

Burgeoning Melody

by TrebleCleffy

Author's Note

This story marks a turning point in this hobby for me. For a handful of years starting at about 2018, I thought I was done writing horny stories for the internet. Personal circumstances had exhausted me and I was thankful just to have a steady job and a significant other. But, in early 2021 after a year of COVID distancing, the writing itch came back. My brain soon flooded with new ideas and they came faster than I could write them down. After a long period of drafting and proofing, setting projects aside for others and then picking the old ones up again, I was at the point where I had finished work ready to be seen. The first thing I put out was a short piece called *Got A Fair Shake*. At roughly 7500 words, it was on pace with a lot of my previous short form output and not too different from those older Treble stories in other respects either. But *Burgeoning Melody*, which came out some months later, was a departure and a purer example of how my work had changed in the 2020s. Some of the things I was *trying* to do back in the 2010s—such as: write characters who evolve over the course of the story, build detailed scenes that play out like movie setpieces and charge the tale with emotional stakes—I was able to pull off far more thoroughly here. Like the story's titular protagonist, I discovered I was capable of producing something bigger than I had once thought possible. For that reason and others, *Burgeoning Melody* is a personal favorite. I hope you enjoy it.

Content Note

This story contains breast expansion and a lot of it. There is also induced hornification and a fair amount of consensual sexual contact and outright sex, some of it described vividly. All characters engaging in such activity are 18+.

I released two versions of *Burgeoning Melody* on DeviantArt in 2023. An *Uncut* version, which contained a fairly explicit sex scene, appeared in my exclusive gallery and a *Cut* version appeared publicly. Since SwellTales does not make me hide explicit sex writing behind a paywall, this version is the full one. You're welcome to skip the sex scene if you choose.

Acknowledgements

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Melody's stomach twisted as the opening chords of the video score played into Damon's ears; music the likes of which had not been heard in six centuries.

The video's static shot framed Melody's hands and mid-torso over a wooden tabletop. Oils in various-shaped bottles were arranged there. The bottles were blue, black, green, yellow, translucent, clear, tall, squat, wide at the base, all gleaming in the brightly lit close-up. They made airy notes as Melody's hands pulled out the corks. She smelled the bottles with a feathery inhale and described in a voice, barely above a whisper, what herbs the oils contained and what they reminded her of: the beach at sunset, a hike through a forest. She went through each oil and decided, seemingly on camera, which ones to mix together. One by one, she added them to an unfilled bottle, shown at the center of the frame.

Damon rose from his hunched position, stretched back his shoulders and chuckled. "Cute." he said, and hunched again.

Melody sat a half-step behind him. She turned her attention to the back of Damon's head. His long, dark hair fell down his shoulders, leaving his skinny neck exposed. Damon was in the prime of his life. A vegan diet had turned him wiry. He wore a dark denim button-up, sleeves rolled to elbows. His left arm was mottled with tattoos, half of which were hidden beneath his clothes. They went up to his collar. There was a collected sharpness, a quiet intensity, in Damon which Melody was sure had not been there when they first became friends in college. Back then, Damon had been a stocky stoner, buried in hoodies and winter hats. He listened to the same Flying Lotus album on repeat for three months straight. Even then, he had that pleasingly scruffy face. But this Damon, here, now, in Melody's apartment, was a burnout resurrected.

He was also the only musician Melody personally knew who had achieved a measure of career success as a musician, though he made most of his money as a DJ. Years of gigs, small projects and guitar lessons for children had earned Damon enough to afford a downpayment on a house. He had moved in only a couple weeks back.

Melody had admitted it to no one, but Damon's opinion on her dumb ASMR video *mattered*.

He hummed along to the music and nodded his head to the slow, steady rhythm that Melody could not hear through the headphones, but knew by heart. She had arranged it with synthesized strings, popping drum fills and slinking electronic bass.

Her restless gaze fell until she stared down her tank top. Melody's breasts, packed into a now-undersized bra, mashed together into doughy cleavage. When Damon first stepped into the apartment, he had peeped down there. Had it been anyone else, Melody might've chafed. But it was Damon. A blushing schoolgirl, deep inside Melody, relished the attention. He had never looked at her that way before.

But then, Melody had never had boobs this big before. Until a couple months ago, she wore a B cup bra. Some post-pubescent hormonal change had swelled her breasts to the point at which she had to stuff herself into DD bra.

Her doctor suggested she lose 5lbs to err on the side of caution, but he pronounced her health good with no major concerns. An MRI scan corroborated his eval: there was nothing in Melody's boobs other than fat and the miscellanea of ordinary breast tissue.

Melody had been skinny from high school through her grad courses. Damon dated women with meatier frames and bigger tits. In the past, they had joked about their obvious incompatibility. It was more than a matter of body type preference. They were creative types with financially dubious skills, better suited for partners with steady jobs and stable incomes. Anyway, there was rarely a time when at least one of them was not in a relationship with someone else.

They were both single now, though. Melody had been for five months.

A voice in Melody, undaunted by all her better-judgment nay-saying, wondered: was it time to think about meeting someone new? Or, perhaps, meeting someone old in a new way...

The video faded to black. Damon took off the headphones. "Cool," he said.

A muted sigh passed through Melody. He was about to damn her video with faint praise. "You like it?"

"I mean, I said it before—that ASMR stuff isn't really my thing. I don't get the neck tingles and all that. But, it is well done. That music you used, did you arrange it?"

Melody's mouth made a meek smile. "I did."

"It's...interesting. Different."

"It's my grad degree in action," Melody said, with a self-mocking chuckle beneath her breath.

"Shit, really? I didn't know you were still composing."

"It's a microtonal chord progression that repeats every few bars. My thesis was basically about that single musical idea."

"No shit. What's special about it?"

Melody took a deep breath. "Back in the Renaissance, there was a Catholic missionary named Orlaf who spent time visiting a commune in Eastern Europe that—Orlaf reported—had developed a unique musical lexicon for their seasonal celebrations. He said this harmonic scale they played was the work of the devil himself. He said it transformed the womens' bodies and brought everyone to a lecherous frenzy."

Damon raised an eyebrow. “Transformed?”

“Transformed. The adults of the commune would have these orgiastic ceremonies every spring and fall and they would play this music on the vielle. Every few bars, they would repeat variations of the scale’s notes.”

“Sounds like fun.”

“Confusing as it is, even though he was ostensibly against the commune’s practices, Orlaf did try to notate their musical scale. This was centuries before folk music was taken even a bit seriously by scholars. Orlaf was later burned as a heretic, but his writing survives. My thesis was me trying to translate into modern notation the harmonic scale of this lost society. Some historians doubt they even existed, or else they think Orlaf’s journals exaggerated their unusualness.”

“Wow.”

Melody laughed. “After writing hundreds of pages on the subject, just hearing myself talk about it makes me tired. Anyway, *I* think the scale I developed is pretty close to the one in Orlaf’s notes. Some of my profs were less convinced. In any case, it makes for good ASMR.”

“It is hypnotic.”

Melody nodded.

“Well,” said Damon, “you’re the music scholar, but, one musician to another, it sounds like you’ve got something.”

There it was. The affirmation little schoolgirl Melody had thirsted for. It was idiotic. What did one musician friend’s opinion matter? But, Melody’s insides went warm and gooey. Her face glowed. “Thanks.”

“Is this your thing now? ASMR?”

Melody laughed. “My *thing*? The cash I get from ads on these videos is barely a fraction of an income. I still waitress at *The Magnolia*. Gotta chip away at these student loans.”

“*The Magnolia*? Still?”

“All through grad school and beyond.”

“Well, good for you.”

“Honestly, I question my degree every day. I mean, look at you: you’re about to go on tour. Those two years I spent in school were fun, but there’s not much I can do with it. I haven’t done much of anything for...I dunno. Three years? Just, living my little life.”

Damon's face fell, his expression so grave, Melody sucked in her breath. Damon rolled his chair closer to Melody and spoke slowly and carefully, every word hitting a beat. "Never talk that way," he said. "Maybe it sounds like hippy shit, but I believe this: everything you do, everything *any* of us does, makes a difference. My tour doesn't count for any more than your degree, or this video, or anything else you've done. You hear me, Mel?"

His face was close. His dark brown eyes gazed into her nut brown ones. A static current traveled along Melody's skin. Her breath held.

She leaned toward him. He did not back away. Even inches apart, Melody doubted it was happening, but the knot in her stomach knew.

The kiss hung there.

Years of shy looks, aches, self-recriminations, had now come to this.

A pit opened inside Melody. She gasped and pulled back.

Tears ran down her face. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry..."

"Hey, hey." Damon took her by the shoulders. "What's the matter?"

"I just...I..." Her breath was quick and labored. She shook her head. "Too soon. I'm sorry... It's...it's only been five months since Pete and I...and..." She opened her eyes and looked into Damon's. "I did want it, *I do*. I promise. I..."

"It-it's okay. I understand," said Damon.

"And, you're about to go on tour and..." She sucked in all the breath she could. "I don't want you thinking about me the whole time or me thinking about—it's just..."

"A bad time?"

She nodded, wiping a tear from her cheek. "I'm sorry."

Damon cleared his throat and looked into her eyes. "Look, whatever happens, we're friends, okay? I'll be back in three months and I'll get in touch. No matter what, we'll still be friends. Okay?"

"Oh, please. Yes." Melody hugged him and sobbed into his shoulder. "Thank you. I'm such a mess right now..."

Damon was due to leave on his tour early the next morning. He had to leave to finish packing. Melody wished him well on his trip. They hugged goodbye.

Melody started up her water heater for tea, sat at her little breakfast table and gazed out her window at the sunlit sidewalks, a story below. The water heater's creaky, old jets came to life with a hiss.

She choked back her sobs and made an effort to breathe evenly.

How much longer would it take to be over it? For god sakes, it was a long-overdue breakup.

For the rest of the day, the kiss played in Melody's mind. Each time: a flurry of ecstatic hope, then a pit opened beneath Melody. An endless fall into a gray future...

Could she have done better than burst into tears over a damn kiss? Had she squandered her chance? Or, had she protected herself, and Damon, from a fraught situation neither of them needed?

She had plans to meet Demi for lunch the next day. That was good. No one was better than Demi at locating simple solutions to the vagaries of life.

* * *

The day glittered outside, harsh and sun-cooked. It made a dark oasis out of the air-conditioned restaurant. Melody's elbows rested on the table, her head tilted forward, palms covered her cheeks.

"You made the right choice." Demi sat upright, sipped her coffee and stared at Melody with the eyes of a mother grizzly waiting patiently by the riverside as her cub trundles down the bank to catch up for lunch. Demi's hair was done up in a single dutch braid that fell over her shoulder. Her dark skin was flawless, her eyes big and brown. Melody always felt out of her league around Demi, like she had friended above her class.

"I've always had a thing for him," Melody went on. "A really small thing back in college. I never took it seriously then. But, now..."

"Mel, you said it already: now is not a good time. Anyway, he's off on his tour. Stop doing this."

Melody sighed. "I'm sorry."

"And, that's another thing. Don't apologize. Tell me about something else. What have you been doing lately that makes you happy?"

Melody released a gusting exhale. "Well...I'm having lunch with my sweet friend, Demi."

Demi made a full-tooth grin but her face snapped back to seriousness like a rubber band. "That's nice, Mel, but lunch doesn't last all day. Let's talk about your video."

"Oh. You saw it?"

“I come home from eight hours at the salon the other day and I am tense as a jack rabbit. I lie down on my couch and that shit plays in my earbuds. I become a puddle of goo, Mel, I was so tingly and relaxed. Jadyn comes home and I say,” Demi raised her hand in a halt sign, “do *not* talk to me right now, I’m doing quality time with Mel, right here. Love ya. Go ‘way.” Demi cackled.

Melody smiled. She was flushed, still staring at the tabletop.

“You’re good at the ASMR thing. You know that, doncha?” said Demi.

“It’s already my most popular video. Sixty thousand views.”

Demi looked at Melody, wide eyed, until Melody’s gaze rose to meet hers. “You love doing it, don’t you?”

“I wish I had more time for it,” said Melody.

“Take more time, then.”

Melody laughed. “I can’t make an income off ASMR. Even with this video, sixty-thousand is no better than a cup of coffee a day.”

“Well, I’m no video star, Mel, but I hear you need to make more content to make more money.”

“Right, and I don’t have the time.”

“You said that. And I said, take the time.”

“I still waitress at *The Magnolia*.”

Demi propped her arm on the table, rested her head against her knuckle, slitted eyes turned to Melody. “You play life with a shitty hand, Mel.”

Before Melody had an answer to this, the server arrived with a plate of sushi rolls.

Demi gathered her chopsticks off her napkin and poured soy sauce into a small dish. “You gonna eat?” she said.

Melody had forgotten her hunger. She took a breath, tweezed a glob of wasabi from the wooden board and stuck it on her plate. “I can’t give up my day job. I have student loans.”

“So do a lot of us. Still, you could take some time off and do something you love. See how far you get with it. I mean, take it from someone who opened her own salon: you only get so far in life without taking a chance.”

Melody’s brow furrowed. “I-I suppose I could defer my loans a while, cut down to twenty or so hours at *The Magnolia* and put some more time into videos.”

Demi turned her palm in the air, somewhat theatrically. “There ya go.”

“I’ll barely be making ends meet though. And, ASMR is a saturated niche. It’s bound to fail.”

Demi shrugged. “Fucking fail then, Mel. You’ll probably learn something anyway.”

“I just put two years into a masters in music theory. Isn’t it time to think about life again?”

Demi chuckled. “Get this: you’ve *been* living. All your life.”

Melody squeezed her eyes closed and whimpered. “I’m scared,”

“Kay, you’re scared. That’s alright. But, you can’t let that stop you.” A moment of silence took hold. Demi swished a shrimp tempura roll around in her soy and looked up again at Melody.

“Also, are you trying to blind me?”

“Huh?” said Melody.

“You’re all hunched up there and your tits are popping out of your bra.”

Melody squeaked in surprise. Her hands closed over her surging bosom.

Both women erupted in laughter.

“You were millimeters away from flashing some nip at me, woman,” said Demi. “I don’t play for that team, but you’re making a hard sell.”

“Oh my god, I’m sor—uhh...excuse me! I need new bras.”

Demi grinned and poked the air with her chopsticks. “Since you’re obviously okay with showing it off in public, why don’t you make cleavage your ASMR niche? Y’know, whisper in that sexy voice and flaunt it for the camera. I mean, why not? You’ll get some views.”

Melody giggled, blushing. “Seems pandering. And, it’s been done. A *lot*.”

“So what! If it makes your channel float, what do you care? Lean into it—literally, I guess. Also, I don’t know what vitamin pills or organic milk mumbo jumbo you’re taking these days, but your tits are friggin’ huge now. Maybe you should change your channel name to Melo-triple-D, or Melody’s Melons, or something.”

“Shut up,” Melody laughed. She shook her head.

“You shut those boobs up. Or don’t. I don’t actually care. Whatever you do, have a little faith.”

* * *

Melody returned to her apartment. Her hands trembled. For the first time in over a day, Damon was not foremost on her mind. Music was. A new idea seemed at the tip of Melody's fingers, ready to pour out with a tiny thrust of effort.

She sat in her office, switched on her keyboard and played a few chords in standard tuning. Familiar ground. She was bored after a few scales. Melody flipped through her presets and found her customized Orlaf arrangement.

Oof. Her neck was stiff. This DD bra was a joke. She was in the habit of pulling her shoulders forward to get some slack in the front so the band wouldn't chafe her sides. Bad bra. Melody tore off her tank top, undid the bra and tossed it on the desk. She would compose topless.

Melody rehashed the chords from the pseudo-ambient drone of the piece in her last video, the piece Damon gave his stamp of approval. The piece seemed a bit stale. Something was still missing. But, she needed a spark of inspiration.

Melody turned from her keyboard, woke her laptop and pulled up the music streaming app.

She searched for *sexy songs* and got playlists of hits with libidinous lyrics. Not quite right. She needed something more...harmonic. Prince? She browsed Prince's hits and jotted notes, frequently paused to sound out new chord variations on the keyboard.

An hour flew by. Melody had a simple but workable baseline. She wanted something strange, but familiar, something with the uncanniness of the previous Orlaf piece, but with a groovier sound.

Hours flew by. Summer night approached. Melody had a wealth of new musical ideas. Some video ideas too. It would take a lot of finessing to make something out of all this, but it was a start. A solid start.

She looked around. The room was dark, lit only by Melody's laptop screen and desk monitor. She hadn't realized how dark before. Also...

Melody crept to her windows, dropped the blinds, slid out of her shorts and sank into her chair. She looked down at herself in only a bikini bottom. Her boobs had really gotten big. In her mind, she still wore a B cup. For two months, she'd held out, expecting her body to bounce back—like when you catch the flu, lose five pounds, then gain the pounds back in a week. Surely her body did not *intend* to have DDD breasts for the long term. Right?

But these DDDs had stuck for the better part of a month. Maybe they really were here to stay. In fact, today, her boobs looked, if anything, *bigger* than DDDs. Melody did not remember them filling her hands and splaying her fingers this wide.

She thought about Damon's glance down her tank top yesterday. Since her teenage years, Melody had had no desire for bigger boobs, nor fancied attracting men with boobs. But, she had

them now and Damon appeared to like them. Call it a salve to the inconvenience of bra-shopping and the less welcome attentions of passersby.

Melody squeezed her right boob and felt the protrusion of her nipple in her palm. She pictured Damon squeezing them, kissing her. Warmth pulsed through her loins.

For about a month, Melody had been sporadically horny. Calm one hour; the next, burning with desire. Was some pent-up store of sexual frustration leaking out of Melody in the wake of her break-up? She and Pete had had little sex in their last year. Perhaps Melody's body was knocking on the door again, eager to get in touch now that some emotional hang ups were being laid to rest.

Melody spread her legs, slipped a hand under her bikini bottom, tossed her head back and hummed her new music theme under her breath.

* * *

The new ASMR video was a hair-cutting roleplay. Melody gingerly snipped around her binaural microphone in an apron and cooed kind and complimentary remarks. She used a noisy pair of old scissors bought from a thrift store. The background of the frame was decorated with cheap, secondhand props. Barbershop ASMR was a familiar trope, done hundreds of times by ASMRtists. The thing that set Melody's video apart was the diegetic background muzak. Most video music was cheesy, inane stuff snatched from free use catalogs. Melody's track, with its groovy baseline and synthesized bells ringing out the leading melody, was different. It was the kind of track that found a cozy, unobtrusive niche in your head where the theme could play on repeat without going rancid, the way many earworm pop hits eventually do. It was no less soothing and tingle-inducing than the drone-based Apothecary video theme. The Orlaf scale had that unique effect—it was technically a microtonal harmonic scale, but instead of dragging the listener into the tense, nail-biting space between pitches, the scale had a way of creating and then easing that tension as it moved up and down the staff. A tickle followed by a gentle caress, again and again. Kind of like...

Well, like masturbating.

Melody took Demi's suggestion. She swallowed some of her shyness and wore a low-cut tank top and two DDD bras on camera. The bras, one on top of the other, mashed her boobs together in cartoonish spectacle. The apron obscured most of it, but each time Melody leaned into the camera to snip a bit off the top, the viewer was teased with a plunging view down her cleavage. It took hours of trial and error before Melody had footage she was happy with, but with her shifts at *The Magnolia* down to twenty-four hours a week, she was in the editing phase by the weekend and had long, unbroken hours to relish the marriage of her music with the footage.

Melody had feared the video wouldn't work, that she'd have to make a drastic cut and salvage the remainder. But, from beginning to end, it came together. For the first time in months, Melody had the temerity to flatter herself a genius. It wasn't true, of course, but still, there was something about the way a few simple ideas had come together to produce such a rich experience. Her coos, her movements around the camera, the *snip-snip* of her scissors and that music—engineered a touch low in the mix to resemble a ceiling speaker in a barbershop—it all *worked*. Sure, it was an ASMR concept that had been beaten into the ground from overuse, but in execution at least, the video lived and breathed.

Melody uploaded the video on Sunday night and scheduled it to release Monday morning. She celebrated the occasion with a bottle of Bordeaux, and danced around in her underwear to some of the raunchiest, most hip-bopping club music her browse could unearth. Club music didn't generally appeal to Melody, but that didn't matter tonight. Tonight, she felt it. Melody shook and twirled and sashayed around her office and giggled over the quivers and jiggles of her boobs with each quick movement. After a while, her bra cups chafed and her dancing slowed. She dropped her sweaty self back in her office chair and, between sips of Bordeaux, examined her chest. By her most recent measurement, she was a 36F, though she was wearing a 38 of the same cup size because the cups were a bit bigger and seemed to hold her in better than her 36s at this point. This was the biggest bra Melody had ever worn. Somehow, it was too small. The extra give in the band was enough to offer Melody coverage through the day, but all the bopping had pushed her boobs over the edges of the cups and it was now obvious: too much boob; too little cup. In a *38F*. She had to be—what? A G now? No...given the inadequacy of her 36s, she could be larger than even *that*.

Melody wondered if she should see her doctor again. But, she knew how that appointment would go: more uninteresting test results, no conclusive explanation, a standing offer to get a reduction if her boobs were getting in her way and a co-pay she could do without.

Oh dear...what if she *did* need a reduction? Did she look ugly with this...this *obese* chest? Slowed by tipsiness, Melody switched on her camera, opened her recording software and studied herself on the screen.

It was undeniable; this bra was too small. On a whim, Melody unhooked it and threw it across the room. Melody studied herself topless on the screen. Nothing too special to see...just a lady with particularly large tits. It was hard to gauge her chest size. She lifted her boobs in her hands and forearms and showcased them for the camera. They were big, round, heavy and—she dribbled them up and down in her hands—very very jiggly. *I guess I'm a softcore pornstar now*. She laughed with a drunken warble.

What oh what would Damon think of them? He'd peered down her cleavage a month ago when she was still a 'reasonable' size.

It occurred to Melody: she could *ask* him. She didn't plan to get a reduction—not on Damon's account, at least—but a pragmatic voice in Melody's head said, *why not? Get tit-boy's opinion.*

She finished her final glass of Bordeaux and, after several weeks of telling herself not to, Melody sent a text.

Melody: *Hey, you around?*

No immediate answer. If Damon got back to her tonight, she could say, *how's the tour.* Not too late to chicken out.

But, Damon's response arrived within a minute.

Damon: *Yeah, what's up? Doing well?*

Oh boy. Did Melody have the liquid courage to ask the question?

She typed: *When it comes to boobs, how big is too big for you?*

She gulped and hit send. Then she panicked and texted again.

Melody: *Sorry! I'm drunk on wine. You don't have to answer...*

Melody: *I was just curious*

Damon: *XD*

Damon: *You want to talk about boobs?*

Cool sweat trickled down her temple. Honestly, what was the sense in backing down now?

Melody: *Well, yeah...if you're cool with it.*

Her skin crawled.

Damon: *Honestly...*

Damon: *I don't think I have a 'too big' standard 😊*

A pang of relief cooled Melody's warm head. She felt silly for being relieved, as if Damon's boob standard was supposed to matter. All the same, she started to relax and ease into her buzz again.

Melody: *What about too small?*

Damon: *I mean...I'm not saying breast size is a deal breaker...*

Melody: *If you don't mind my saying...*

Melody: *Your history of belles might tell a different story, sir 😏*

Oh, she was bold tonight.

Melody: *Not that I judge!*

Damon: *Hey, I've dated skinnier women*

Damon: *Not saying those relationships lasted long 😞*

Damon: *But boob size was never the main reason they didn't*

Melody: *I believe you, honestly.*

Melody: *I mean, I like a 5 o'clock shadow on a man*

Melody: *Pete could never grow it out that well. His facial hair was too thin.*

Melody: *But that was pretty far down on the list of reasons we broke up*

Melody: *Still, I am curious...*

Melody: *If you could choose: how stacked is your ideal girlfriend?*

Damon: 😊

Melody: *Tell me!!!*

Damon: *Well...bigger than a C would be cool...*

Melody chortled. Boy was hedging.

Melody: *What about a LOT bigger than a C? 😂*

Damon: *...how much bigger are we talking about?*

Damon: *And why do you ask? 😂*

Melody: *Okay, fine. My tits have grown 😬*

Melody: *Maybe you noticed.*

Melody: *I don't mind if you have, btw*

Damon: *Might've caught my eye.*

Damon: *But, do you consider this a good thing?*

Melody: *Well, maybe I'm trying to figure that out 😏 I'm used to being a flatty.*

Damon: *If I may be so bold, what sort of size difference are we talking about?*

Melody: *I have no idea at this point*

Melody: *Okay, that's a lie. I have some idea*

Melody: *I'm popping out of an F cup bra 🙄*

Damon: *Woah*

Melody: *Yeah. And I'm a band size up from my normal in this bra*

Melody: *So the cups are bigger than what an F at my actual band size would be*

Damon: *So...are you a G?*

Melody: *I think a G might be small on me...*

Damon: *How fast is this happening? Have you seen a doctor?*

Melody: *And I have seen one. There's nothing wrong, apparently. I'm just a lady with growing boobs.*

Melody: *And I don't know how fast. It's been over a few months, but sometimes it plateaus for a few weeks and then I suddenly go through another spurt*

Melody: *Honestly, I've had a couple days where my bra fits fine in the morning and by evening, I bubble over the cups*

Melody: *And, I don't think it's water retention because the bra fits just as badly the next day. Or else, it's worse.*

Damon: *Huh...*

Damon: *Well, if your doctor's fine with it and you're fine with it...that's cool*

Damon: *Isn't it? 😊*

Melody: *Do you...like hearing about it?*

Damon: *Well, y'know...I don't NOT like it...*

Melody: *Play straight with me, boy. I'm laying my cards on the table*

Melody: *Or my boobs on the table, if you'd prefer 😜*

Damon: *Can't lie, that'd be cool to see 😏*

Melody's heart raced. It was foolish. She wouldn't. But, her fingers tapped out the message into the chat:

Melody: *If I send you a photo will you promise not to show anyone else?*

Damon: *Cross my heart.*

Damon: ♥

Melody: *Fine. Be with you in a few*

Melody cleared space on her desk. She tilted her camera and watched herself in the capture window. Her boobs landed on the desk with a dull smack. She propped her chin on one elbow and made an irritated frown at the camera. Her tits looked like wads of kneaded dough, spearheaded by conical areolas and nipples the size of rubber ear buds. After half a dozen takes, Melody had a photo she didn't absolutely hate.

She sent it off.

Damon: *Uh...woah* 😮

Melody: *Too big?*

Damon: *No! Not at all*

Damon: *Just bigger than I expected* 😁

Damon: *It's hard to picture from cup sizes*

Damon: *If you don't mind my saying...*

Damon: *You're hot*

The tight cords in Melody's shoulders, midsection and thighs slackened. Warmth oozed down her belly.

Melody: *I think I look like a pair of dirigibles*

Melody: *But, thank you* 😊

Melody soaked it in: She had made her best video yet and, as icing on the cake, had accomplished some successful flirting with Damon. Demi was right about playing life with a shitty hand. To think of all that was possible with a spoonful of courage...

But, what would come next?

As if on a seesaw, the warmth in Melody's tummy slid into nausea.

Melody and Damon's kiss was a fast impulse, a thing that could be retracted, apologized for. Damon had left the door open for Melody to do that. Laugh it off; go back to being friends. With that silly photo, it was possible Melody had locked a consequence into the future. Sure, it would have been worse if Damon had shown no interest, or responded uncharitably to Melody's teases. But had she closed off her escape hatch? An invisible timer would count down until the moment *something*, good or ill, would come of this conversation.

Melody's buzz must have worn off. She was thinking of Pete.

Pete's cheating had started out as a couple drunken kisses with his highschool sweetheart. They tended to occur on evenings Pete went out with friends and Melody had stayed home. He passed them off as fumbles. These events were followed by stormy periods in their relationship. Long weeks went by in which Melody was sad and mad and mad at herself, either for continuing to be mad or for tolerating suspicious behavior from someone she should have been able to trust. Still, Pete was contrite and they tried to fix things. Tensions smoothed out. And, the cycle recommenced. Pete found new ways to accidentally run into his old lover. Melody knew shenanigans were afoot, but could never catch Pete in the act, could never quite pin him down and call him out.

One day, Pete came home drunk, but with a sturdiness Melody hadn't seen in him in a long time.

It was meant to be, he told her. He was still in love with his first.

She was hardly surprised. The relationship had been doomed for some time. She had been falling out of love but couldn't face the finality of *goodbye*. Or, maybe she wanted to bear witness to Pete's betrayal. Either way, she was alone now. Alone was sad, at times terrifying. But, alone was a world in which the worst possibility was not to be feared because it had already happened. Alone was still water in a pond.

Melody cut the flirtation. She asked Damon politely about his tour and wished him goodnight.

And, masturbated in bed.

* * *

The Barbershop video broke onto the streaming service in what felt like rapturous fanfare. It was as if a much bigger audience had been waiting in the wings and, upon the video's release, poured into the main hall to throw a party in Melody's honor. In twelve days, the video had a hundred and fifty thousand views and four hundred comments. For the first time as a video content creator, Melody saw her ad revenue stack up.

She told herself it was a victory unlikely to be matched. Talent couldn't account for taste. She would stick with her job at *The Magnolia* for the foreseeable future; it was the only sensible thing to do.

But, there was now a voice in Melody that bespoke a brighter future. She had *loads* of video ideas. She *could* pull off a success equal to the Barbershop video again, with a bit of luck, maybe many times over. Or, at least come close. If she put out ASMR content on a regular basis, she might reach a monthly view cycle that would sustain a modest income. Maybe even take a bite out of her loans.

It was worth a shot. Melody spent a few evenings starting up a subscription service to supplement her video streams. She needed better equipment, new instruments, props...bras.

Speaking of, extensive shopping around town uncovered a single, nude-colored 36H bra. This was clearly the end of the line when it came to bra-shopping in brick-and-mortar stores. If Melody's breasts got even a smidge bigger, she'd have to look online.

In fact, she needed to already. Her new 36H bra was constantly in need of a wash. It was the only bra that fit. Actually, it was a touch small. When Melody straightened her back, thick pinches of boob flesh stuck out like muffins in a tin. At least her growth had stopped, for the time being anyway. Hopefully, that was the end of it. Big boobs were nice and all, but seriously, enough was enough.

Melody texted Damon with updates on her trials with a heaving pair of melon boobs. The subject was a rich source of flirtation, comedy and anyway, a decent conversation starter. An antsy voice inside Melody sometimes wished Damon would respond to her teasing more forcefully, so she could be sure he was into it, not just playing along. But that was silly. More often than not, Melody was the one who changed the subject to less flirty topics. Damon had followed her cues. He had let Melody decide how far the conversation would go. And she did not let it go far. There was still that line that, when approached, Melody became nauseous. Yes, it was nice to think Damon might be coming to see her as more than a friend. But, Melody's life was still small. The thought of it getting bigger, big enough to encompass another person, was too much. A bigger life could be punctured, deflated.

This frame of mind didn't apply only to Damon. Even now, with her daily views higher than ever, there were times Melody thought about ditching the ASMR channel. It couldn't last. Anyway, she was putting herself out there, putting her *cleavage on screen*. Not long ago, Melody would not have dreamed of showing off her body to help build an internet following. It was not that Melody disliked her appearance. Melody had received what she took to be a fair share of compliments on her looks over the years and, on a good hair day, she was capable of feeling attractive. Nor was it that she disliked her boobs, though they added some obstacles to daily life. It was simply this: did coy, timid Melody have the temerity to build a following on her body? She enjoyed a bit of flirtatious pageantry for the camera to add spice to the intimate aural headspace of ASMR. But, some of the comments she had received left the impression that a portion of her viewers were getting bigger kicks out of the Barbershop video than she'd accounted for. Some comments were simply rude. These she deleted and blocked the authors of.

Another share of comments were kind and polite but laced with innuendos. Melody didn't judge—at least, not the people who were decent. Such comments didn't make her feel bad. People could take what they liked from her videos. Still, Melody wondered how much of the real her had come through in that stacked, fawning hair stylist who cooed into the listener's ears.

A week after its release, Melody rewatched the Barbershop video and had a surprise. Compared to today, the hair stylist's rack looked *small*. Good grief...it was only a couple weeks ago!

What sort of comments would her next video get?

* * *

Melody planned her next video to be a poker game between the camera's POV and herself on the other side of a table. If she tilted her camera right, she could superimpose a hand of cards floating in front of it. The game would go on for six rounds until she—the bosomy woman on the other side of the table in a revealing scarlet dress—inevitably won, but did so graciously. The video would end with her offering her opponent a drink at her expense. Though done once or twice before, it was a concept ASMRtists had attempted less frequently than the barbershop trope and it fed Melody's urge to branch out into more novel roleplays.

She had found a low cut scarlet dress at the thrift store, along with some gaudy décor for the walls. For music, Melody decided to give the Orlaf scale a rest. She arranged a smooth lounge piece in standard tuning. The piece was a little stiff, but it seemed to work.

Three long days of shooting went by. By week's end, Melody wrapped up post-production and editing. She added a segment at the beginning to promote her new subscription service. Finally, she scheduled the upload.

Melody had been planning to celebrate her new video that evening by getting drunk and dancing around like an idiot. But, when the time came, she was not in a festive mood. It had taken her two weeks to complete the video—a dubious rate of productivity for a content creator who hoped to blow up her viewership. Worse, Melody could not shake the feeling something was missing from the video, some spark of life she'd managed to get into her two previous works. The Poker video was bigger, more elaborate, more challenging to film, more creative. For that matter, it also featured a woman with bigger boobs. But, something was *off* about it. It was as if her muse had gotten drunk on the job.

As the hours drew toward midnight, Melody's mood turned gray. The adrenaline rush from so many hours of productivity and toil had drained away and left an emptiness inside. She'd spent hours alone in this room and for what—a seventeen minute video, some nice comments, a little ad revenue?

She texted Damon.

Melody: Hey

Melody: How's it going?

Damon: Okay. Six more weeks on tour and then I'm home

Damon: Can't lie. I'm kinda eager to get off the road at this point. It's been a haul 🥲

Melody wrote out a text, deleted it, started it again, read it, deleted some words, took a trip to the bathroom, deleted the text completely, wrote something else and hit send before she had a chance to second guess it:

Melody: I want you

It was the most nakedly vulnerable text Melody had ever sent Damon.

For five excruciating minutes, he did not respond.

Damon: I think I want you too

Think. A chill ran up Melody's spine as she read that word.

Melody: You think?

Melody watched the ellipsis animation pulse in the chat next to Damon's name for a minute, two minutes, three...

Damon: I've enjoyed texting with you

Damon: But,

Damon: Sometimes, lately, I feel like we don't talk like friends anymore

Melody: What do you mean?

Damon: I mean, we used to be chill together

Damon: Lately, it feels like we're walking on eggshells

Damon: It's not that I mind having a thing with someone I consider a good friend

Damon: Honestly, there's no one else I'd rather be with

Damon: But, it's like...

Damon: The Melody I know is not quite there

Damon: And, I'm wondering what happened to her...

Damon: *As it is, it seems like we're forcing things* 😞

Melody's skin crawled. She felt exposed. The ellipsis animation played next to Damon's name in the chat. He was writing something, or trying to.

Finally, it came:

Damon: *Are you sure you're ready for something between us?*

Melody sighed.

Melody: *Who the fuck knows? Maybe I'm just horny*

Melody: *Sorry I made things awkward*

Melody: *I'm going to bed.*

With that, the chat ended.

* * *

Results on the Poker video were a disappointment, at least, compared to Melody's last two videos. Within a week, the Poker video had barely topped thirty thousand views. Melody had tried to manage her expectations, but thirty thousand was half of the low-end of her estimate. She had been certain the Poker video would at least match the Apothecary video's initial week, especially with her expanded subscriber base.

Over the last few weeks, Melody had, at times, entertained the thought that a disappointing turnout on a video might be cause for relief. It would prove she needn't take her ASMR 'business' too seriously. It would assure Melody that ASMR was only a hobby. But, there was no relief in seeing the Poker video bomb. She had spent days on it. It had taken more time to make than the Apothecary and Barbershop videos, put together. The Poker video was her most ambitious project yet. She had promoted it on more social media accounts than any video before. She had a subscription service and over fifty donors now. How could increased efforts produce such a lame turnout? Was Melody an idiot, mistaking the vicissitudes of internet enthusiasm for a commercial breakthrough?

She spent a good deal of time hand-wringing over the future of her ASMR channel and her prospects as a video content creator. However, the better share of Melody's attention was on something else.

Some recent comments on the Apothecary and Barbershop videos had struck a chilling note of familiarity.

cassiefreckles: *I know it sounds crazy, but I listen to this video literally every day, multiple times a day and my boobs are starting to look like yours. Just a coincidence you think? XD*

LovesRats707: *Folks, Im not kidding. I was a 38D and now after three weeks of having this video in my daily ASMR playlist I'm a 38F.*

aylo: *Used to be a flatty. Thanks for the tingles, and the tits.*

Comments of this sort had stacked up in the dozens. Long threads of debate and speculation grew from them.

An ASMR video that grew breasts. Ridiculous.

And yet, when Melody deigned to really consider the idea, pieces fell into place.

Within months, Melody's boobs had blown up seven cup sizes beyond the Bs she had sported since her teenage years. Her doctor had found nothing amiss; her diet had not changed; she was on no birth control; she had no closely related family members with large breasts. You had to go out on a limb to say Melody's whopping H cups were merely the product of hormonal fluctuation. Such things were possible, yes, but the explanation felt thin.

And now, viewers of her videos had reported similar changes.

The Apothecary and Barbershop videos had something else in common. They both had music derived from the Orlaf chord, which played on repeat throughout the runtime.

Melody reread Orlaf's journals. Orlaf's reports on the commune's activities were often vivid. His language became histrionic, if vague, when he described their spring and fall rituals. He never spelled out exactly *how* the women's bodies were transformed. He merely used adjectives that translated from Latin roughly to: *grotesque, monstrous, misshapen*... Orlaf's writings dripped with medieval sexism but it was not above his notice that the men too, though their bodies were unchanged, participated in the rituals with similar lasciviousness as the women. For Orlaf, it all made for a convincing case that each adult member of the commune had slipped into the devil's hands.

And yet, it was Orlaf who had left the scale, the notation, of the commune's 'demonic' musical language to history. Had he not done so, that musical idea would've been lost. Had Orlaf meant to warn the church about the dangers of music, to show religious authorities which notes should never be played? That was the easy explanation. But, two years after his time with the commune, Orlaf would join a succession of excommunicated rogues, questioning the status of the clergy. Not much later, he would be burned at the stake, an unrepentant heretic. Perhaps Orlaf had some notion of what he was doing when he committed those music notes to posterity. It was the age of the printing press and Orlaf indeed did leave his journals in the hands of closeted allies to be circulated among the literate.

But anyway, it was nonsense. Musical chords don't grow breasts. Yes, it was odd that Melody now popped out of a 36H bra, but c'mon! Bodies change. The cleavage shots in the Barbershop

video had inspired some internet jokes. Maybe a few commenters had recently gained weight and liked to joke, or believe, their fuller breasts were the product of streaming video. People believed in mystical connections between unrelated happenings all the time. The Orlaf scale was Melody's interdisciplinary master's thesis. It wasn't magic.

Melody went around in circles about it for a week. In the meantime, she was exhausted from her work on the Poker video. She couldn't muster up the resolve to think about making something new. After a few days of seeing the Poker video's views creep up to a measly 55k, Melody decided to take a break from her channel. Between unwelcome and sometimes guilty thoughts of Damon, the fluke success of a couple ASMR videos, wild theories about magical music chords and her own now ludicrous boob size, Melody's present life had careened into the preposterous and the bizarre. What she needed was time, time to ascertain solid ground beneath her feet.

* * *

It was Monday—Melody's day off from *The Magnolia*. At five in the afternoon, her buzzer sounded. It was Demi. Demi's salon was closed on Mondays. She had dinner plans but wanted to stop by and see Melody, who hadn't answered texts in over a week.

Demi appeared at the door of Melody's unit in a gold, glossy leather skirt, fishnets, blue jean cardigan—unbuttoned—and a white tank top. Her hair was done up in little antenna-shaped pigtails and her dark, unblemished face sparkled with aqua eyeshadow. Melody felt sheepish and third-rate in her flannel pajama bottoms and ponytail, but, as usual, Demi made no bones about it. She gave Melody a hug. "I'm not here to get in your business about ghosting. I want to check in and remind you, you've got a friend. I just...had a feeling this last week, is all."

Melody nodded politely but her eyes were glued to Demi's chest. Beneath Demi's white tank top were visible creases where bra and boob met. She had muffin-ed out of her bra in a way that was now quite familiar to Melody. Of all Melody's girl friends, Demi was fastidious about the fit of her clothes. It was unlike her to wear a bra that was too small.

Demi, who missed little, caught Melody's wandering eye. "Oh yeah, that reminds me!" She grinned. "Whatever titty-growing virus you got is contagious." She poked a manicured finger into her chest. "This is my biggest bra and I am popping out of it like a pastry." Demi doubled over laughing, as Melody tried to wipe the ashen look off her face.

"D-did, uhh," Melody stammered.

"Hm? What?" giggled Demi, wiping a laughing tear from her eye.

Melody cleared her throat. "By any chance, did you see the recent videos I posted on the channel?"

“Ooh, girl, that is something else I wanted to talk to you about. Mel, I say this with love and admiration in my heart, but I wish you would’ve talked to me before you did a Barbershop video. I coulda shown you how to hold the scissors and use the comb, make it all look legit. So I was giggling when I watched. But, y’know what? I don’t even care because all I had to do was turn my phone around and listen. I LOVED it. I listened to it all the time for two straight weeks. Loved the card game one too, but I dunno. It didn’t quite stick with me the same way. Anyway, I gotta run. So, love ya, Mel. You take care, alright?”

The door closed behind Demi. Melody was frozen in deathly stupor.

Melody dashed to her office room and pulled up her Apothecary and Barbershop videos.

The stories of spontaneous breast growth had not abated in the comments. They had begun to spill into the comments sections of Melody’s other videos. They piled up beneath the recent posts on her channel’s social media accounts. It now seemed, every other conversation associated with the channel touched on the subject of growing boobs.

Melody played the looping music sample from the barbershop video. There was nothing special about it. Just a little piece of music she had composed. That was all.

A pensive hour went by. Melody decided she was hungry. She wandered into the kitchen and reheated a bowl of leftover pasta.

Her eye caught a half-full bottle of gin on the counter beside the stove. Tonight was a good night for that. She brought the bottle with dinner to her office.

She soon discarded her chewy leftovers and switched to the bottle. After a few swigs, a thought came to Melody. What if all this breast growth wasn’t from the video at all? There was something in the air, or the city water. Yes. Or, some global phenomenon, beyond the accountings of current science. Some affliction which Melody, among many, was just a now large-titted casualty of—so sad! If true, it would be a weight off her chest. Well...not literally, but the point was, she wouldn’t be *responsible* for it. If true, even if her boobs stayed big, her life would be small. Yes.

Melody’s heart pumped an insistent beat. She had to prove it: she had *not* discovered aural breast growth.

Melody took two more swigs of gin and ran off to her bedroom where her laundry pile was.

She returned with her 36H bra and a measuring tape. The bra was dirty, but who cared. She threw off her pajama shirt and measured herself. Underbust: 36.3, bust: 44.2. She slipped into her bra, glugged some gin and fastened the hook.

Funny. This 36H bra was a touch loose. Not by much. She was still an H, but her nipples had a bit of room in the cups. She didn’t remember having that room a few days back. Perhaps the

breast growth epidemic symptoms had a peak and then a falling-off period. That would be...nice? Did she *want* to go back to a B cup? Melody thought of Damon and took another swig of gin.

Forget all that. Time for science.

She pulled up the Barbershop muzak theme and set it on repeat. The groovy baseline played. The melody kicked in. It ascended and descended the Orlaf scale, stopped short, looped around, modulated and modulated back. The specific microtonal shift that gave the Orlaf scale its unique identity happened only about a dozen times over the course of the whole piece. Melody had heard that combination of notes many, many times. But, she wondered, how many times had she *really* listened to them? Many of the hours she had put into her masters thesis she had spent digging through medieval sources and contemporary scholarship. It had only been in the last few months that she had composed music with the Orlaf scale. Only in the process of composition had she heard those notes on repeat. At this point, with close to four hundred thousand views on the Barbershop video, Melody wondered if some of her repeat viewers had heard that chord nearly as many times as herself.

She knocked back another slug of gin. One way or another, all her speculation would come to an end.

The Barbershop piece played, again and again and again.

A musical chord that grew breasts. Ridiculous.

A thought hit Melody. Measurements were one thing, but what about video documentation? Not that she expected her experiment to produce anything interesting. But, the skeptical voices of Melody's professors in the music and history departments rang in her head. Best to document everything. She started up her webcam and hit record.

Melody ogled her stacked, shirtless self in the capture window. She turned and checked her profile. The bra added some forward projection to an already bountiful shelf. Her silhouette made a dramatic, not unpleasing, curve from neck to boobs to ribs to belly. An upside of being so stacked was the way her rack outdid her midsection. Since her early 20s, Melody had had a pinch of tummy that stuck out beyond her abdomen. It generally didn't bother her—she didn't need a swimsuit magazine body. But, there were times Melody had looked in the mirror and felt uneasy when she noticed her B cup boobs hardly stuck out further than her belly button. No more of that now. Melody's tummy was diminutive beneath this heaving rack. Even braless, her boobs had inches on her tummy.

But, Melody had gotten distracted. If she was growing right now, it wasn't obvious. All she saw in the capture window was a fat-titted brunette in her bra. She giggled. This experiment was the most ridiculous thing she had ever done. Would she ever admit to doing it? Probably not.

Gin stirred Melody's mind. Still giggling, she glanced down at herself. Hmm, interesting. Wasn't there some room in those cups, about ten minutes back? She filled the bra now. There was even a bit of surge over the cup line and a pinch of boob fat at the armpits.

Melody threw herself back on her chair and laughed. Success! The Barbershop theme made breasts grow.

But, nonsense. She must've been hunched up when she checked the fit earlier. She must have.

Then again, hadn't she noticed some extra room in her bra cups, just 30 minutes ago?

Melody doubled over laughing. This night was more hilarious by the second.

She waved a hand at her camera. "Oh hey there!" she slurred. She lifted the bottle of gin in her other hand and took a sip. "Oh ya, nice to meet you, I'm *Melody*! Nnnnope, not Melon-ee—but, I s'pose thasss an understandable mistake thees days, *ha ha*. Ohhhh, you're a particle *physicist*, wow! But guesswha...I'm a candidate for the Nobel prize too! Ah heh heh heh heh heh. I discovered the first *auditory* form of *breast augmentation*. Wool!" She thrust her fists into the air in triumph, and yelped as her boobs jiggled against her cup seams. "Eh heh heh. Pretty cool, rrrright?! What? You *solved* climate change? Well thasscool but *this*," she stuck her chest out. "*This*'ll push human progress into the fff-uture." She noticed then, her left boob had bubbled up over her bra cup. It was more than just a pinch now. "Ey, ge'back in there!" She tried to poke the escaped breast meat back in. It didn't want to go.

The euphoria didn't last. Melody's exuberance faded. Her swigs of gin petered out. She was sleepy and lonely and horny. Her body felt like gelatin. The Barbershop piece played on. The bass thrummed, the melody slid up and down the staff, tangled in that little harmonic niche that prickled and soothed the ear, on and on. Melody fell back in her chair and closed her eyes. The room swam.

Damon was in her dreams. He kneeled on the floor before her chair. She had cried and begged forgiveness and implored him to stop kneeling but he didn't. He gazed at her with those big, adorable brown eyes and nodded and smiled. Finally, when Melody could think of nothing else to say, he helped her out of her pajama bottoms and her bikini. Melody wept as she let him ease her legs apart. He took one last look at her and leaned in, mouth open, tongue ready...

"Uuuhn...nnng. Mmmm...nn—!"

A spike of pain jabbed at the crown of Melody's head and sank deep into her brainstem. Her throat was raw. She needed water. Something chafed. And the dumb Barbershop theme still played.

She blinked her eyes open. Melody's gaze was fixed at the ceiling. She had slid out of her chair and dropped to the floor.

Melody turned her head to the window. The sky was the flat navy of the wee small hours.

She lifted herself on her elbows and pushed to an upright seat. Her office chair had rolled across the room to make space for her recumbency in the middle of the room.

Her back muscles tightened as an unfamiliar weight pulled down on them. She looked.

...what?

Melody's tits were not 36Hs anymore. She was not popping out of her bra. She was not *inside* her bra at all. The cups, which she could not see but could still feel, were bunched up wads, tucked between torso and tit.

Melody unhooked the useless garment, slid it out from beneath her rack and tossed it away. Her breath heaved.

She bent back her leg and watched in horror. In slow motion, her knee collided with a tit bigger than a gallon milk jug. Sweat-streaked titty flesh glommed around her thigh.

Melody screamed.

She snatched her tits up in her hands—or arms, rather. Their heft was incredible.

This headache was vicious. She stood on wobbly legs, negotiating a new distribution of her body weight. She fetched her chair and sat. It took only a slight lean to balance her boobs in her lap.

The camera was still on and the capture app still recorded. A mortified woman sat within the frame, leaning to keep her boobs, each bigger than her own head, in her lap. Her nipples were thick as marbles. She lifted her boobs and let them slide off her palms into her lap again where they slapped down in meaty jiggles.

She took a breath, stopped the recording and turned off the cursed Barbershop theme.

Clutching her naked chest against her torso, Melody stumbled into the kitchen and filled a tall glass of water. She chugged it to the bottom and filled it again. Her head throbbed. She took three ibuprofen.

Back in her office, Melody thumped down in her chair, cleared a space at the forefront of her desk, leaned forward and plopped two mega-size boobs on the desktop, relieving her neck. She penned her twin pillows of tit meat between her arms. Queasy, Melody rested her head on the squishy flesh, tried to cover eyes and waited for the throbbing to ease.

After some time, the pain went from a vicious pulse to a needling ache.

Melody rose and assessed her results.

She measured herself, which was difficult because the bottom of her boobs now came to her belly button. The curve of Melody's profile, which had pleased her a few hours back, was now ruined by a tremendous swell of jiggly bosom that swallowed up her frontside. The broadest part of her chest was at solar plexus-level. The measuring tape placed Melody at fifty-five and a half inches. If ordinary means of measuring bra size applied to a body such as this, Melody was a 36T.

The video recording had produced a four hour-record, tens of gigs in size. Melody dragged the slider across the progress bar of the video player and studied the footage.

This drunk fool lady giggles and raves and then conks out. Her tits swell over her bra cups and bubble into insane quad-boob. At this point, something interesting becomes apparent. The speed of her expansion ratchets up. She pops out of her bra before the two hour mark and grows faster and faster. Her tits swell up like balloons as she writhes and moans and tosses her drunk head, side-to-side. The growth is so fast at this point, you can simply hit play and *see* the curvature of her boobs broaden. The weight on her chest is too much for her to sit up straight. She sinks down the chair until her head is at the bottom of the frame, then she disappears. The chair rolls to the back wall.

Conclusion: the experiment shows the music is the cause of the growth and that the rate of growth is cumulative. The more the test subject hears the music, the faster her boobs get bigger.

So, what if Melody played the chord now? Would her rate of growth be slow again...or would the rate of expansion pick up exactly where it left off?

Melody sighed. She had to know. Anyway, what difference did another square inch of boob make at this point? She set her keyboard to the Orlaf preset and played the chord five times.

Melody's tits fattened, soaking in another ounce per boob. She tore her hands away. A slight delay between the passage down the scale and the growth. Indeed, the rate of growth seemed to be as high as an hour or so back when the Barbershop theme played.

Melody measured her bust again: 55.9 inches. Good god, nearly a U cup. Whatever mechanism, mystical or physical, made the boobs grow, it had increasing potency. Melody could now hear the chord a few times and grow half a cup size.

At least I just did it to myself, she thought.

But that was simply the dumbest thought ever to pass through Melody's mind.

She did not *just do it to herself*, she did it to every woman who played the video.

* * *

Melody took down the Barbershop and Apothecary videos from the platform. She discontinued her subscription service and sent out an email offering to refund everyone. She posted on her channel that, if some of her recent videos had *affected anyone badly* (she dared not be particular about how), she was very, very sorry. Melody also announced she would extend her hiatus indefinitely.

In the meantime, she would sit tight and pray her videos hadn't blown up anyone else's tits as big as hers.

By mid-day, Melody was drained. She called in sick at *The Magnolia* and told her supervisor someone would need to cover her shifts for a few weeks. Melody's supervisor trusted her. She had put in years of hard work at *The Magnolia* and if she said something had come up, he could trust it was something serious. Thank goodness for small favors.

Melody went to her room, masturbated to get her mind off her still-present headache and took a nap.

The world seemed to join Melody's boobs in the task of weighing her down. She had unleashed a monster. With two dumb, silly ASMR videos, Melody had altered the bodies of thousands of viewers. Who knew what sort of problems she had caused. That Melody had had no idea of the chord's power—that she might've had reasons never to believe such a thing possible—didn't save her conscience.

And, it wasn't mere conscience on Melody's part, but also shame. The small measure of internet success her channel had enjoyed over the last couple months had been accomplished by something that had nothing at all to do with genius.

In all likelihood, the Orlaf spell drew in viewers through its own power. That was why the Barbershop video was a hit and the Poker video was a flop. The metrics told the story. The only videos that had broken past a hundred thousand views were the Barbershop and Apothecary ones. They were the only two videos that used Orlaf chord-based music. All Melody's other videos lagged behind.

In all probability, anyone with access to the Orlaf chord and some rudimentary compositional skill could have accomplished the same thing Melody did. Her channel was a joke and she was a fool who had toyed with things beyond her understanding. Now, her body was weighed down by a ludicrous, laughable, deformity.

And, she couldn't even have an honest conversation with Damon.

* * *

The next week dragged. Undistinguished hours of streaming shows, sporadic naps, junk meals, handheld games and delayed chores shuffled by. Melody avoided the internet and social media.

She turned off phone notifications to bury the mounting comments on her recent post. Most of her time she spent lying down to keep the strain of head-size boobs off her back. Melody had a couple sweatshirts baggy enough to contain her hulking front and when these became too hot, she loafed topless. Standing and walking soured Melody's mood. She was hobbled and quickly exhausted.

Melody measured her bust every day and soon confirmed another hypothesis: her chest was shrinking. It seemed, as long as she didn't hear the Orlaf chord, Melody's boobs would lose mass. It was not a fast process. Within a week, her bust was down to fifty-five and a quarter inches—a loss of one quarter inch in seven days. Of course, the rate of shrinkage might increase, considering that going down from a T cup to an S cup was a loss of a lot more boob mass than going down from a G to an F. With the aid of a spreadsheet, Melody estimated it would take six and a half months before she was back down to her normal B-cup size. That estimate made a lot of assumptions though. It might be closer to eight months.

She ordered the biggest bra she could find: 36K cups in UK-sizing—an O cup in the US. Melody was five cup sizes too big for the biggest bra on the market. She would shrink into it, at least, though it would take the better part of two months.

As Melody progressed into the second week of life with gallon-fat tits, she began to spend more time on her feet. She had grown restless from so many hours weighed down on her couch. Moving around was a bit easier now. Melody's back muscles, it seemed, had toned up and were ready to hold a surplus of tit weight. Five minutes could sometimes go by without the pull of her chest slowing her as she tidied the apartment or took out the trash. Those unreflective periods of mobility soon stretched to fifteen minutes, then thirty.

Day by day, Melody's massive tits were less a miserable burden and more a part of herself. There was still strain on her neck, not from the weight of her boobs as much as from the awkward postures she assumed, reclining or squatting forward on her knees to ease the load on her core.

Melody's posture needed training. She ordered a yoga ball to work on balance.

Most days, Melody did not wish to even think about the Orlaf chord. But, Melody's curiosity was persistent and she had one hypothesis yet to confirm: after two weeks of keeping the chord away from her ears, would it make her grow as fast as it had before? One Saturday morning, Melody summoned up her courage and executed another experiment. She played the chord on her keyboard, five times once again. Weight accumulated on her chest. She measured herself. She was at about 55.35 inches, a gain of a third of a cup size. A somewhat smaller rate of growth than two weeks ago, she estimated.

It appeared the Orlaf's chord's effects dialed back from lack of exposure. The less you heard Orlaf, the less potent it would be when you heard it again. Doubtless, it would only take a handful of repetitions before Melody grew as fast as before

By the third week, Melody decided she had to work again. She ordered a dozen rolls of duct tape and experimented with different configurations to hold her boobs steady. With judicious cross-taping from shoulder to underbust and many layers wound horizontally around her chest, she managed to mash her boobs down enough to button up her baggier work shirts. With her boobs wadded against her torso, Melody's upper body looked shapeless, but it took some strain off her back. She still jiggled, but the jiggling was shallow. She could be on her feet for at least a few hours at a time. She called her supervisor and took a couple shifts.

Work was awful. Melody's tape constantly threatened to peel off. It made a *shhk shhk* sound as she walked. She had to stagger herself to not jiggle out of her sticky bindings. Melody's co-workers cast her puzzled looks. Judging by her shape, her manner, the slow way in which she moved, something was different about Melody, but no one could say exactly what. As often as opportunities arose, Melody excused herself from work and left her co-workers to pick up the better share of the tips. She was making *some* money, at least.

In her fourth week, \$200 worth of bras arrived at Melody's mailbox. She had ordered a 40K (400 in US-sizing) in hopes she might be able to cheat five cup sizes with four extra inches of band. Fat chance, as it turned out. The fit was ludicrous. Rolls of boob fat poured over the cups. Still, it was nice to approximate fitting into a bra again. Give it a couple more weeks and Melody just might be able to squeeze into one.

Melody was restless for her boobs to go back down to the Bs she once knew. But, as she closed in on wearing a bra again, Melody began to wonder if her original B cup size was what she wanted. If she could stand living with S cup boobs, was room for negotiation? Thanks to Orlaf, Melody could be any size she wanted.

An additional reason this question was on Melody's mind had to do with her libido. Even on her worst days, she masturbated at least once. Some days, she did hour-long marathons. Melody hadn't been that horny since she was a teenager. Prior to the Orlaf Effect, she could neglect her sexual urges for weeks, to the point of fearing she had gone frigid. When the horniness didn't make her lonely, which it often did, it was nice to *want* sex more.

When she masturbated, she thought of Damon. When she was lonely, she thought of texting him. Each time, she held back.

After a month, Melody decided she needed to return to the internet and investigate the fallout of her ASMR stunt. Of every question that brought Melody fear and consternation, this one was the worst: what had she unleashed on the world? It was time to find out.

In a number of ASMR forums and platform hangouts, there were, indeed, rumors that the two videos Melody had removed from her channel had breast-growing effects. There was much speculation about the meaning of her having taken the videos down and discontinued her subscription service shortly after its launch. Users combed over the cryptic words of her post.

There also continued to be first-person accounts of boobs that had blown up to Ds and Gs and Hs after repeated viewings of the videos. Many of these users admitted their boobs had shrunk down a bit recently, and couldn't necessarily attribute their growth to having watched a video. Nonetheless, commenters agreed it was *interesting* how so many women had reported breast growth after watching the same content.

Melody had been prepared for this sort of speculation. What she feared, above all, was bootleggers. There were tools on the internet that recorded web content and immortalized it in archives. From these, savvy users could restore Melody's lost videos and perhaps spread their body-enhancing effects.

Sure enough, bootleg copies of the Barbershop video had surfaced. Deeply curious people on message boards shared links to torrents. Melody's heart skipped a beat the first time she found a bootleg. But, she watched the video from beginning to end and experienced no breast growth at all. The comment threads in the link posts joked and complained. The bootleg had been neutered of the original video's breast-expanding effects. What the was going on?

It didn't take much thought before Melody knew. To get a recording of the Barbershop piece in *exactly* the right microtonal sound, she had had to create sound files larger than typical formats. She had to export her videos in extremely high quality formats to keep that sound intact. That the video platform her channel lived on didn't corrupt the sound in the process of streaming was a wonder to Melody. The bootlegs, even the best quality ones, were degraded. The sound captured in them did not have a high enough bitrate to pinpoint the Orlaf tones. The bootlegs were *pseudo-Orlaf*, safe for the masses.

Melody could hear the difference, but most anyone else probably didn't know to look for it. Moreover, the rising internet legend of a couple ASMR videos that grew breasts attributed the videos' effects to the *video* content, not the sound. If anyone was trying to restore the Barbershop videos' peculiar power, they were probably looking in the wrong place.

There were also conspiracy theories. Hypotheses of the government, or some clandestine organization, experimenting with subliminal video waves that altered bodies, and, eventually, minds. When Melody had the stomach to dig into these theories, she became scared. Some of the people engaging in these conversations seemed single-mindedly obsessed with getting to the bottom of things. In Melody's case at least, there *was* something to get to the bottom of.

But, Melody soon realized this was one conspiracy theory among tens of hundreds. As theories went, it didn't seem to have much staying power. Obsessives in online conspiracy spaces seemed to think they had bigger fish to fry than magical ASMR content.

In the end, Melody's investigations turned up nothing dangerous. As she progressed into her fifth week as a mega stacked-chick, she was surprised to find herself hopeful. The Orlaf Effect might just beat the odds. In a world where everything that happened on the internet stayed on the

internet forever, this one phenomenon might truly disappear. The original streams of Melody's videos were out there somewhere, on a server in California or Oklahoma or Norway or the Philippeans. But, with theories and speculations petering out and bootlegs unable to recreate the Orlaf Effect, it seemed feasible those videos would stay right where they were, unstreamed and uncopied, with no one having a good reason left to dig them up again.

All this was a relief to Melody, but there were times she wondered if she *wanted* the Orlaf Effect to be buried forever. It was *her* discovery, her *work* that had dug the effect out of the past. It was a revelation. Could she be sure the world was better off not knowing about it?

At times, Melody dared consider how she might build something from her discovery of the Orlaf Effect. Could she patent the idea; sell it as a service; open new vistas of scientific inquiry into the effects of music on the body? Such fantasies brought Melody more fear than hope. Any way she spun it, her life, for all its problems, was blessedly small. A publicized Orlaf Effect, in little time, would blow Melody's life up to epic proportions, as it had her boobs. And anyway, what would the world *do* with the Orlaf Effect? It would certainly put a lot of cosmetic surgeons out of business. But that was the least of it. *Any* woman who heard the Orlaf chord would be changed, whether they wanted to be or not.

Anyway, Melody wasn't sure she wanted history to remember her as the woman who made breasts grow. Perhaps better not to be remembered at all.

Melody shared her troubles with Demi. Even before she saw Melody's supersize rack, Demi believed the whole story. She took it with little shock. Demi dared the universe to awe her.

After this, Demi visited Melody often and encouraged—but did not push—her to get out of her apartment.

She also inquired if Melody might share the effects of the music. “Just a little, between friends y’know? I’m not looking to compete with bazooms like yours, but...eh, a bigger pair ‘o titties wouldn’t hurt.”

It was nice to be reminded that huge boobs weren't a disaster for every woman. Melody had no problem helping Demi score another cup size or two, if she was serious about it. Demi demurred. Her own rack was still quite large, even after several weeks had passed without listening to the Barbershop video. “Maybe when it's a good time, y’know? Jaydn might like an anniversary gift.”

By the end of Melody's fifth week since her growth surge, her bust/underbust differential measured 18.7 inches. At a 38 inch band, the O cup bras fit her now. Well, *fit* was a stretch. Melody's boobs still bubbled around the cups. But, at roughly a US R cup, Melody was happy to have some support. She had spent more time outside and often went grocery shopping. It took a bit less duct tape to squish her boobs down at work. It was late August now and Melody hid as

much of her figure as she could beneath light, baggy shirts. Still, people, men and women, ogled Melody. She did her best to take it in stride. A woman with boobs as big as her own head was anomalous. Even those who did not lust for huge breasts would have the impulse to stare. For time away from her apartment, for lunches with Demi, for walks alone in the brightness and fragrance of late summer, the looks were a fair tradeoff.

That week, Melody got a call. She was afraid to answer but did so.

“Hi,” said Damon.

“Uh-hey!”

“How’s life been?”

“Well, decent. I’m starting to feel normal.” In what way she *meant* normal, she would not have known how to say, but Damon didn’t press her on her slip.

“I’m back from my tour, and I got a lot of shit tidied up around my house” said Damon. “And, uh, I’m doing an open-house party on Saturday. There’s gonna be music and dancing. I hoped you might come. I’d like to see you.”

“Oh! Uhh. I might be free on Saturday.” This was nearly a lie. Melody *knew* she was free Saturday. “Let me check my schedule.”

“Cool. Oh! By the way, I liked that Barbershop video you put out the other month. I was sad you took it down. Don’t want to be a pest, but I am curious...”

“Oh, you follow my channel?”

“Sure do.”

“I-uh. Y’know, I’ll tell you about why I took that video down in person sometime. Okay?”

“No problem.”

Presenting her mega-stacked self at a party was a terrifying prospect. On top of that, she would have to face Damon. She tried to think of an excuse not to go to the open-house. After hours of hand-wringing, she messaged Demi.

Demi: *Oh, you ARE going. And so am I.*

Melody: *You were invited too?*

Demi: *You haven’t been on Facebook recently, huh? Damon sent a mass event invite. I already RSVP’d. But I don’t know most of these white folks well and I need someone there I can lean on. Besides, you still like Damon, doncha?*

Demi: *This is your big chance to see him again. Honestly, I don't know what's holding you back at this point.*

Melody: *But, my tits are not fit to see the light of day* 😞

Demi: *ENOUGH about your big, fat titties, woman. I'm tired of it. I guarantee, some folks have better reasons to skip a party.*

Demi: *Find something cute to wear and just COME*

* * *

How does one dress up a pair of head-size boobs for a party? You don't want to draw more attention than necessary. You also don't want to look like a box. Melody took a trip to a plus-size clothes shop, discarded a dozen blouses and settled on a navy, three quarter sleeve blouse with white polka dots that ruched between the breasts. The hem draped very loose from the chest but Melody had a sewing machine and some rudimentary tailoring skills. She took the blouse home and, from solar plexus down, she brought the shirt in until the hem came back to her pelvis. The blouse had an elastic neckline that cleared the top of her boobs, but the material was slack enough that it didn't make the overflow from her undersize cups too obvious.

Melody checked her profile in the mirror. Her bosom projected eight inches out beyond her stomach. In a bra that properly fit and didn't squish, she'd probably stick out yet another inch. Did she want to look *this* busty? Well, she had brought the shirt in to prove she was busty and not fat. A mega-stacked woman had to choose her battles.

* * *

Saturday arrived. Melody had dreaded it, but today she was resolved. If the opportunity presented itself to talk to Damon, she would take it.

At four o'clock, she showered, put on light makeup, got into a pair of huggy jeans and put on her best-fitting bra. She yanked her tailored blouse on and slid into a light cream cardigan. She hoped it would smooth over her peaks and draw a bit less attention, at least until she was lubricated on alcohol enough to mind less. She was debating between two sets of earrings when Demi buzzed her apartment.

Demi stepped into Melody's room in glossy, iridescent shorts, a black crop top that showed a lot of midriff and a black mesh short sleeve t-shirt. Demi's hair was tied up in a tumble of curls and the right side of her head was recently buzzed down. The first thing Demi said when she saw Melody in her boring jeans and blouse was: "Aw, you're so cute!"

"Erm...thanks," said Melody.

"You ready to go? Our Lyft is waiting."

“Oh, you didn’t drive?”

“Nah. I plan on drinking tonight.”

Melody and Demi arrived at 5:30. Damon’s house, a beige two-story, stood miles eastward on the newly developed periphery of town. White posts guarded a bare, concrete porch. Tall, identical shuttered windows were spaced two across the upper floor. A bigger window stood beside the front door and inside, strobe-lit figures danced and drank from plastic cups. The thumping bass was audible from outside.

Demi knocked and the door flew open. A crowd of fraternizing women answered with smiles and loud *hi’s*. Neither Demi nor Melody recognized them. They exchanged pleasantries and stepped into the living room.

Every corner of the room was cluttered with bodies. The mini crowds erupted with chatter and laughter. Couches and chairs were up against the walls so they faced the middle of the room where a teak, tiled dance floor lay in the center. The overhead lights were off. A projector flooded the place with the cool, glowing indigos of black light. Lines of yellow bulbs were strung along the walls where they met the ceiling. The room was thick with weed smoke and, on the far end of the room, a bucket of dry ice on a cabinet huffed clouds over the dance tiles. Wispy start/stop synth patterns, a galloping beat and the ON/OFF pounding bass of EDM poured into the room from high-mounted speakers.

“Oh girl, I am not ready for this heart attack,” laughed Demi. “I need a goddamn drink, or five.”

Melody followed Demi. They weaved their way around clumps of laughing, bobbing bodies along a corridor to the back of the house where the yellow overhead lights and lack of strobes left a calmer ambiance. The kitchen too was packed. The island counter in the center of the space was loaded with chips, artichoke dip, candy and a big bowl of green punch that reeked of vodka. Along the side of the room were coolers of beer and seltzer water.

“This is the healthiest looking spiked punch I’ve ever seen!” Demi chirped. The diffused kitchen crowd giggled at her quip. Demi already had two plastic cups. She ladled the swampy green liquid out, filled one cup and handed it to Melody.

“I wonder where your boy’s at,” she said as she served her own.

“*My* boy?” said Melody with a tormented giggle.

“Well, what’s so funny about it?”

“Nothing. I just—”

A high pitched voice from over Melody’s shoulder interrupted. “Oh my god, is that *you*, Melody?”

Melody seized up, turned and saw a face she knew but couldn't quite name. The woman looked over a pair of thin-rimmed sunglasses, held down at the end of her nose with nimble fingers. She had wild, curly brown hair and wore a gray, sleeveless halter top. Her cool, blue eye shadow was flawless. "Don't recognize me?" the woman said.

Revelation seized Melody with such force, her mouth gaped and her eyes blinked half a dozen times. "Br-Brianna?"

The woman grinned. Melody threw her arms around Brianna and then flushed. She had mashed boobs with Brianna. Was the green punch already hitting her?

Brianna—Benjamin once—had come out as trans in college when she and Melody were same-year music majors, in many of the same classes. *This* Brianna was almost unrecognizable.

"How long has it been?" Brianna cried. "You look *lovely* tonight."

Melody laughed. "Oh, this is nothing...well...maybe not *nothing*, but—" they both laughed. Twitchiness melted off Melody. She was relieved to see a familiar face.

An Asian woman stood at Brianna's side, trim and smiling in a white wrap sweater, dotted with glittery sparkles. Brianna introduced the woman as her girlfriend, Cara. They had dated a year.

"Oh my gosh, has it been that long?" Melody cried over the thumping bass that was ever-present, even on the other side of the house.

Demi laid a hand on Melody's shoulder. In Demi's other hand was a refilled punch. "I'm going back to swim in that crazy living room. Catch you in a bit."

Brianna offered Demi a wave as Demi departed and continued to speak. "Well, congratulations on grad school, hon."

"Oh, thank you."

"So, what's happening now?" Brianna was so polite. Her twitchy eye was clearly aware of Melody's mammoth chest, yet she had not so much as dared a glance below her eyes, even from sheer curiosity. As Melody stuttered to take account of what post-grad school life had been like, a twinge of sadness came over her. She had lost touch with Brianna, and so many other friends. How many excuses had she made to stay shut in the last couple years? An overgrown chest had only been her most recent one. There had been grad school obligations, swing shifts at *The Magnolia*, gloomy weeks with Melody and Pete's relationship on the rocks...

The conversation paused. Melody and Brianna searched for the next thing to talk about. Melody blurted, "have you seen Damon anywhere?"

Brianna grinned as if she suspected something. She looked over her shoulder at the wall. A window there above the kitchen sink looked out onto the back yard. “Tiger boy’s been out showing off his place. I think he’s about to come back in.”

“Tiger boy?”

Brianna cast a long, narrow finger over Melody’s shoulder to the dining room as a small crowd entered through a back door.

A man in a matching hoodie and joggers appeared. Printed on his hoodie was a snarling tiger face in acid turquoise, green and purple over black. In the blacklight of the living room, the pattern would glow like a child’s toy. Melody did not at first realize the funny fellow in the hoodie and joggers was Damon. Her heart sank when it hit her. His hair was not long. It had been buzzed down over the ears and around the back, leaving only a bit of length at the top with gelled waves curling down his forehead. Damon wore gaudy yellow sunglasses and white sneakers. The way he carried himself seemed over-assuming, even in one’s own house. Worse, he was bantering with one of two pretty, long-haired brunettes in skimpy rave-wear.

Melody immediately wanted to be home where it was quiet and lonely so she could cry on her couch. Before she could follow that train of thought another step, Brianna called Damon’s name. ““Ey Tiger Boy, look who’s here.”

Damon looked. He took off his sunglasses and stuck them on the collar of his hoodie, eyes widening in recognition. He was still chattering with the rave-wear brunette but his mouth moved quicker. He was trying to speed the conversation to a close. Melody had never seen Damon dressed in tigers and acid colors and so much swagger, but there was yet something familiar in his eyes.

As she awaited her turn to talk, she glanced around and realized a lot of eyes were on her now. At some point, Melody had stopped holding her cardigan closed across her body. Her rack, covered in the navy and white polka dots of her blouse had made its grand entrance. It had dawned on the room: a woman with head-size boobs, nay, a freak of nature, stood here. Women stared coldly. Mens’ eyes wandered and wandered away. Melody knocked back the last of her punch and ladled out some more from the bowl. She needed a shield of buzz to withstand this.

Meanwhile, another conversation had swept Brianna back into the kitchen crowd, leaving Melody alone and undefended.

Damon approached with a grin. “Glad you made it.”

Melody tried to smile. “I like your tiger.” It was a lie. The design was okay, but Melody did not think Damon was a tiger, or any wildcat. If anything, he was a jack rabbit or an antelope, something toned and sleek that fed on grass and shrubs in yawning pastures. Damon was no king of beasts.

“Thanks,” said Damon. There was an awkward pause. “There’s gonna be a surprise,” he blurted.

“Uhh...what do you mean?”

“Uh, just something I made. I think it’ll ring a bell for you.”

“Oh...kay.” Melody wished she had knocked another punch back before this moment. Damon was stiff. He had evidently noticed Melody’s mega-size rack. His eyes strained. He was putting in a tremendous effort to keep them from dropping below Melody’s chin. Melody did not have the social dexterity to diffuse the tension. She was too anxious. *Dammit, just look! Feast your damn eyes and then talk to me like a person.*

“How’ve you been?” Damon tried.

“Oh, y’know. Big issues.” It was meant to be a lighthearted joke, but as the words came out of her mouth, they sounded a touch spiteful. Shit.

“Hey, Day!”

A plump woman in a t-shirt with pink-dyed pigtails and a husky voice came up. She must have been a few punches into her night. Her eyes were glassy and there was a dark, green stain on her tongue. “Can we borrow you? Trevor wants to see your studio setup.”

“Oh shit, yeah,” said Damon. He plucked his yellow sunglasses from his collar and donned them. “Catch you in a bit,” he said to Melody. “I gotta go down to the basement.”

He slipped away, again with that cocksure gait, acid-colored hood bobbing at his neck. The plump, pigtailed girl followed, along with four other bodies, half of them skimpy and female—and, Melody dreaded, more nubile than hers.

Had Damon looked a bit *relieved* to be pulled away? Maybe the boy did have a *too big* standard. Then again, she might’ve broken Damon’s frame of reference. Who would ever imagine a woman with boobs the size of her own head?

Now, she had to wait around in what seemed to be vanishing hopes Damon would find the time to talk to her for even thirty seconds. Melody was angry. Whatever she had hoped to say, she had missed her chance to say it. Also, she was angry at that stupid tiger. “Grrrrrrreat,” she muttered under her breath. She glowered at her punch and took a big gulp. *Get me out of here before I lactate green punch on everyone.*

Since when had Melody been so sensitive? Here, tonight, she seemed on the verge of laughter, of tears, of despair, panic and joy, all at once.

The dining room opened on Damon’s dance floor living room. Bass pulsed. Weed smoke reeked. The sensory overload of that space awaited Melody. She knocked back the rest of her punch,

threw her cup in a nearly loaded recycle bin and, in a private show of self-castigation, weaved through the ogling crowd.

Demi was on the periphery of the dance floor, bopping her head, moving on a smooth rhythm all her own. She caught sight of Melody and slinked over.

“Wassup?” she laughed, steadying herself against Melody’s shoulder with a hand. Sweat beaded on her neck. “Hoo man, I think I’m baking on secondhand weed.”

“I blew it,” Melody muttered.

“What’s that?” said Demi. You could feel bass in your ribs in this room.

“With Damon. I blew it.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I didn’t know what to say. It was really awkward.”

Demi straightened suddenly. Her face got serious. “Mel, do you like him?”

“Do I—what?”

“Well?”

The end of the track came and there was a moment of blissful ambience. Melody relished it with a sigh and tried to form words that might answer Demi’s question.

A rising synth wave with a faint, overlaid vocal interrupted. There was something there...something familiar.

“Mel?” said Demi.

“I...” Melody muttered.

“Mel, I asked you a question.”

A steady beat struck and the crowd on the dancefloor began to groove. A cluster of notes fluttered by. The music grew louder and began to pulse. Terror seized Melody

“Demi...”

“Yes? Hello!”

Melody had to force words out of her mouth. “D-do you recognize this?”

Demi raised one eyebrow and dropped the other in an extreme-sus curve. “Huh?”

A familiar warmth crackled at the base of Melody's neck. Blood flowed thick below her belly. She couldn't say exactly what it was they were hearing, but it was horrible.

On cue, Melody's breasts pressed into her bra with redoubled vigor. "Th—...this is the Barbershop theme."

Demi's face was a study in impatience. "What are you talking ab—"

Melody blurted: "Demi! This is *my* song. Damon sampled it!"

"Uh...you mean it's the—"

"Yes! The boob-growing song. It's a crystal clear reproduction of the sound. And, it's looping over and over!"

"Uh...then that means...shit."

"Yes! Shit!" said Melody.

"Fuuuck..." said Demi.

Beats skittered; bass alternated. The Orlaf chord looped, faster than in the Barbershop theme. Melody counted. Within twenty seconds, it looped at least twelve times. That was about as many repetitions as existed in the original piece from beginning to end.

Melody's boobs poured into her bra. The polka dots of her blouse elongated over surging breast meat.

"It's happening to me too, I think," said Demi. Sure enough, Demi's crop top bulged. She wriggled to hold it in. "I'm hot." She fanned herself with one hand while the other pressed her bosom.

Melody crossed her arms over her mooshing chest. "We have to stop this."

Demi looked around. "Why is it just affecting you and me?"

"I don't think it *is* just you and me. It affects every woman here. It's hitting us harder because we're acclimated to the sound. Everyone else is getting warmed up."

"You mean, everyone here's gonna—" Demi cut off. She burst into laughter.

"We gotta stop the music."

"What're we gonna do? Unplug the speakers?"

"Yes!"

The weed smoke, wafts of steam from the dry ice, pulsing lights, green punch buzz, everything battered the senses and intermingled with the frenetic exuberance of the music. There was a perceptible shift in the room's social temperature. Everyone, men, women, seemed to look at each other differently. *Fun* suddenly had a more profound meaning at this party, as if all the *fun* that happened before was a mere warmup. The real show had now begun.

Melody and Demi weaved their way between a sea of hip shakers and a shore of stationary head-boppers. The crowd thinned by the wall where one of the mounted speakers blasted eternal Orlaf into the air.

They pried apart a cluster of glaze-eyed people facing the dancefloor. Damon's speaker was out of reach. Its power cord was suspended above the line of bulbs, at ceiling-level.

"Is there a chair we can stand on?" said Demi. They looked around. All furniture was spaced around the living room, every piece occupied by bodies. There would be no way to move anything without forcing at least a dozen people to make room. "This is dumb," said Demi. "Even if we did unplug that speaker, someone's gonna plug it back in."

"Let's get to the power source," said Melody.

They followed the suspended cord through the packed dining room, into the kitchen. The cord snaked around the kitchen ceiling, wound into the corridor and passed down the top of the stairwell. Every inch of it was high above, duct-taped at intervals.

A handful of women blocked the cellar door. Demi asked them to make room but their chatter was thick and hard to disrupt. They waited for a chance to get a word in. Demi shook her head. Her hands pressed to her chest. She bent forward, face wrinkled. She put a hand on Melody's shoulder. "I..." she said, "am horny."

Melody looked at Demi, then down at her blouse. Polka dots creased over wads of tit meat that spilled around her cups. Her abdomen was warm from the rush of blood. She suspected she could reach orgasm at a count of ten, if she masturbated just now.

"Excuse us," Melody practically shouted at the chatting women. We have to go downstairs." They gave Melody and Demi dirty looks but allowed them room to pass.

Melody's boobs swung and heaved at her neck with each step of her descent. She steadied them with her arm. They passed a couple frenching in the middle of the stairway. At the bottom, another couple—two women—pressed against the wall, tongues in mouths, breath heavy. Down here, the Orlaf remix was muffled but the modulating chords came through, clear as day.

Melody looked at the makers-out. "We're not the only horny ones," she said to Demi.

"Don't have to tell me," said Demi with a chuckle.

The basement went in two directions and the suspended cord traveled off to the right. Melody and Demi followed it into a lounge where twenty people sat in couches or stood around and chatted. The room was bathed in the light of acid trip visuals on a big screen.

Some among the couch-sitters made out, others reclined in satisfied silence. One woman with crimped, red hair pinched her bra beneath her tank top and puzzled over the tightness.

The power cord was suspended across the room. It disappeared behind an unfinished door at the corner opposite Melody and Demi. The door was slightly ajar from the cord and it rattled in its frame. Someone was behind it.

“What’s happening in there?” said Demi.

“Oh, just some fun,” someone giggled.

Melody crossed her arms over her spilling boobs, stepped over legs and cut a path.

The cord had to terminate in a socket behind that door. There was nowhere else for it to go. Melody rapped on the door. “I need to come in,” she said.

A female voice shouted from inside. Melody couldn’t make out the words.

“Mel, they’re—” Demi started.

Melody ignored her. “I need to unplug the speaker,” she yelled at the door.

“Go ‘way!” It was a man’s voice this time.

“I’m coming in,” said Melody. She pressed at the door. There was resistance on the other side. She pressed harder. There was a yelp.

The door opened a few inches. Melody peered in and gasped. In the unfinished room, a man, pants down, held a woman off her feet and against the door. The woman was naked below the waist. They stared back at Melody. Eyes flickered in fury and hunger.

Full on fucking. The backwards force of Melody’s shove had almost knocked them over.

“Uh, sorry!” said Melody, cupping her hand over her mouth.

The door snapped shut. The thumping resumed.

“Dead end!” Demi cried, laughing.

Melody swallowed back the shock and looked around the room. Everyone was staring at her. Some covered their mouths. “Where’s Damon?!” said Melody. “Has anybody seen Damon?” Everyone puzzled at the question and then shrugged it off. Nobody had, not recently.

Melody's nipples chafed against the edge of her bra. There was more titty out of her bra than in it now. Boob poured around even the side-most edges of her cups.

Melody pressed down on her chest to avoid flopping out and led the way back out to the bottom of the cellar staircase and progressed further to the room on the other side, nearly as packed as the lounge. The music was more muffled here, but Orlaf was making its mark. There were couples everywhere, frenching, feeling, grinding. At the far wall, one woman had a hand deep inside her boyfriend's jeans. A pair of lesbians tongued and fondled each other against a steel post. Two guys cuddled next to a bookshelf of vinyl records.

At the end of the room was an assortment of amps, keyboards, analog synths and monitors, all off. Damon's office setup was made for a laptop plug-in and that laptop was not on the desk. Nor was Damon in sight. In one corner was the plump, pigtailed girl Melody had seen upstairs with Damon, getting flirty with one of the skimpy rave-wear brunettes.

"Where is he?" Melody asked her.

The pigtailed girl looked over. "Who? Oh, Damon? He and Trevor went outside to smoke a joint."

"Fffffuuuuuck," said Demi, throwing her back against the wall, grasping her misshapen crop top. She looked up at Melody and went wide-eyed. "Mel, you're about to bust out of that goddamn shirt."

Melody looked. Her bra cups were collapsing beneath her boobs. Her blouse was packed with creeping tit flesh. The hem had come untucked and the gaps widened between the buttons revealing traces of bulging flesh. Horny people goggled.

"Do you need help or something?" said the pig-tailed girl.

"I'm fine," Melody fibbed. "Let's go back upstairs," she said to Demi.

Demi looked wearied but she followed. As they came back around to the bottom of the stairs, the couple making out against the wall was in a new phase. The woman's shirt had been pulled up to her collar. A pair of full, grapefruit-size tits had spilled over what looked to be a B-cup bra. The man was face down in them as she stroked his head and moaned. Three spectators watched. One had a hand deep in his pocket.

"God, it's catching on now," Melody groaned. They climbed the stairs and, halfway up, made room for a plus-size brunette in a skirt and black tank top. Minutes ago, the tank top would have shown off generous cleavage. Now, the woman was tits-out, flopping in the stretch scoop of her neckline. Fat nipples jiggled as she hurried down, apparently unconcerned by her nudity.

The crowd at the top of the basement steps was now tangled with people flirting and frenching. Melody and Demi tried to squeeze through and tripped. They tumbled to the floor and crawled to the living room.

The scent of sweaty bodies now overpowered the weed smoke. Damon's remix blasted Orlaf in redoubled force. The chord played, then an echo of the chord repeated it. The call-and-response looped over and over. Even the bass had a strong whiff of downtuned Orlaf. With layers upon layers of Orlaf spreading lust and boobs, Melody could literally feel it in her chest and her loins. Her cascading tits tested the blouse seams she had mended earlier that week.

A trio of busty women were sprawled on one side of the dancefloor, losing clothes, touching, kissing. A crowd of half a dozen lingered among the couches and watched, transfixed. In one corner, a male/female pair was fully naked. The woman's tits were as big as honeydews and jiggled like jello.

"Mel," Demi gasped as she fiddled with her crop top.

"He's outside! We need to find—"

"Melody," Demi shouted.

Melody turned to Demi but Demi's attention was directed at her bulging top. Demi pinched her face tight, dug her fingers under it and pulled the top down. Two fat brown melons popped out.

"Look at these tits," said Demi. "I do this. I gotta get out of here." She reached around for her purse and took out her phone. Melody spluttered pleas and Demi silenced her with a hand. "Hey! Yeah, Jadyn? You gotta pick me up now. This party is off the hook and *I need special attention*. Y'hear?" She hung up and looked Melody in the eyes. "I'm so horny, I could wrestle a goddamn bull into giving me some dick. You look about the same."

"I—" Melody stammered.

"You're welcome to come with me. Jadyn can drop you home. But...you look like you need to stick around." Demi placed her hands under bowling ball tits and pulled all the slack out of her mesh shirt so the hem rode above her solar plexus. "As for me, I got all the tits I need and then some. I'm as big as you now. Big as you, ten minutes ago, I mean," she snickered.

"Demi—" Melody said, close to tears.

"Mm-hmm?"

"This is all my fault." She began to cry.

Demi put a hand on Melody's shoulder. "Mel, you haven't learned a damn thing, have you?"

"What?" Melody whimpered. Tears streamed around her mouth.

“It takes a fucked up kind of thinking to be sad about how small your life is, then be bad when it turns out, it isn’t.”

“What do you m—”

Demi put both hands on Melody’s shoulders and physically shook her. Her lips formed every syllable. “Sometimes shit happens, Mel. You roll with it.” She embraced Melody, unselfconscious about so much breast meat mashing together. “Good luck, okay?” Demi held her mostly-exposed tits in her mesh tee against her body with one arm and used the other to negotiate her way between writhing bodies to the door.

Melody gulped back her tears. How long had Damon’s remix gone on? Six minutes? Eight? The track couldn’t go on forever.

She looked around. Shirts, dresses, crop tops and bras piled up on the floor. Skin was everywhere. No woman’s tits looked smaller than a G. One woman practically threw a man onto the floor, tore off his boxers and mounted him. Her hips gyrated to the pulsing beat.

Suddenly, the beats slowed into a wash of cool synths. Was this the end? No. A new beat emerged. It grew louder, faster. The Orlaf loop swelled back to life, more layered than ever. People screamed and moaned, flesh writhed. Sex acts popped up around the room like daisies, bodies blown about by a monstrous windstorm of sensation and desire. Some guests gave Melody hungry looks but kept their distance. The intimacy all around was not forced or cruel. It was unhindered, unselfconscious. Everyone was shamelessly game.

Melody looked at her blouse. Now braless, her boobs had flattened against her torso and packed every available cranny in her shirt. Swells of stuffed titty gaped the shirt wide between the buttons. The stretched material twisted in around the gaps. Mere threads kept toplessness at bay. Unfamiliar weight sank down on Melody’s feet. Her legs ached.

Melody wiped away her tears and fought a path back into the kitchen. Every step took effort.

Brianna and Cara were in the kitchen, pressed against the refrigerator. Brianna still wore her gray, sleeveless halter. It was now packed in the chest. Meaty breast tissue bulged from the arm holes. Melody stared and then slapped her own face in self-reprimand. Of course. The Orlaf chord affected *anyone* who was a woman. What else had Melody expected?

Cara looked chesty too beneath that white sweater. Her obviously braless nipples poked through the sparkly material

Brianna caught Melody’s eye and winked at her, then went on making out with her girlfriend.

Melody’s shoes crunched on potato chips. The snacks had been carelessly swept off the island counter to clear the way for a naked woman to lie on and take tongue from a man. The crowd was knotted together in twos and threes and fives. A pair of men were on either side of a topless

woman. Both men kissed her face and fingered her exposed nipples. She looked at one man, then the other, wide-eyed, like a dream had come true.

Melody fought through sweaty bodies and tumbled out the open back door. Even outside, where the music was faint, couples tongued and flirted.

A breeze whipped Melody's lower belly and underboobs. She looked down. The hem of her blouse had rode up her creampuff-packed chest. A line of tummy and squeezed underboob was left exposed.

"Damon?!" she called. No answer. "Uhh...Trevor? Is Trevor here?"

"Uhhh...yeah?" said a tall dude with buzzed hair, his ears dotted with decorative studs. He had been making out with an almost equally tall, topless Asian chick in booty shorts. The pair studied Melody, nonplussed at the sight of a woman with a blouse near-bursting with boob.

"You were with Damon, right? Where is he?"

"Oh...um." Trevor laughed. His voice had a high-pitched rasp. "I think the joint I gave him made him kinda sick. He went back inside. Hope he's feeling alright."

Melody could have screamed. She heaved her tits back into the house and brushed past sweaty skin, vodka-soaked gasps and moans and rising oaths and curses. Her shirt-packed boobs led the charge through the slick bodies. The chafe of stretched material against her nipples was almost too much. She was about to pop out of her top. Melody held back the gush of her chest with her forearms. Her shoulder parted the sea of the naked and the shameless.

In the corridor, the downstairs bathroom door was open. Two naked women were pressed to the wall, bubble tits mashed against the mirror. A third woman reached around their pelvises and fingered them simultaneously. No Damon there.

The living room was packed almost solid. Here at ground zero, almost everyone was naked. They cuddled, sucked, licked, fingered, thrust, moaned, squealed. The commune's spring orgy, resurrected. *Oh Orlaf, if you only knew...*

Melody stumbled to the bottom of the stairs. She grasped the railing and climbed around strewn garments, past humping pairs and masturbating loners.

She reached the top and sidestepped around a moaning foursome—two men, two women, all shedding clothes—in the corridor. The hall split off to either side at the end, but before it, on the right, was a closed door. Judging from the floor tiles beneath, a bathroom lay just beyond.

Melody leaned against the door, gasping. Her back was burdened with dozens of fresh pounds of boob. Her arm ached under the deadweight of surging tit meat.

She knocked.

“Uhhh...yeah?”

“Damon? It’s Melody. I, uh, I know you’re not feeling well, but I need you.”

No answer at first.

“Jus’ a min’it,” croaked a reply, finally.

Melody’s blouse was skintight. The seams pressed numbness into her tits. She gritted her teeth.

Pop. The middle button of her blouse shot off and ricocheted against the door. Wads of tit puckered through the widened gap.

The door flew open. Damon wasn’t wearing sunglasses anymore, nor was there a hint of the swagger he had earlier. His face was pale, eyes bloodshot. “What, uh...” His glance passed over Melody’s misshapen blouse to the raw look on her face to the naked foursome nearby. “W-what the fuck is—”

Melody put her hands on Damon’s face and thrust her face as close as her tiptoes could lift. “Damon, this remix you’re playing. *It’s doing this.* It’s turned your guests into horny animals. The womens’ tits are all huge. Mine are gigantic. Did you *know* this would happen?”

Damon’s jaw dropped. His head shook rapidly. “Uh...n—uh...” He looked again at the foursome in horror. “...Fuck me.” His face was ashen. He shook with visible nausea.

Melody belted out a sigh. “Okay, you didn’t know. Listen, we need to stop playing this track. How d’you stop it?”

“I, uh,” his eyes darted everywhere. He rubbed his forehead.

This was no Tiger Boy. This was a deer facing a semi. Melody’s heart swelled.

“Damon, listen to me. I—”

Down the stairs, the remix pumped out the Orlaf chord in a stunning volley of repetitions. The music surged flesh into her boobs.

Sporadic pops sounded as a tear parted the side of Melody’s blouse.

Melody gritted her teeth. “Fuck this shirt.” She released Damon’s face, dug her fingers into the gap of the blouse and tore what remained of it apart.

Humongous swells of breast meat sprang out and crashed into Damon’s wiry body. Melody’s center of gravity went with them and she fell forward. The two of them dropped to the carpet.

“Oof!” said Damon, winded beneath tits the size of cooler tanks.

“Ohhh”, cried Melody. An electric current of sensation sent pain and pleasure up her body. Jiggles ran everywhere. Oozing breast meat reverberated against the bass that rattled the floor.

She looked into Damon’s ashen face once more; her own terror, reflected. “I like you,” she panted. “I like you as more than a friend, more than someone I wanna fuck,” Melody gasped. “But...I do wanna fuck.”

“What about the—”

“I don’t care about the music. Shit happens. I just want,” she gasped. Her heart thudded. She was out of breath; had been for some time. She had trucked the biggest pair of boobs on the planet up and down Damon’s house as they expanded many times their size from the start of the evening. “I just want you.”

She heaved her body up Damon and hooked her arms around his shoulders. They kissed. Melody’s eyes were misty with tears.

Her boobs now grew at terrifying speed. Heavier, wider, fatter...

The Orlaf was so thick you could cut it with a butter knife. The melody played, echoed by itself. A higher pitched version of it phased in and out. Meanwhile, the bass climbed up and down the Orlaf scale, pulsing twice per measure. Synthesized bells dotted the rhythm with more Orlaf. Every couple seconds brought another cascade of five or six repetitions.

Melody’s boobs pumped up like balloons. They expanded across the carpeted floor. Carpet fibers chafed Melody’s distended nipples as pound after pound of breast weight mounted on top. Her titspan neared the width of the narrow corridor and her boob flanks brushed the walls.

Damon was submerged into the cushiony interior of Melody’s cascading bosom. Vibrations of the bass below poured through the frame of the house. Pounds of flesh pumped into Melody’s tits. Layers of jiggling meat mounted as she writhed against Damon. He had one hand behind her neck and the other around a pillow of tit, squeezing her. It felt good.

They remained there for a time. Melody threw off the useless remains of her shirt and bra and tore the hoodie off Damon. “I want this fucking tiger off you,” she grunted. He was shirtless beneath. The foursome at the end of the hall had arrived at post-coitus and, in a naked heap, watched them without an ounce of shame. Among them, the two women fondled their volleyball-size boobs as they watched.

The music slowed. The Orlaf chord sank away. Moans and lusty chatters came from downstairs. A new track started, one stiff and dry compared to the lubricated grooves of the Orlaf remix.

Damon glanced at the naked foursome at the end of the hall. “Um, do-d’you wanna get away?” he said to Melody.

“God, yes. Help me.”

Damon wriggled out from underneath Melody and dragged her up to a squat. She tried to stand but her back was not up to the task.

“You take one boob, I’ll take the other,” suggested Melody.

One single Melody boob was as big as the yoga ball she sat on at home for posture. Damon wrapped his arms around Melody’s left breast and held it steady with his chin. Melody got her hands beneath her right. They heaved. Breast meat poured over Melody’s forearms and strained her back but Damon had a solid grip on her left tit. As if hauling furniture, Damon guided them down the intersecting hall. He kicked open the door to a bedroom that was, thank god, empty of people.

Damon helped Melody onto the bed and stopped an errant right tit from slipping off. He helped Melody center herself on the mattress. She laid back, stared at the ceiling and clutched her boob mountains, as if for dear life. She was dizzy.

“Just a sec,” said Damon. Through the steep cleft between her boobs, Melody watched him go over to a little desk on the other side of the room where a laptop laid open.

“How long was that fucking track?” said Melody muttered.

“Uhh...thirteen minutes.”

Melody burst out laughing. “Indulgence! Chop it down. You get eight minutes, max.”

“Yeah, yeah I know. Your ASMR piece inspired me.”

“How’d you get that crystal clear recording of it?”

Damon turned to her, an almost pained look on her face. “You think a musician like me can’t capture quality audio when I need it? I have the tech.”

“God. And here I thought the piece was gone for good. You do realize that was the reason I took the video down, right?”

“Yeah, I guess that makes sense.”

A moment of awkward quiet set in. Melody finally broke it. “You seemed different when I ran into you downstairs.”

Damon laughed nervously. “I, uh, I’ve been on a crazy high from all the touring. Been working almost nonstop. Arrange, do a show, smoke weed, sleep, eat, repeat. I’ve been in a strange mood, too...”

“Horny?” said Melody.

“Yeah,” he scoffed. “And super game to socialize and party and...be awesome, I guess. And, all the while, I was exhausted. Honestly, I pushed myself. And then, cuz I’m a genius, I decided to throw a party when I got home. That was a bit much.”

“A bit, you think?”

Damon returned to the bed and perched at Melody’s side against a wall of tit. “Well, it *would’ve* been a bit much, even if...,” he gestured at Melody’s right boob, “*this* shit hadn’t happened. God, I should’ve taken it easy. All the stimulation got me sick, more than the weed. I crashed hard tonight.” He looked at Melody sadly. “Jesus christ, you’re...”

“Huge.”

“I’m...I’m so sorry. I feel awful. I had no fucking clue...”

“All the ladies downstairs have huge tits that they didn’t ask for now.”

Damon buried his face in his hands. “Oh, god...”

Melody exhaled, reached around her boob and put a hand on Damon’s arm. “Damon. It’s my fault as much as yours. I was making tits grow on the internet for weeks with the original track. I had no idea either. The truth is, it isn’t anyone’s fault. And...honestly, I don’t think anyone’s going to be much worse off. It hit me the hardest. All my prior exposure to the chord primed me to grow the most.”

“What’s gonna happen to you?” said Damon.

She laughed. “I’ll shrink. Everyone will. But, it’s gonna be an interesting time. For me, it’ll be...I dunno, at least a year before I have a chance of being back to my old size.”

Damon let out a long breath. “Not permanent?”

“Not permanent. As long as I don’t keep exposing my ears to that damn chord.”

“But that’s a long time.” Damon said, running his fingers through the waves of hair at the top of his head in exasperation. “Mel, I need to come clean with everyone. Please excuse me a minute.”

He snatched a black t-shirt out of his closet and dashed out of the room.

Damon's footsteps traveled down the stairs. His shouts came loud and clear, even from the closed-door bedroom.

"Everyone! Everyone! Listen up. I am so, so sorry. There was some...uhhh, weird shit on this last track and..."

Damon's voice was drowned out by a roar of rapturous cheers.

"I swear, I had no idea, and..."

More cheers.

"Is everyone okay? Anyone out there not having a good time?"

Louder cheers than ever now.

"Everyone, shut up. Speak up if you're having a terrible night. ANYBODY?" Damon was screaming at the top of his lungs.

No answer came.

"We're doing awesome," screamed one lady. Her remark was followed by hoots.

Damon's calls continued. His voice traveled through his packed house.

A bit later, he emerged in the bedroom, head shaking. "They're out of their horny minds. They don't give a shit that they're naked or had sex or have huge tits or anything."

"There'll be some awkward conversations tomorrow," said Melody. "And a lot of emergency bra-shopping."

"Why haven't we lost our minds like them?" said Damon.

"We have. I'm horny, almost to death, Damon. Aren't you?"

"No. Well, yeah, but..." He hesitated

"Being scared out of your mind has a way of drowning that out, huh?"

Damon nodded.

"Listen, I don't think anyone did something tonight they didn't want to," she said.

Damon leaned on his knees and stared at the floor.

With renewed strength, Melody lifted herself with her elbows. She rolled forward over her humongous tits and tucked her legs beneath her. Sitting upright on her knees, Melody's bosom extended all the way to Damon's sturdy mattress. She placed a hand on each boob. Her head

swam as she saw how small her hands looked on such a vast expanse of naked breast. Her tits formed a yawning cleavage canyon. Each tit was two feet wide, flank to flank. Her rosy areolas spread across them like faint-edged dinner plates. Shot glass nipples thrust forth amidst a smattering of dotted glands. The tiniest movement sent ripples down Melody's rack. There was more bosom than all the rest of her. Air conditioning blew from a vent in the ceiling and made goosebumps stand up and down Melody's left tit flank. A tingle ran up her spine. These boobs looked absolutely ridiculous. At least, they felt nice.

Melody cleared her throat. "Damon, can I tell you something?"

Damon turned and looked into Melody's eyes.

Melody's heart leapt. There was that pit of fear again. She swallowed it back. "The stuff that happened with Pete...after that, I couldn't trust. I was afraid something bad would happen. It's how I've felt for months. Anyway, I need to give someone a chance now. I'm sorry I've been so weird. But, I meant what I said. I do like you. A lot. I have for a long time."

Damon gazed at the floor and smiled. "I spent the whole damn tour thinking of you," he said. "Sometimes I tried not to. And, when you put out that barbershop video, I couldn't get it out of my head. It was like you were there all the time. I didn't know if I was angry or sad or hopeful. I guess I made that remix to try and process all that."

A moment of quiet set in. Damon stared at the floor, Melody at the ceiling. For the first time in months, the pit in Melody's stomach seemed smaller.

"How you feeling?" she said at last.

"Terrible. Less sick, at least. But, I can't believe I did *this* to you."

Melody gulped down another knot of fear. "Damon...maybe this is an awesome times to ask but, do you want me? I know I'm a freak of nature now, but—"

"Of course. And you're no freak," said Damon. "Huge, maybe. Practically covering my whole bed. But..." he smiled shyly. "Not in a way that's displeasing to me."

Melody was on the verge of tears "Really?" she whimpered. "You still like my boobs?"

Damon laughed. "They're gorgeous and so are you. Seriously, I've been stiff as a rod since I opened the bathroom door and saw you."

She exhaled. "The song's over and not pumping horniness into me now, but still, seems like everyone else here got their orgasm. If you want to make things up to me, I can think of one way. If you want to."

Damon snickered. He gave a last sigh to his regrets, then climbed onto the bed. He got on top of Melody, held her face and kissed her. They kissed again.

He reached down and stroked the flank of her right tit. The hair on the back of Melody's neck stood at the gentleness of his touch.

She looked into his eyes. "Show me this raging hard-on," she said.

Damon undid his belt and kicked off his pants. Sure enough, Damon's boxer briefs tented against a mighty erection. It was surprisingly thick for being attached to such a wire-thin guy.

"Does...*mountain-tits* *really* do it for you?" said Melody.

"Did you think I was joking when I said, I don't have a *too-big* standard?"

"Didn't imagine you were thinking *this* big."

"You underestimate me." Damon placed his hands carefully on Melody's left tit. He stroked it gently on either side of Melody's nipple.

"Mmmm," she sighed. The nipple grew stiff.

Damon grasped it.

"Ohh!"

He disappeared from view beneath the crest of Melody's monster boob. Lips took her nipple in. A tongue ran down it.

"Ah!" Melody kicked and squirmed. Her boobs quaked with her.

"Woah, easy. I don't wanna bite you," said Damon.

Melody reached around her boob, found Damon's shoulder and grabbed him by the t-shirt.

"Enough teasing. This whole night has been a damn tease. I wanna be naked with you."

Damon threw off his shirt and got Melody out of her pants and the ruins of her blouse. Then, he climbed on top of the bed. She pushed her boobs apart to make room for him — it took serious arm strength. "Get in here."

Damon lowered himself into Melody's tit chasm and put his hands behind her head. They tongued. His warm hard-on pressed through his boxer briefs into Melody's pelvis.

"Mmm...off with those," said Melody.

Damon slipped out of his boxers and tossed them away.

Melody reached between her boobs, found Damon's thick, hard penis and squeezed it. Damon made a face.

"There. That's what it feels like when you suck my big, fat nipple."

"Sorry," said Damon, almost as a question.

"I'm just saying, the sensory-nerve endings in there are crazy now."

"I'll be gentle then," said Damon.

"Look, sit up. I wanna try something."

Damon rose to his knees, still straddling Melody's legs. Melody reached around her massive chest and, with a squeeze, reached her shot glass-thick nipples and gripped them. With her elbows, she grunted and closed her boobs together like a massive book.

"Can you stick it in there?" she said.

"For real?" said Damon.

She blushed. "You used to talk about how great it felt when your girlfriends titty fucked you. I've never been big enough to do it. I want to know what it feels like. Can you do it without coming?"

"If I'm careful." Damon grasped wads of lower boob and parted a way with his thumbs. He slid between them.

"Gosh, that thing is warm," said Melody. "Okay, how do I do this?"

Damon placed his hands on Melody's boob to keep them closed tight. "Maybe like this?" said Damon. He bucked his hips several times.

"Okay. Go on," said Melody.

He thrust slowly, carefully. Melody's boob cliffs rippled against his lower body.

"It's...it's kinda hard to thrust in there without lube or something. There's so much..." They exchanged glances before Damon said, "tit."

Melody made a petulant face. "Am I too *big* to titty fuck now? Here, let's try this. Hold still." Melody splayed her fingers and made tight handholds in her boob flesh. With the full force of her arms, she mashed her boobs together, again and again. Every square inch of tit came alive with jiggles. They traveled up and down Melody's chest in great waves and the waves smashed together in a network of quakes. Damon's bed creaked beneath the vibrations. Down south, the walls of the tit crevice shuddered against Damon's thick penis. Melody's nipples wriggled. Sensation blasted all across her quaking mammaries.

“Mmmnn,” Damon sighed. His face was flushed.

“Working?” said Melody.

“Mmm. Mm-hmm.” He bit his lower lip.

Melody stopped mashing her boobs together. Reverberations continued down her tit globes for several seconds. “You close?” she said.

“About to pop,” said Damon.

“Okay, enough of this,” said Melody.

Damon pulled out of her breasts and got a condom out of a drawer of his nightstand. Melody reclined and spread her legs.

Damon nudged the head of his penis against Melody’s labia. She bade him to continue with a nod. He set a hand above Melody’s shoulder to brace himself and thrust.

“Mmm,” Melody murmured.

He pushed in again. Melody was wet, but it took a few rounds before she opened all the way for him.

He slid in.

“Oh! Mmmm. Damon!” Melody gasped.

“You okay?” he said.

“Gentle.”

Damon dialed it down to little nudges.

“For a rail of a man, you’re girthy,” said Melody.

Damon laughed nervously. “Thanks?”

“Shy about it?”

Damon shrugged, or tried to in his horizontal position.

“Well, don’t be. It’s intense, but it’ll be nice.”

Melody’s pussy tensed and untensed. Jolts of pleasure mounted, one on top the other. Melody’s loins were electric. Release was near.

“Hold it,” said Melody. “I wanna try one more thing.” She bent her legs and held out an arm. “Help me.”

They grunted as Damon pulled Melody to an upright seat. Her humongous breasts rolled on the bed cushion until Melody was on hands and knees, massive pillows of tit squished between them. “Get under.”

“If I can,” said Damon. He pushed Melody’s right boob up like a heavy comforter, slid in sideways and nestled in the vastness of Melody’s cleavage.

Melody reached beneath her and found Damon’s still erect penis. She took it in. Her pussy strained around the thick, warm rod. She took a few breaths to adjust. Down Melody’s parted cleavage, Damon gazed up at her. His arms were braced against the pillow-fat forefront of her bosom.

Melody scoffed. “Well, look at me now. I’m titfucking a whole man.”

“Is this what you wanted to do?” said Damon.

“No. Put your hands down. I need to...to jiggle freely, okay?”

Damon rested his arms, spread eagle on the bed.

Melody sat up and lifted herself a couple inches on her knees, then sank down on Damon’s penis. It was a lot so she started slow. As Melody’s body fell and ricocheted against the mattress, waves shot through her boobs. She sped up. Jiggles started at her lower tits and ran up to her collar. Melody grasped herself at the tit flanks and sent new waves crashing down into her cleavage. Her colossal bosom shook. The storm rocked her huge, fat nipples, tormented them with sparks of sensation. The bed groaned.

Melody’s lower tits slapped Damon’s collar. He tried to steady them with his hands.

“Am I hurting you?” said Melody.

Damon laughed. “In nice ways.”

“Still close?”

“God, yes.”

“Shouldn’t be long now.”

Damon went rigid inside Melody. His eyes tossed back and he croaked his release.

Melody stopped. She leaned on her massive boobs and hugged them tight as the mounting waves of sensation neared a peak. Shudders tore through her body.

And, somehow, she hadn't *quite* come yet. She bounced on Damon's still hard penis once more, twice, three times...

"Uh..." She gritted her teeth. "Oh! Oh, I...I...mmn!"

Melody threw her head back and erupted in jiggly bliss.

She bowed her head. "Oh my...*god*."

* * *

From downstairs came the sound of the front door dragging open, then closed, again and again. The guests were on their way out.

Melody was on her back again, relishing the white hot afterburn of her orgasm as it melted away. Damon laid beside her, his head sunk into the pillow of her right boob. He traced curving lines on the soft, meaty surface. Melody's arm likewise, sat atop her boob and stroked Damon's temple with a fingertip.

Damon broke the silence. "So..."

"Hmm?" said Melody.

"What are you gonna do next? I mean, this...this magic chord is your discovery, right?"

"Not sure. Contain the music, I guess. If I can, at this point."

"Far as I know, no one has it besides you and me," said Damon. "I didn't send it to anyone."

"That's a start. Maybe we can get a lid on this thing, stop it from making a mess like it did tonight."

Melody felt Damon nod against her tit.

"I'm gonna be stuck inside for a while, obviously," she said.

"You can be stuck here in my house," said Damon. "Free of charge. If you want."

"Really?" said Melody.

"I mean, even when there was nothing between us, I wouldn't have minded being roommates with you. Besides, you could probably use a helping hand for a while. Least I can do."

Melody giggled. "That's very tempting. There's just one problem." she ruffled Damon's hair. "I'm gonna be bored. A *lot*. I don't suppose you'd provide your one guest with some entertainment?"

Damon laughed and patted Melody's humongous boob. "I'll play that song any time you like."

Melody burst out laughing. "You brat. Well, maybe I'll play mine, too."