

This story contains Breast Expansion and light themes of hypnosis. Enjoy!

Cassie pushed open the apartment door with her hip, arms loaded with grocery bags and her work tote. The moment she stepped inside, she heard it; soft, breathy moaning coming from the living room, mixed with the low hum of Lena's laptop speakers. She froze in the entryway.

"Lena? You better not be watching porn on the big TV again, I swear to God--"

Rounding the corner, Cassie stopped dead. Lena was sitting cross-legged on the couch, her laptop balanced on a pillow. On the screen was a video editing timeline. The preview window showed a looping clip: a curvy redhead arching her back as her breasts visibly swelled larger and larger inside a straining white crop top. Swirling purple and pink spirals overlaid the footage. A sultry voiceover whispered, "That's it... let them grow... bigger... heavier... you love how big they're getting..."

Lena was muttering to herself, adjusting sliders. "Maybe slow the swell here... yeah, and layer the heartbeat sound..."

Cassie's eyebrows shot up. She dropped the grocery bags on the kitchen counter with a loud thud. "Uh... what the fuck are you doing?"

Lena jumped so high she nearly knocked the laptop off the pillow. Her cheeks instantly flushing a deep pink as she stared at her roommate, her eyes as wide as dinner plates. "Cass! You're home early!"

"Clearly not early enough." Cassie walked over, staring at the screen with open disbelief. "Are you... making porn? Hypno-porn? Is that what this is?"

Lena closed the laptop halfway, defensive. "It's not porn. It's more like... erotic hypnosis content. There's a whole niche for it. People pay good money for it."

Cassie just laughed at her, clearly unimpressed. "Erotic hypnosis? Jesus, Lena. You're sitting here in our living room making videos that tell women their boobs

are gonna magically explode in size?” She gestured wildly at the frozen image on screen. “Look at that poor girl. You’ve got her tits ballooning like water balloons. This is next-level delusional.”

Lena’s face hardened. “It’s fantasy. People like the idea of transformation. Breast expansion is one of the most requested themes. I’m just giving them what they want.”

“Requested themes,” Cassie repeated, grinning wickedly. She leaned against the back of the couch, clearly enjoying herself. “So you’re telling me there are actual grown women out there who get off on the thought of their chest blowing up like this?” She cupped her own modest B-cups through her blouse and gave them a playful lift. “That’s the dumbest fucking thing I’ve ever heard. No amount of swirling colors and fake moaning is gonna turn my cute little tits into *beach balls*.”

Lena’s jaw tightened. “You don’t have to be an asshole about it.”

“I’m not being an asshole, I’m being realistic,” Cassie shot back, still laughing. “You spent all last weekend editing ‘ass growth’ videos, and now you’re onto magical tit expansion? What’s next? ‘Grow a second pair of boobs’ hypnosis? ‘Turn into a lactating cowgirl?’”

She clutched her stomach, genuinely cracking up. “God, I can’t believe I live with the Boob Fairy. Do your little subscribers actually believe this shit works? Do they stare at their chests afterward going ‘Why aren’t they growing yet?’”

Lena slammed the laptop fully shut. Her ears were burning red now, eyes narrowed. “You know what? Keep laughing. At least I’m doing something creative with my time instead of coming home every night and complaining about my dead-end job.”

Cassie wiped a tear from the corner of her eye, still snickering. “Creative? Girl, you’re making fetish content for lonely weirdos who want to pretend their tits can grow if they listen hard enough. It’s hilarious. I’m sorry, but it is.” She shook her head, still amused as she headed toward the kitchen. “Just do me a favor and use headphones next time. I don’t need to come home to the sound of your fake titty moans.”

Lena watched Cassie disappear into the kitchen, her fingers drumming on the closed laptop. The irritation simmered, then hardened into something colder. *Creative, huh?* She opened the laptop again, a new, sharper idea forming. If

Cassie thought it was all so funny... maybe it was time to see just how “fake” her videos really were.

Lena quietly opened a new project file and began typing the title: **“Rapid Breast Expansion Hypnosis – Extreme Growth”**

She glanced toward the kitchen, where Cassie was still humming and putting away groceries, completely oblivious. A small, satisfied smile crept across Lena’s face. “Let’s see how funny you find it tomorrow.”

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Cassie slammed the apartment door behind her, kicking off her heels with a groan. “Longest fucking Tuesday ever. Lena? You home?”

No answer. The living room was dim, blinds half-drawn against the late afternoon sun. Cassie tossed her bag onto the couch and grabbed the remote, flicking on the TV out of habit. She needed mindless noise while she changed and scavenged for leftovers.

The screen bloomed to life immediately. At first she thought it was one of those weird screensaver things as the lights danced across the screen, black-and-white spirals twisting slowly, pulsing outward. Soft pink and lavender light bled through the edges. Then images began flashing between the swirls: a woman in a tight tank top, breasts swelling visibly, fabric stretching; another shot of hands cupping and lifting heavy, growing tits; close-ups of nipples tightening, skin smoothing and rounding as flesh pushed forward. A low, velvety female voice purred underneath it all.

“Deeper... let go... feel them filling... growing heavier... bigger... you want them bigger... let your breasts bloom...”

Cassie blinked hard. “What the actual fuck?”

She jabbed the remote. Nothing. The TV didn’t mute, didn’t change inputs, didn’t turn off. The volume even seemed to rise a notch. The spirals kept turning, pulling her gaze back every time she tried to look away. A strange, warm fog settled behind her eyes, like the first sip of wine hitting on an empty stomach.

“Seriously? Again? Lena! Come turn your stupid titty growth video off!” she yelled, stabbing the power button on the remote repeatedly. The batteries must be dying; the TV ignored every command she gave on the remote. She marched over and tried the buttons on the set itself. Still nothing. The voice continued, smooth and intimate. “Feel them swelling for you... rounder... fuller... let your body obey... bigger is better... grow for me...”

Cassie’s pulse hammered. She stood there maybe ninety seconds, maybe two minutes, she wasn’t sure, staring, transfixed despite the crawling discomfort. Her skin prickled as her mind screamed at her to look away, but she couldn’t force her body to do so. As much as she hated to admit it, she was utterly entranced. The spirals seemed to throb in time with her heartbeat as she continued to watch, completely enthralled. Finally she lunged for the power cord behind the console and yanked it free. The screen went black with a soft pop.

“Jesus Christ,” she muttered, rubbing her face. The apartment felt too quiet now. “Lena? Where the hell are you? I just watched the creepiest shit on our TV and I’m about ninety percent sure you’re responsible.”

She stalked down the short hallway. Lena’s door was closed. Cassie knocked once, hard. “Lena. Open up. I know you’re in there. Your laptop was probably streaming that garbage.”

Silence. The lock clicked faintly from the inside, confirming it. Cassie rolled her eyes. “Real mature. You’re the one making magical tit-growth hypnosis videos in your spare time and I’m the weirdo? Grow up.” She waited another beat, then turned away, muttering, “Fucking unbelievable.”

She headed for the bathroom to wash the workday off her face. Halfway there, a strange warmth bloomed across her chest, right behind her sternum. It felt like stepping into a hot shower, comfortable at first, then rapidly too hot. She paused, pressing a hand to her ribs. “What is...?”

The heat sank deeper, spreading outward in slow, liquid waves until both breasts felt heavy and full in a way that was entirely new. Her bra suddenly felt tight. Not uncomfortable yet, just... snug. Like it had shrunk in the wash. Cassie looked down. Nothing obvious. She shook her head and stepped into the bathroom, flipping on the light.

The mirror showed her usual reflection: shoulder-length dark hair, sharp cheekbones, the plain black work blouse and the modest 34B bra she'd worn for years. Nothing weird. Then the tingling started.

It began at the base of each breast, a thousand tiny sparks dancing under the skin.

Cassie sucked in a breath. "Okay, that's... new." She cupped herself experimentally. The flesh felt warmer than usual, almost feverish. And (was it her imagination?) a little softer. A little fuller.

The sparks intensified. A low, involuntary sound escaped her throat as the warmth turned into pressure. Real pressure. Like her breasts were being slowly, steadily inflated from the inside. "Oh shit," she whispered. "Oh shit, oh shit--"

She yanked her blouse open, buttons flying as she ripped it downwards and off of her body in a blind panic. The mirror reflected her wide-eyed fear as the cups of her bra began to strain. The lace edges dug into soft flesh that was visibly pushing forward. Her nipples tightened into hard peaks, visibly thicker than they'd been thirty seconds ago. "No. No no no, this isn't happening. This is not fucking happening."

She watched, frozen, as her breasts continued to swell. The growth was gradual but relentless. The skin stretched smooth and shiny, faint blue veins becoming visible beneath the surface as more volume packed in. Her once modest B-cups rounded outward, becoming full C's in under a minute, then pushing firmly into D territory. The bra straps bit into her shoulders. The band dug painfully under her ribcage.

Cassie's hands flew up, palms pressing against the expanding flesh as if she could physically hold them back. It was a mistake. The moment her skin met her own swelling breasts she moaned, loud, shocked, and far too sensual compared to the terror she felt at the same time. They were so warm and sensitive it was hard to express it in words, her thoughts stopping in their tracks. Every heartbeat sent another surge of growth against her palms. She could feel them getting heavier, the weight increasing by the second. The lace cups were now overflowing; soft, creamy flesh spilled over the top in two plump shelves.

“Stop,” she begged her own reflection. Her voice cracked. “Please stop! Fuck, they’re still growing.”

The bra gave up with a sharp snap of elastic. One strap broke, then the other. The ruined garment slid down her torso, leaving her bare. Her breasts, now easily double-Ds and climbing, jounced heavily with the motion, full and round and impossibly perky despite their new weight. Cassie stared, mouth open, as they continued to inflate. The undersides curved outward in perfect, heavy teardrops. Her nipples had grown thicker and longer as well, their color deepening as she grew.

She cupped them again, unable to help herself. They overflowed her hands now. The sensation of her own fingers sinking into warm, yielding, still-growing titflesh made her knees weak. A hot pulse of unwanted pleasure shot straight between her legs. “God, Lena, you bitch.” Her voice was half moan, half sob. “What did you do to me?”

The growth accelerated. Her breasts surged forward another cup size in a single rolling wave. They were E-cups now, then pushing toward F. The weight dragged at her chest, making her back arch instinctively to balance them. In the mirror they looked ridiculous, two massive, glistening orbs capped with dark, hypersensitive nipples that **begged** to be touched. Every breath made them rise and fall heavily. When she turned slightly sideways she could see how far they now projected from her ribcage.

Cassie was panting. Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes even as her hips gave a tiny, involuntary roll. “They’re so big.... and they’re still getting bigger! I can feel them getting heavier... stretching... oh my god they’re so sensitive--”

She squeezed. A helpless, throaty sound tore out of her unwillingly as fresh growth answered the pressure. Her breasts swelled against her own grip, forcing her fingers wider apart. The skin was drum-tight and velvet-soft at the same time. She could see faint stretch marks forming like delicate lightning at the sides, marks of how rapidly her body was being changed and molded.

By the time the final surge hit, Cassie was openly crying and laughing at the same time, hysteria and arousal braided together in a way she had never felt before. Her breasts had ballooned into enormous and pendulous, yet gravity-defying H-cups, maybe even larger, it was getting hard to estimate. They hung heavy and full on her slender frame, each one easily the size of a large cantaloupe, warm and throbbing with her heartbeat. The deep, lush

cleavage between them could have hidden a phone, perhaps several. Her nipples stood out thick and flushed, aching for attention she refused to give.

She looked ridiculous. She looked obscene. She looked like the women in the video, and that was the part that pissed her off the most.

Cassie stumbled back from the mirror, breasts swaying and bouncing with every movement. The unfamiliar weight made her gasp. "Lena!" she screamed, voice raw. "Lena, you fucking psycho! What the hell did you do?!"

Cassie snatched a towel from the rack, her fingers fumbling with the sudden unfamiliar weight of her movements. The terrycloth barely reached halfway around her swollen chest before she realized it wasn't going to close.

"You've got to be kidding me," she hissed, watching the towel gape open between her breasts like a failed straitjacket. The rough fabric brushed against her hypersensitive nipples as she adjusted it, and her knees nearly buckled. A full-body shudder wracked her frame as the contact triggered another pulse of growth; she could *feel* the warm expansion radiating outward, her skin stretching tighter with each second.

"Lena!" she shrieked, abandoning the towel as it became clear the damn thing was only making her situation worse. The fabric slid down her body, catching momentarily on her protruding nipples before pooling at her feet. Cassie clutched her aching chest with both hands, half to support the weight and half to shield herself from further stimulation.

She stormed out of the bathroom, bare chest heaving, the ruined bra dangling from one hand. Her massive new breasts jiggled and slapped together with every furious step she took, clapping loudly and echoing through the hallway. She reached Lena's door and pounded on it with both fists, the heavy impacts making her enormous tits bounce wildly.

"Lena! Open this goddamn door right now! I know you're in there! Look what you did to me! You made my tits huge! They're still tingling, they're still, *fuck*, they're enormous! I look like a goddamn porn star! Let me in so I can kill you!"

She kept pounding, breasts swaying heavily with every strike, tears of shock and fury streaking her cheeks even as her body betrayed her with another warm, liquid throb of pleasure deep in her chest.

"Do you think this is funny?" Cassie pressed her forehead against the cool wood, her breath coming in short, angry bursts. "I look like a fucking anime character!" She cupped her swollen chest instinctively as another wave of tingling warmth spread through her mammary tissue. The growth had slowed but hadn't stopped; she could still feel the subtle expansion, the way her skin stretched tighter with each passing minute.

A muffled giggle seeped through the door. Cassie's head snapped up in rage. "Oh, you're *laughing*? You turned me into a walking set of watermelons and you're *laughing*?" She kicked the base of the door hard enough to make her breasts bounce explosively in front of her. "How do you fix this?? What's the safe word? There's gotta be--" Her voice stopped as a pulse of growth stopped her in her tracks, her thoughts and rage momentarily replaced by pure, sensual bliss as they expanded further.

The laptop fan whirred audibly behind the door. Lena's voice came through calm and measured: "There's no stopping it now. You already saw the video." A pause. Cassie could practically *hear* the smug grin on her stupid face as she continued haughtily. "How do they feel?"

Cassie looked down at herself. Her breasts had settled into what she guessed were J-cups, heavy, pendulous, and absurdly proportioned to her petite frame. The undersides rested against her ribcage now, warm and impossibly soft. She swallowed hard. "They feel... fucking ridiculous." Her traitorous hands kneaded the swollen flesh before she could stop herself. A strangled moan escaped her lips. "Goddammit."

"Uh-huh." Lena's chair creaked. "And?"

"And nothing! Fix this *now* or I swear to--" Cassie's threat dissolved into a gasp as another surge of heat pulsed through her chest. The growth wasn't explosive anymore, but they were still inching outwards slowly, like water balloons attached to a hose. She watched in horrified fascination as her breasts pushed outward another half-inch, the skin taut and gleaming. Her areolas had darkened to a deep rose, the nipples stiff and aching still. "Lena. *Lena*. They're still...."

"I know." The reply was singsong. "That's the fun part, right?"

This broke Cassie, and she collapsed against the doorframe, defeated. She buried her face against the frame, sobbing as she felt the relentless, upright

weight of her new body swaying with every breath, yet the only sound from the other side was the faint, muffled loop of a low, hypnotic pulse, leaving Cassie alone in the hallway with the undeniable, mounting evidence of her roommate's "creative" success.