. She knew that for a fact. Instead of the car she hoped to get now that she was old enough to drive, she was going to have to buy a new bra every month until she had enough to get by with. But only once she leveled off again. *If* she ever did.

She went to her closet to find a shirt that would fit. Even the light impact of her feet on the floorboards sent ripples through her chest. Her unsupported breasts bounced and swung no matter how carefully she moved. The last two years of dealing with them had taught her how to move around with an unusually large chest, but they had never thrown her off balance like this before. Rather than just her feet, she couldn't see much of anything beneath her chest. Her tits fully invaded her view. She grabbed one of the billowing XXXL t-shirts her mom had bought after the last growth incident and slipped in on. Loose as it was, it pulled tight over her chest, then hung like a curtain more than a foot from her flat stomach. She saw her reflection in the dresser mirror and thought her profile was absurd. She never got used to it.

When she reached the stairs, each step was like a leap of faith. She couldn't see much of anything no matter how much she tried to crane her neck, so she'd learn to grip the handrail and let her muscle memory take over. Every step down sent her breasts hurtling towards her face if she didn't pace herself, so she took it slow. Even that was enough to make them wobble and sway.

Once she had defeated the staircase, she slumped off towards the kitchen. She tried to keep her posture upright, but it was a struggle with all the new weight pulling at her. She rubbed her right shoulder and stretched her neck to the sides as she entered the kitchen. Her mom had left it spotless, as usual, so all she had to do was figure out what she was going to make. She had come down intending to make something simple for herself, but an idea struck her as she pondered her options in the pantry.

I guess I could try to make dinner for everybody, she thought. Mom could probably use the evening off, and Dad's so late he'll probably forget to pick anything up.

She nodded to herself and grabbed a box of pasta and some tomato sauce. She'd watched her mom make a simple pasta sauce more than once. She had tried to get Bridget interested in learning how to cook, but it had always seemed like another one of those lame, girly things to her. Now she was racking her brain for any useful information she might have passed on. When nothing came to mind, she decided she could at least follow a recipe, so she

pulled out her phone and searched for a simple spaghetti sauce. She found something that looked easy enough, gathered up the ingredients from around the kitchen, and tied her hair up to get it out of her face. She grabbed her mom's favorite kitchen knife and tried to figure out the best way to chop an onion. She had to lean forward so she could see what she was doing while also reaching her arms around her boobs. It was awkward and uncomfortable, and she stared down at her chest in irritation. It wasn't really their fault the onion had ended up in the rough, uneven chunks it had, but they hadn't helped. It felt better to blame them.

She remembered she hadn't started boiling water for the pasta and went to find a pot. She found the one she wanted pushed to the back of a lower cabinet and got down on all fours to retrieve it. She went rigid when she dropped down, stunned to find that her boobs now brushed the floor in that position. Ignoring that terrible revelation for the time, she reached for the far side of the cabinet and found they also prevented her from squeezing her upper body into the opening. After much cursing of her short arms and massive chest, she stretched out enough to seize one handle and yanked the pot out.

"Mom and her long-ass arms..." Bridget grumbled as she filled the pot with water.

She threw some salt into the water and set it on the stove to boil. Then she went back to her other task. She turned around a little too fast without thinking, and her boobs swung out and swiped the cutting board off of the counter. Chunks of onion rained down to the kitchen floor, and the perfectly ripe tomatoes she had intended to cook down to a sauce rolled onto the floor and splattered. Bridget growled deep in her throat and grabbed a broom and bunch of paper towels to clean up the mess.

The water hit a rolling boil around the time she had finished cleaning the floor, so she dumped the noodles into the pot and set a timer on her phone. She prepared another pair of onions and a few more tomatoes, then carefully set them to one side so she could get started on the garlic. She had to watch a video to learn how to prepare it, but once it was done, she had everything she needed to make a simple Bolognese.

Minus the meat.

She went to the fridge and found a package of hamburger that would do the trick and returned to the cabinet for a pan to fry it up in. Her pasta timer went off a minute later, and she set the pan to one side. Since she was short, she didn't have much in the way of leverage, so lifting the big, heavy pot full of scalding hot water was nerve-racking. She had to be extra careful to avoid bumping it with her boobs as she made her way to the sink. The last thing she wanted was to spill boiling water over her tits. Burn scars covering half her body wouldn't exactly work wonders for her already low self-esteem.

She heard the front door open and close as she started pouring the contents of the pot into a colander.

"Bridget? What are you doing?"

It was her dad's voice. She finished putting the water out and set the pot into the other side of the sink before turning around.

"Hi, Dad," she said. "You were running late, so I thought I'd go ahead and try making dinner for everyone."

She saw the takeout boxes in his hands and suddenly felt guilty.

"I thought you might have...forgotten..."

She trailed off, and tears started welling up in her eyes. She wanted to slap herself for being so ridiculous, but she couldn't stop. She had been feeling so emotional. She was angry with herself. She was annoyed for being a crybaby and doubting her dad. She was embarrassed he was there to see her blubbering. She was thankful he had remembered to pick something up. She was sad that her surprise dinner for him had been ruined.

"I'm sorry, Daddy..."

Nick set the boxes on the counter and wrapped her up in a tight embrace.

"For what, sweetie?" He asked. "I think this was a really nice idea. What are you making?"

He peered into the sink to see what was steaming and guessed what her plan must be. He held her out at arm's length and wiped a tear from her cheek with one hand.

"Spaghetti, huh? Did you know that's the first thing your mom ever made for me when we were dating?"

Bridget shook her head and sniffed.

"She was always a good cook, and I made her show me how she did it. Do you have a sauce going yet?"

"I was gonna use that stuff," she said, pointing to the onions, garlic, and tomatoes on the cutting board. "But it took forever, and I dropped the first batch on the floor, and...I'm so slow and clumsy..."

Nick recognized another crying fit coming on. He cut her off gently before she could work herself up any further.

"Hey, it's fine," he said. "This stuff is great. Let me help out a little. I'll show you some tricks to make your work faster next time, ok?"

"Aren't you tired?" She asked, looking at his thick stubble and the dark circles under his eyes. "Don't you want to change or something?"

"Nah," he chuckled. "I'm fine. Hand me one of those aprons and let's get this going."

He loosened his tie and threw his jacket into the den, unbuttoning his sleeves to roll them up as he turned around to face her again.

“What can I help you with?” He asked.

“Um...”

Bridget looked around, unsure what to do next. Her eyes fell upon the package of hamburger and she pointed to it.

“I still need to cook that meat over there.”

“Got it.”

Nick hustled over to the meat and tore open the packaging. He grabbed a spatula, threw it into the pan she had set by the stove, and had it sizzling a minute later. Bridget bustled over to the counter and picked up the whole cutting board full of ingredients. She carried it over to the pot and tipped everything into it. The recipe had recommended residual pasta water as a good way to tighten up the sauce, so she thought it would save some cleaning that way.

“Can you put that on the stove for me?” She asked her dad.

He nodded and moved it onto the power boiler, then went right back to breaking up the ground beef.

“I didn’t know you knew how to cook like this,” Bridget said.

Nick made a noncommittal noise and tilted his head from side to side.

“I can only make steak, spaghetti, and waffles. Your mom’s the chef.”

“Do you think I could learn to cook like her?”

“You should ask her,” Nick said, smiling at her as he switched off his burner and transferred the meat to a paper towel-lined bowl to drain. “She’d probably love to teach you.”

He noticed her eyeing the bowl and realized he needed to explain the method.

“Speaking of, you want to do this so the sauce doesn't get too greasy. A little fat in the sauce is good, but most hamburger is really fatty, so you’ll want to watch out.”

It went on like that for a while, with Nick teaching her what little he knew about cooking. Bridget hung on his every word, excited to spend some quality time alone with her dad. He had barely been around since she entered middle school, so it was a rare treat. About an hour later, they had a delicious and aromatic sauce simmering away, and her mom and baby brother arrived just as they were setting the table.

“Hey, Cats,” Nick said as he went to help her with the baby. “How’s the little guy doing?”

“He’s alright,” Catherine sighed.

She handed over a large diaper bag and the car seat in which Julian was still snoozing away.

“They gave him some stuff to help him sleep tonight, but he should be over the cough in another day or two. What’s all this?”

She nodded towards the table as she rubbed her aching shoulders.

“Bridget made dinner for us,” Nick said, winking at her to play along. “I was just helping her set the table.”

“Wow,” Catherine sounded genuinely impressed. “It smells great, sweetie!”

Bridget tilted her head down and blushed, then looked up to avoid staring at her breasts. She didn’t want to think about them. She just wanted to enjoy her parents’ appreciation for a change.

“I just wanted to do something nice for you guys,” she said. “I’ve been feeling bad about all the trouble I’m putting you through. And you’re so busy with the baby, and...and...”

She sniffled again and pinched herself on the arm, desperate to stop herself from tearing up again.

“Thank you, honey,” Catherine said. “But you aren’t a problem, ok? It’s our job to take care of you.”

“Mm-hmm...” She kept her mouth shut to avoid sobbing again.

“Anyway,” Nick interrupted, hoping to ease the tension. “I’ll go put the little guy in his crib and then we can dig, alright?”

“I’m going to change,” Catherine said. “He spit up on me while we were waiting.”

Her parents went off upstairs, leaving Bridget to her own devices for a few moments. She rushed into the kitchen and splashed cold water over her face. Her eyes were starting to feel red and puffy. She was so tired of crying every time she tried to talk to her parents. Or Aidan. Or anyone, really.

Why do I have to be so hormonal on top of everything? She asked herself. Why couldn’t I have been born a boy? They have it so damn easy.

“Need some help bringing it out?” Her dad called from the dining room.

She wanted to take him up on the offer, but she was determined to remain independent. Just like last time, she had to force herself to adapt and overcome. She dried her face off with a washcloth and shouted back.

“I’ve got it!”

Bridget threw the noodles into the sauce, stirred it all up together, and brought it to the dining room. Her heavy boobs rested on top of the steamy pot lid as she transported her precious cargo to its destination. She set it on one corner of the table and pushed it across its surface towards the center. The pot slipped easily out from under her tits, and she leaned over to remove the lid. She tried to ignore how much of her chest squashed out over the tabletop as she performed the maneuver, but it was impossible. There was too much of her to pretend otherwise. Even more than they had before, her boobs impacted every facet of her life.

Catherine came downstairs wearing a fitted t-shirt and a pair of shorts. Her large breasts filled out the top but were more reasonably big than her daughter’s. The shorts hugged and complimented her broad hips and thick thighs. She even made that simple ensemble look good. Bridget looked at her, green with envy, and wished she could have inherited some of her looks. There was a time when she didn’t understand what made her mom so attractive to boys, but as she got older, she realized how unfair it was that the only real similarity between them were their eyes. She didn’t like feeling that way, but she had started to resent her. She was sexy and didn’t have to worry about a pair of giant tits stopping her from enjoying herself and generally ruining her life.

“Oh, thanks again, sweetie,” Catherine said as she sat down at the table. “I’m starving. I had to feed Julian twice while we were in the waiting room.”

“Ugh, Mom...”

Bridget didn’t like to think about what that process entailed.

“It’s a natural process,” Catherine told her. “And people in this country need to get over themselves. I’m sure one day you’ll need to feed a hungry baby.”

Bridget thought back to that heart-wrenching scene in her book. The way a young woman and her mother had crossed paths with a desperate boy and his starving father. The way they had shared an unspoken understanding between themselves. The younger of the two had lost her baby, but her milk had come in and she could feed the dying man. To ease the tension, she fell back on an old favorite—sarcasm.

“Even if I can reach my own nipples by then, I’m pretty sure I would drown the kid.”

Her parents stared at her in silence for a moment. Then her dad’s stoney expression cracked as he tried to hold back his laughter and snorted. A moment later, Catherine’s face broke into a smile as well, and they were both laughing. Bridget joined in, feeling a little less sorry for herself.

“Let’s just eat,” Catherine said as she wiped a tear from one eye. “I can’t wait any longer.”

The family shared a pleasant evening together, and Bridget felt a lot better about her situation. After they finished, they sat around and talked for a while. Nick told them about a possible promotion he was working towards. Catherine told them about a tailor she’d found that day that could alter some of Bridget’s clothes for them. Following a verbal nudge from her father, Bridget asked her mom to teach her a few recipes, which an overjoyed Catherine agreed to. Everything felt almost normal.



“Oh my *god!* That’s sexy!”

“Hmm...arch your back just a little more...*there!*”

“Hold that pose!”

Bridget froze in place. She had both arms up, her hands holding her thick auburn hair up as if she were putting it into a ponytail. She was looking over her shoulder, her mouth slightly open, as if she were surprised to find a camera crew there. As always, her naked breasts rested on the ground in front of her and the peaks of supple breast flesh towered high above her head. She wore nothing more than a skimpy bikini bottom that showed off the lower half of her toned ass. Expertly applied makeup accentuated her big dark eyes and high cheekbones, and her curly hair had been brushed and blown out into a wavy and elaborate style.

Aidan watched a series of security monitors from his mezzanine office on one side of the warehouse. He felt as awkward as ever as he watched half a dozen guys take pictures of his helpless and mostly nude girlfriend. She changed position again, hooking her thumb into the strings at her hip and pulling down her bikini to show a glimpse of crack. She cocked one hip in a more confident and glamorous pose, and he tried to remind himself that this was her job. Things like this were the only reason they could afford such a huge space for her to live in. He told himself that Bridget was fine with it, and that was all that really mattered.

The problem was, he *knew* that was bullshit. Bridget had never liked to be the center of attention. She hated when people leered at her. She had gone through the latter half of her childhood nervous about the men that stared a little too long or the women that whispered behind their hands.

“Can you bite your lip for me?” One of the photographers asked. “Yeah, perfect.”

Aidan hated the lustful tone of their voices whenever they told her to do something. Ever since Bridget had gained a degree of fame a few years before, offers from adult magazines and websites had flooded in. She turned them away for a while, but once she hit her current stage, she had been forced to rethink her position. It cost quite a bit just to pay for

the warehouse each month, even before factoring in utilities. She'd swallowed her pride and taken a few of the less explicit deals early on, but it opened the floodgates to more and more risqué jobs. Now she was a featured pinup on several sites and had been featured as a centerfold in a few of the more breast-centric magazines.

"Alright, we're gonna switch sides, okay?" The head photographer said. "You just sit tight."

"Not like I have a choice, Brad," she quipped.

The camera crew laughed along with her, and Bridget settled down to a sitting position to wait for them to finish. Almost an hour passed, with Aidan nervously looking out for any signs of trouble. It had only happened once, but a guy had tried to take advantage of her immobility and copped a feel without permission before. As much as he hated it, Bridget insisted on giving everyone one strike, so that had gone by with a warning. Then the sick fuck had waited for the rest of his crew to leave and tried to jerk off on her tits. Aidan had caught him on camera and was already waiting nearby, sure he would fuck up again. The guy was drinking out of a straw for months after that incident.

"I think we've got what we need," the head photographer said as he rounded her right boob a little later. "Thanks again for being patient, Bridget."

"I've had to learn to wait," Bridget said. "Patience is my specialty at this point."

"We'll send you our best shots for your approval later this week, alright? As soon as you give us the green light, we'll send the second payment."

"Thanks, Brad. Tell Nate I appreciate the work."

"Will do."

The cameramen packed up their gear and moved out without incident. Aidan breathed a sigh of relief, thankful that they'd at least been professional. He hit the intercom button and waited for the short initial squeal of feedback to pass before he spoke.

"I guess that went well," he said.

Bridget gave a thumbs-up.

"What do you want for dinner?"

She shrugged and motioned for him to come down. He shut off the security room and went past the old freight elevator to a set of wide steel stairs that led back to the ground floor. Bridget was drumming impatiently on the wall of exposed flesh before her and humming something he didn't recognize by the time he closed the distance between them.

"Any ideas?" He asked.

“Huh?”

Aidan sighed and squeezed his eyes shut as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Food,” he said, as if he were speaking to someone hard of hearing. “Instead of sitting here composing *Titty in D Major*, I was hoping you’d have given it some thought.”

“Snrk...” Bridget snorted. “Titty in D...”

She sniggered to herself as Aidan waited for some sort of decision. Once the laughing fit had passed, she looked up into his unamused face and groaned.

“I don’t know, man,” she whined. “I’ve been working all afternoon. Can you get me some real pants, please?”

He went to a chest of drawers pushed off to one side and retrieved a pair of tight, fashionably distressed jeans he liked. He turned around and threw them at her. She caught them and unbunched them as if she were searching for something, then gave him a dirty look.

“No undies?” She said.

“What kind?” He sighed, turning around to head back to the chest of drawers.

“Mmm, something comfy. Maybe some of the boyshorts?”

“Was that a question?”

“A rhetorical one, I guess.”

A balled-up pair of panties flew through the air and hit her in the face.

“Babe!”

“*Babe!*” Aidan said in an irritating nasal voice.

He knocked his knees and waved his limp wrists around like some sort of caricature of a dumb blonde. Bridget pursed her lips and glared at him, but in a playful and exaggerated way. He grinned back at her. They finally broke eye contact, and Bridget slipped out of her bikini bottoms and into the form-fitting jeans. Aidan thought her ass looked spectacular, and she noticed him checking her out.

“I worked my butt off,” she said, putting both hands on it and wiggling her hips for his amusement. “And I want sushi. I just made enough for the next few payments on this place, so let’s live a little and spring for the good stuff.”

“I’ll find a menu.”

Aidan rushed off to the kitchen and dug through their hoard of takeout menus. He returned with one from an upscale sushi bar in town, and Bridget’s eyes lit up when she saw it.

It was her favorite—a place usually reserved for special occasions. It was also where Aidan took her on their first date before she reached immobile status. He sat beside her so she could read the menu, leaning back to rest his head on her left breast. She made her choices, and he submitted their order for delivery on his phone. He was about to get up to pass the time with a chore or two when he felt her hand touch his leg.

“I’m horny.”

It was a plain statement, but also a sort of demand. Part of Aidan’s unspoken contract in becoming her boyfriend and primary caregiver was to satisfy her needs. He laughed and looked her in the eye.

“The food should be here in about 45 minutes,” he said.

“Plenty of time,” Bridget said with a sultry grin. “I want to suck your cock.”

Never one to pass up a good blowjob, Aidan felt his dick spring to attention. The lustful tone of her voice was enough to make him want her.

“My nipples are so hard,” she said, trying to wind him up even further. “I could feel them starting to get stiff during the shoot...”

She was rubbing a small part of her colossal right tit. Her fingers sank into the pliant flesh as she traced small circles with them. Aidan felt like his cock would tear through his pants if she went on teasing him.

“So I want you to go play with them for a little while. I’ll suck you off when you’re done, so stay hard.”

She licked her lips and blew him a kiss, and he knew what he had to do. He shot up from the floor and ran to a platform ladder. Wheeling it into place just in front of her left breast, he set the brake and climbed to the top. Bridget’s boobs were a wonder. Each one was almost twelve feet tall from floor to crest, and she lost at least another foot due to the way they flattened out and spread over the floor at the bottom. Her nipples were situated high on her breasts, nearly eight feet from the floor. As such, the ladder was the perfect height to give him easier access to them.

Bridget hadn’t lied. Her pale pink nipple was fully erect and seemed to be reaching out for him. He supposed the other one would be in a similar state once he made his way over to it, but he had to do things one at a time. He stretched his arms out, bracing himself against the railing that surrounded the platform, and grabbed it. He heard a distant, high-pitched moan echo through the warehouse and started playing with it.

Even when she was just “big,” Bridget always had relatively small nipples for her size. Although her areola was like a huge pink dome capping the end of her tit, the nipple itself was only about the size of a melon. It jutted up from the fleshy boulders, and Aidan gripped the

swollen nub between his hands. He squeezed and massaged it. He pulled it close to his face to nibble and lick it. He even sucked on it, one small spot at a time, until it was spotted with deep red hickies that stood out from the otherwise rosy pink skin. The whole time, Bridget was howling in ecstasy beyond the canyon of her cleavage. She was pleading with him to keep going, and he imagined she must be touching herself by then. He smiled at the thought of her pitiful attempts to stretch to reach some of her toys. He had put them all away for the photoshoot earlier that morning.

“Oh, god! Do the other one!” Bridget shrieked when he spent a little too long in one spot. “The other one!”

He licked the tip of her massive nub one last time before he let the supple flesh snap back into place like rubber. Either because of her incredible growth or by some stroke of genetic luck, the elasticity of Bridget’s skin was almost superhuman. Her nipple wobbled at the end of her breast and sent ripples through the giant globe before it found its equilibrium once more. Aidan began his descent, lifting the ladder brake as he turned to push it towards her other side. Bridget’s voice, quivering with desire, pierced the relative silence of the warehouse.

“Hurry! I’m so close!”

“Heading up now, Bridge!” He shouted as he rushed up to the top step again.

Once there, he began the same ritual he had just performed on her other tit. He stroked it and rubbed it and heard Bridget let out an unmistakable squeal of bliss as she came for the first time that evening. He had no doubt it wouldn’t be the last. Sushi always made her horny.

“Come here!” She demanded, her voice desperate, thick, and husky with lust. “Quick!”

Aidan went back down the ladder with reckless speed and sprinted around her tits. He found her leaning forward and bracing herself against the wall of breasts before her with her left arm. She had removed her jeans and spread her legs as wide as she could into a near split. Two fingers of her right hand worked in and out of her dripping pussy. Aidan could see a pool of girl-cum beneath her. Her arm was slick with it halfway up to her elbow.

“C-cock...” she moaned. “Now!”

She opened her mouth and let her tongue hang out. It occurred to Aidan that it was as if her intelligence had been reduced by the intensity of her recent orgasm.

A new game? He wondered. Or something more genuine?

“Cogg!” She demanded again, not bothering to pull her tongue back into her mouth as she said it.

Aidan dropped his pants and slipped free of them as he moved towards her. As soon as he was within range, Bridget snapped her head forward like a snake. He stumbled forward as if pulled by the force of her suction and braced himself against her tits. His hands sank into

them and he moaned as Bridget went to work. She always enjoyed giving him his daily blowjob—they were her favorite way to thank him for all the work he did for her—but she seemed to be unusually into it today. Her head pushed forward until her face hit his navel and her chin touched his balls. She stayed down like that, her throat making a low sort of clicking noise as she worked her lips and tongue over his shaft. She stayed like that, throating him for over a minute and suppressing her gag reflex like a champ.

When she finally pulled away, she kept her lips clamped around the crown of his prick. Nostrils flaring as she sucked in a few deep breaths, she continued to work her tongue. It swirled around his glans even as she caught her breath, and then she took him to the hilt all over again. Aidan did his best to last. He wanted to enjoy it for as long as he could, but her skill was too much for him. He came after just a few minutes, and Bridget noisily gulped down his entire load. She released him with a pop, sighing almost gratefully, and rubbed her stomach.

“Ooh, thank you, babe,” she moaned. “I feel so much better after all that.”

“Sure you don’t want me to return the favor?”

He looked almost regretfully at her bare ass. Bridget giggled and stood up to put her pants back on.

“After dinner, tiger,” she said, growling at him and flexing her fingers like claws in his direction. “The food will be here soon, yeah?”

“We still have ten minutes or so,” Aidan said, practically sulking as she slipped her panties back on.

“You know it’s gonna take at least that long for you to get it up again,” she teased. “I’m just too good, babe.”

Aidan harrumphed loudly and crossed his arms. She was right, but he didn’t want to admit it.

“Oh, don’t pout,” she said as she slipped her jeans back on. “A little while after we eat, you can have your way with me, alright?”

“Is that carte blanche I hear?”

“Within reason.”

Without another word, he got up, went to the toy chest, and returned with a few pieces of bondage gear. They had received them for free, along with some other gear, after one of her shoots for a bondage site. They had remained unused since then, but Aidan thought it would be fun to experiment a little that night. Bridget stared at the cuffs and leg spreader for a moment and then raised an eyebrow at him.

“You are aware I can’t move as it is, right?”

She patted one of her tits for emphasis, but Aidan paid no heed to her.

“Yeah,” he grinned. “So how hot will it be when you can’t move at all?”

“I guess I never really considered that.”

A loud buzz sounded throughout the warehouse just before Aidan’s phone went off.

“Sushi’s here.”