

# ANJA'S SECRET

*by*

**Ryver8**



*Anja by CappuccinoSquid*

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# PART 01

May contain: Large Breasts, Breast Expansion, some Science Fiction (just enough)

It was raining. Of course it was raining, on this lousy planet. This miserable hunk of rock. Anja didn't like it here very much, and she sometimes thought she wouldn't mind if this whole planet, Roanapur, was swallowed by a black hole. She even wondered if the black hole would be kind enough take her with it. It was such a backwards little world. There was only one city on the whole surface, the rest was swamp and backwaters. As it was the only city, citizens and off-worlders just called it "Roanapur" too, because it was the only thing of note here. However, this one city was IMMENSE, nearly a fourth of the planet surface, and dealt in every kind of trade known to the seven systems. And attracted every criminal, but she hadn't thought of that. It certainly wasn't on the brochures!

Anja walked the dismal city streets in the dark weather, neon lights and obnoxious advertisements beckoning her from every store front. The boisterous nature of the city was ever present, even here at the relatively empty city outskirts. That was another thing. This place was dirty and crass and just always, always ... in her face about it. She couldn't stand the smog, the sludge, the grime, and just about every person she ran into around here was a charlatan or huckster. Sure, Roanapur had lots and lots of nice spots and good qualities, but she was nowhere near wealthy enough to enjoy them, or live there. She was stuck in the Lots, the vacant areas so far removed from the middle of the city that the swamp wilderness was just a stone's throw away. Hardly the set-up she had dreamed of. And she had been so full of hope at the job offer. The start of her future, from the bustling city where they were willing to accept even a freak like her, and extend her an opportunity, sight unseen.

She had arrived a month ago, and her job was still breaking her in. It was long days and a lot of work, and she already knew she wasn't being paid nearly enough. The numbers had sounded big back on her backwoods planet, but everything was so expensive here! She was paying the same amount for her seedy dive as her parents were paying for their lovely five bedroom home back at her old planet. She just had to grit her teeth and tell herself that she needed to start somewhere if she wanted to have a successful career. But that 'somewhere' left her living in this very shady part of town for the time being. She didn't enjoy BEING here. It was all very strange and didn't suit her very well.

And in the meantime, she had grown to hate the weather. It was overcast constantly, always threatening to rain, even if it never did. In fact, it hardly did. But it was the principle of it, like every time she went outside she never knew if she was going to get poured on or not. It irritated her.

She splashed wearily through a puddle, her boots entirely unaffected. She'd been here two weeks and had already come to exasperation with the struggle to make ends meet and try to please her demanding bosses. She almost wanted to go home, cut her losses, but she thought of everyone's would be reaction to her failure. She almost couldn't bear the thought, but ... at least back home she wasn't always being rained on, or nearly run over, or mugged. Or worked to an early grave. The one advantage of Roanapur was that most people were too busy or too disinterested to pay

her much mind, and that was a great relief, especially for her. In that respect, the city had kept its promise to her hopes and dreams.

‘It’s not ALL bad,’ she reminded herself tiredly. ‘And once I make enough money, I can move out of here. Closer to the center.’

The rain was coming down harder now, on the slick city streets. She huddled in her coat more tightly, her long blonde hair hidden beneath her jacket hood. She passed a group of four drunks, all supporting each other. They wolf whistled at her as they passed, and she frowned unhappily. They couldn’t SEE, could they? This was her bulkiest coat. If only they knew, they’d save their breath. But where did their drinks come from? Maybe a bar was what she needed right now, and to get out of the damn rain. She scanned the signs until she found one. Paddy’s Bar, except the ‘a’ was broken, so it read Pddy’s Bar. Not a ringing endorsement, but alcohol was alcohol and a roof was a roof.

She wandered through the worn arch, dripping the murky rainwater, and stamped through the door. The place was small, and dimly lit, narrow and long. It was dark and shadowy, yet somehow still cozy. There was room for a bar that ran its length, but hardly any tables, and the ones that could be found were crammed into unsavory corners. But it was hardly occupied, which was a point in its favor. In fact, that was why she decided to stay. Only a handful of other patrons sat in the establishment, and the bartender looked pleasant and adequate enough, and well adapted to the slow pace of an evening here on the city fringes. He looked at her cheerfully, smiling through his gray mustache, and made a general gesture as if to offer her any seat at the bar.

Anja walked up to the long counter. It was made of lacquered wood, and didn’t seem to be in bad shape at all. It was clean and solid. She took one of the floating chairs, and felt her wet coat against her. It was a little warm in here, and she really shouldn’t be sitting with it on, as much as she wanted to. It was rude, especially soaked as it was. Ruefully, she unzipped it slowly, revealing a dark and modest shirt beneath, stretchy and ribbed, it clung to its wearer. She often wore it underneath her suit at work. She had learned not to ferry her suits home when they could be rained upon. So instead, she kept them at the office and wore underclothes she could wash.

She grasped her coat firmly as she worked slowly, trying not to draw any attention to herself. It was a long practiced habit. At first it went well, but as the zipper to her coat lowered, she had to pull it outwards, away from herself. Out, out, and out about a foot and half before she could get the zipper over the tremendous swell of her chest. Contained within her shirt, monstrously huge on her petite frame, were two preposterously large breasts. Each easily the size of a basketball, they were modestly covered by her clothing. Absolutely no skin was revealed, but there simply was no hiding the protruding mass of her bosom. Through Anja’s form-fitting black shirt, one could easily see the outline of her gargantuan heavy duty bra cups and straps, if one was paying attention to the lighting. The black shirt did well, or so she hoped, to be at least slightly deceptive or tone her size down. It reality achieved very little, if anything at all, such was her size. Despite the near Kevlar-like quality of her brassier, her ponderous chest wobbled and shook within its confines as she shrugged the wet article of clothing off, and draped it on the chair next to her.

She relaxed backwards into her seat with a subdued stretch for her shoulder's benefit, before she hunched over in an attempt to minimize herself, another habit she had formed a long time ago. She'd have to lean forward if she wanted to eat or drink anything anyways, her breasts projected too far forward for her to sit normally. She eyed the other bar patrons sheepishly. Almost apologizing to them each in turn. 'I'm sorry I have these huge things!! It's not my fault.' She could feel her face heating up, expecting stares of revulsion. As far as she could tell, this time not a single soul in the bar had noticed, but nonetheless she squashed herself down even further, so her massive mams weighed heavily on her lap, their warmth and weight familiar on her legs. If nothing else, the counter should block them from view enough, if she sat just so. She might just be comfortable.

That had always been her problem of hers. She could never get away from it. She was **HUGELY** breasted, and that ... that was all anyone ever saw. She was the girl with the tits. The ridiculous breasts. These huge, ugly, vast boobs. Everywhere she went, people stared at her, repulsed, so sickened by her that they couldn't look away. Their stares made her self-conscious, but more so, they made Anja sad. Why couldn't she just have a normal body? One that didn't turn people off to her? Everything else was good, she had nice toned legs, a not unpleasant ass, even a pretty face, if she said so herself. If only it weren't for these disgusting boulders on her chest! They were always drawing the wrong attention, or getting in the way. The one time she had to ride a crowded train a few days ago, she had been forced to press up against three different people, and she nearly died of embarrassment. The people kept trying to shuffle around, thinking there was some empty space, when they couldn't see that her bosom occupied the available spot and kept crushing her chest. Taking enough room for a whole other person. She had so many stories like that, and each time she felt worse and worse. Why was she cursed with a body nobody could love?

There was a pin-up picture of a woman with tankards of alcohol up on the bar. Anja eyed the lady's prominent décolletage enviously. Not too small, and definitely not too large. 'Only a handful each,' she thought miserably. 'Why didn't I stop growing THERE?' The boys picked on her and called her names, always breast related. She thought of all the catty girls making fun of her in school, deriding her for being so busty. She had come to dread the locker room, and had completely opted out of gym activities as much as she could, but still had to dress for the class. It gave the other girls ample time to scorn her, and their words left marks, sometimes. Everyone else just stared at her in shock, unable to believe her proportions. Or in revulsion. Being such an anatomical freak, the problems she had finding clothes that could fit her unusual dimensions. Her horror as she found herself still growing and growing, even after the other girls had stopped. Even when she was already so much bigger than her classmates, so much bigger than any woman ought to be, she continued growing just the same. And not for the first time, she depressed herself, realizing that even the nicer people who **WOULD** ignore her body, never associated with her. Because then they'd receive some of her negative attention themselves. Anja felt lonely as she wallowed in her unhappy memories, wishing for the ten thousandth time that she didn't have the mountainous bustline that she did.

The bartender couldn't arrive fast enough to rescue her. He finished his tidying up and shuffled over. The bartender smiled pleasantly at her, "What will you have?"

"Long Island iced tea, please."



*Anja At The Bar by TheMisterStupid*

He nodded, of course of course, and his eyesight dipped and caught on her front. The enormous swells before him, visible even in the low lighting. To his credit, his eyes only lingered a moment, but it was enough to set Anja on edge. 'I know they're big,' she pleaded silently. 'It's not my fault!! I didn't choose to have them. I just want to have a drink.'

The bartender prepared her drink and wordlessly slid it to her across the bar, and then he wandered off to see to another patron, mercifully leaving Anja alone with her thoughts. She played with her straw before taking a few sips. It was strong, excellent. She had been having quite a few of these after work, recently. It helped take the edge off her stressful day, and calm her for the rest of her night. Her homemade ones weren't of this quality, though. She lingered peacefully with her drink, and started trying to forget work and forget her body, as she had come here to escape her troubles. She started to pay more attention to her surroundings as the drink slowly loosened her. There was another man at the bar a few stools down, whom the bartender had returned to in order to continue their conversation.

"See, that's what I'm saying. That's the difference between the two. One is manipulative and conniving and stupid, and the other is just arrogant and stupid," said the patron.

Anja listened. She didn't know what they were talking about, but the man had a strong voice, and she found herself drawn to him. Casually, she studied him carefully. Tall, with dark spiked hair and a rough-shaven 5 o'clock shadow. He had strong features and nice teeth. He was very smooth looking, what was such a handsome man doing in a place like this? HE certainly didn't look like a charlatan or a huckster, to her!

Soon, she was on her second or third drink and was hanging on his every word, while not understanding an ounce of it. 'Talking about people at his work,' she thought. 'Good, but tell me WHERE you work, though. Or your name, or number, or address.' She grinned inwardly to herself. 'Oh, I'm being bad! I blame it on the drink,'

As if. As if such a nice man could ever like her. As if ANY man could like her. She glanced down glumly, at the two quivering piles of tit restrained by her bra, her momentary fantasy crushed. 'These things ... he'll think I'm a freak. Like always. If he takes one look DOWN, it will turn him right off. Boys like big boobs, but nobody wants them as big as mine!' But an idea started to form ... she was on the L shape of the bar, and he was on the straight edge. The corner of the bar counter blocked her chest from his view, maybe. If she just kept herself hunched over ... she could talk to him from here. Maybe he might see her for her personality FIRST. Or she could just get him drunk. She had never ... before. But she had thought about it lots. Tonight seemed like a good night to try. What did she have to lose? It was as strange position for her to take, but she found it liberating. He was very personable, she already felt comfortable talking to him, despite not having said a word yet. She mustered up the courage her drink was gathering for her. 'Get a conversation going, keep it going, and whatever you do, Anja, do not let him look down.'

She leaned further forward, her elbows on the counter, propping up her head, she was leaning closer to a 45 degree angle than a 90 degree one. Her heavy chest was quashing against her knees mightily, but well hidden by the counter. She waited for a lull in the conversation to pounce. "Sir ..." she said aloud, holding up her empty glass. The bartender hurried over. "A refill please." The man took the glass, and as he was busy filling her drink, the handsome man was stuck with nothing to do as his conversation partner had to attend business. Bingo!

“So,” Anja said, “What’re we talking about?”

The dark haired man turned to look at her, appraising her, before he smiled easily. “My work. It’s been a pain lately.”

Anja nodded sagely. “A pain enough to drown, huh?”

He chuckled. “You got it. Not that I need much of an excuse, right? What are you drinking?”

“Long Island.”

“Strong drink! Something of your own to drown?”

“You could say that. I want this city to drown.”

“Bad day?”

“Try month. Enough to take off this,” she attempted to joke, gently grasping the bracelet on her arm. It was a mandatory wrist band that everyone on the planet wore by law, and insured the wearer’s safety. Roanapur had top of the line technology, being at the forefront of such things, and this special band was called a Lifesaver. The city’s the solution to the depressingly large amount of traffic fatalities the massive metropolis suffered from. If the wearer collided with something hard or fast, or something collided with them, its job was to instantly teleport its bearer to safety and then hold them in electronic limbo to await processing. The effectiveness of the band had been extended to even things like bullets or jumping from tall buildings. The processing was hell and could take several days by the stories, where you were stuck as electronic data, but it was infinitely better than being dead. This at least was reversible. It was a single shot teleport, you had to get a new one after, but it was effective and ever since the implementation, Roanapur’s traffic accident mortality rate hit zero.

He raised an eyebrow at her dark humor. “Ah, sounds serious ... What happened?”

He was interested in talking to her! She had to smother her smile before it gave her away. ‘Be cool. Be cool,’ she chastised herself. The bartender returned with her drink, placing it on a napkin by her elbow.

“That one’s on me,” the Handsome Man said, pointing to her drink. The bartender had time to nod before he was called away to the other end of the bar by another patron, leaving the two alone.

“Thank you!” Anja gushed. “Mr ... ?”

“Harrison.”

“Mr. Harrison.”



“And what about this month drove you to drink?” And he shuffled over a few stools closer to her. There were less than three between them now, wrapping around the bar corner ‘L’. They were easily close enough to share a conversation in normal tones. She just fervently hoped he was still far enough away that he couldn’t get a good look at her blouse, or what lay beneath.

The duo chatted. It was pleasant, they were hitting it off. He was still easy to talk to, and he was interesting. He had such a charming grin it made her heart flutter, and he flashed it often. And they drank some. She was getting a bit tipsy now, and more than a little adventurous. He was just soooo dreamy. Funny too. And he liked her back! That’s what it meant, since he was still talking to her?

But he didn’t know about THEM. The thought sank in her stomach like a stone. What should she do?? He was going to find out eventually. It wasn’t like she could get rid of her breasts. If this night was going to go any further, hell, if they were going to even know each other after tonight, he was going to have to find out eventually. There was no point in continuing and getting her hopes up if he was just going to be repelled by her protuberant features ... Had her personality impressed upon him enough, yet? Was that how this worked? She fervently hoped so.

She knew what she had to do. She had to know. With heavy heart, she steeled herself for disappointment. He was telling her about his family. She nodded and yawned casually, so as not to make a big deal of it, and gently leaned backwards as if to make a simple stretch. Her bra actually creaked slightly with its immense load, and she felt her chest settle back on her stomach. The stretch was good, no huge arm waving, but even so it cantilevered her breasts from her lap and they jutted outwards over a foot, about a foot and a half, and were nearly pressing into the counter. Their enormous bulk was a good deal wider than her shoulders, and they couldn’t be more obtrusive if they tried. Her prominent jugs stretched her shirt to capacity and then some, forcing it to cling to their every contour. An observer could easily tell where her cleavage began, even though she wasn’t displaying any. She kept her eyes firmly on his own, but out of the corner of her vision she could see the black-clad swells. ‘Gosh, do you have to stick out so FAR,’ she thought miserably. Even she herself was sometimes stunned by how large she was.

Harrison’s eyes never left hers the whole time, as Anja settled back. This was not a reaction Anja was expecting, and it set her thoughts racing. What did THAT mean? Was he disgusted by her breasts after all? Couldn’t bear to look at them? Was he too drunk? Did he have no interests in breasts? Was he blind and she hadn’t noticed?? Oh god, was he gay? Or worse, he just didn’t find her attractive at all? He was just having a casual chat, and had no interest in her beyond that? Maybe he didn’t even notice. That might be a first, for her.

Whatever the case, Harrison never wavered, and Anja felt more at ease than ever. Her puppies were out there, for him to observe as he wished. Yet her bra-busting wonders had not frightened him off, and they chatted like nothing had happened! Whatever the reason, her breasts seemed to have no adverse reaction on their relationship whatsoever. She couldn’t recall this ever happening before, not once. She was just a normal girl with normal problems at this bar counter, having a normal conversation. She loved it. She loved Harrison dearly for it. She wanted to kiss him, over and over, for the gift he was giving her.

Soon enough, Harrison asked to be excused and stood up clumsily to go to the bathroom. She watched him in fascination, and THERE, as he was standing up, for the briefest moment, she saw

his eyes flick over her bosom. Ha! He looked! She found she didn't care in the slightest, and her spirits were so high she even giggled as he walked off and sauntered down the bar towards the back. He had looked and his jaw hadn't dropped! He had to know what she was packing under there and was still talking to her. Hell, she WANTED him to know, at this point. To validate all of her feelings. If she knew he knew, then she was right about him after all.

Looking down at herself, she could appreciate why she had gotten his attention. With their obscene girth, she was all too used to her moons pressing against things, and hadn't even noticed that she was crushing her globes against the counter. Their mass was spilling up and onto the surface, like two loaves, up out of bra cups that would easily conceal her head to her shoulders. 'I look completely ridiculous,' she thought, 'with these monsters hanging off of me.' She had just been staring at herself, and hadn't fixed her position when Harrison came back from the bar, and stood before his seat. She looked up at him to catch him staring directly at her chest, and there was no mistaking it. Well, she knew that was inevitable, but the look was so direct and unexpected, it caused Anja to laugh out loud.

"So you noticed!! Look, I know they're big," she slurred, "I'm sorry, really sorry. Just ignore them."

Harrison laughed good-naturedly. "Sorry. Hey ... It's getting late. I was thinking of getting out of here."

Anja's heart froze. He hadn't asked for her number, or done anything like that, but he was leaving? She thought they had really hit it off?? It was because she mentioned her breasts, wasn't it. Or because he had finally seen them, gotten a proper look, and was repulsed. A sudden frustration washed over her, and a heavy sadness.

"Would you like to come with me? I'm just a few blocks over."

Anja was floored. Her mind screeched to a halt for a moment, before she took back every bad thing she had just been thinking. Her heart started to flutter madly again, shaking off all the ice. With a resounding "Yes!" she clambered off her chair and swirled up her coat, stumbling slightly. Harrison was there to catch her, her rebounding breasts bashing against his arm. Neither party seemed to mind their weight crushing against him. The duo paid their tab, bundled up, and headed out into the rain.

Harrison led her through the neon streets, cheerfully describing places they passed and his history with them. He turned out to have something interesting to say about a lot of places, and she found herself learning about the neighborhood and enjoying the walk despite the light precipitation. He led them further and further to the city outskirts until they couldn't go any further. Literally. He was on the dead last building before ... swamp. There was large solid wall, the very outskirt of the city itself, and everything beyond was untouched nature. The swamp was dense and not ideal for exploring, and the city hadn't expanded for some time. The fence was to keep animals off of the streets.

"This one's mine," Harrison gestured to an apartment building right on the very city limits, just across the street from the wall. There was nothing but fence between it and trees and swamp. It was a nicely kept building, but none too fancy.

They stepped up the stoop and lingered in the entranceway. He was looking at her, and she looked at him back. In the small enclosed space of the doorway, her chest closed the distance between them as she faced him. Her bulbous front stuff so far out, Harrison was forced to stand back against the wall to avoid bumping into her. It was a pregnant pause as they stood under the arch. Anja smiled. She couldn't believe this was happening. This was fantasy! "Come on in," he said, and opened up the door. Anja turned to enter, but to her dismay, it was a little cramped. She was too wide for it. She knew she was going to be. She had walked through doors in this city before where the span of her breasts was too great, and she ended up bumping against both sides of the doorway at once. It was incredibly awkward.

Quickly, she placed hands on both sides of her pillowy chest and compressed their sides together so she could fit through the door without touching it. She turned to find Harrison was watching her with wide eyes, and Anja felt her face heat up. But he said nothing, scooting past her to lead up a flight of stairs to the only door on the second landing. Apartment 2.

He smiled self-consciously, and turned the lock to let her in. It was a lovely little apartment, couldn't have been more than three or four rooms, and the front door opened into the living room. To the left was a kitchen and to the right was a small hall which probably lead to bathrooms and bedrooms. The living room was actually quite spacious, perhaps 70 square feet, and Harrison had done well with the space he had. A sofa and a large TV surrounded a glass coffee table.

The far wall behind the TV was one gigantic window, overlooking the massive sprawl of the city. It was a pretty nice view, all things considered. Like a painting done just right. Off in the distance were skyscrapers of enormous magnitude, and the horizon was filled with them as far as the eye could see. They went on a great deal further, but the curvature of the planet prevented one from seeing the rest. As Anja faced the city, behind her somewhere was the Wall, and nothing but wilderness beyond. The very edge of civilization.

"Make yourself at home," he said pleasantly, gesturing towards the sofa. "I'll take that." He helped her shrug her wet coat off and hung it by the door. Anja couldn't help but notice his glance at her chest when she had shaken off her garment, wobbling obscenely in her bra. They distended off her chest, almost asynchronous with her body whenever she was leaning. Her breasts seemed a bit too big for her support garment, there was too much of her and not enough of bra, as was typical. She wondered what his continued glances meant. He wasn't repulsed, she was fairly certain by now. She wouldn't have gotten up here if that was the case.

She settled comfortably on the couch. The excess of alcohol was giving her a casual confidence she didn't know she had. She was dimly aware that normal her would be a nervous wreck right about now, but it was all on the back burner. She was simply more concerned about how to proceed with what came next. She picked some lint off her clothes, and adjusted her bra straps anxiously, hoisting herself up and making a few tweaks. Her chest was HEAVY! She was extremely used to it by now, and it didn't actually bother her despite what people thought. But adjusting them, she really noticed how much heft she carried in her bra.

"Can I get you something to drink?" Harrison called from the kitchen.

"I think you've gotten me enough drinks, I'm already drunk," she giggled happily. "... Sure, whaddya got?"

His selection turned out to be extensive and very shortly she was sipping a gin and tonic, as the apartment filled with light music. He sat down next to her on the sofa with his drink. It wasn't a very big sofa, and they were quite close to one another. Her chest was nearly in his lap, a fact she noticed with some nervousness. They made eye contact for a second staring into each other's eyes. Anja smiled sheepishly, ready to make conversation, but was interrupted when Harrison leaned in and kissed her.

'Oh! This is nice. It's wet. He smells nice. Oh god my boobs are squashing against him.' Anja's thought a million things at once as she enjoyed the moment. He leaned in harder, her massive chest pressing against his, buffering a space between them. Anja felt his weight smooshing her bra and it wasn't unpleasant. The kiss was long and sloppy, but very thrilling. She pressed back against him, harder, prolonging their contact, but her bosom was making it a tad difficult for the both of them to position correctly on the sofa. They made do, working around the basketball orbs' interference.

She could feel his hands creeping along her thigh, heading towards her midriff, exciting her. This was really happening!!! She cheered for his hand ... And then he started fumbling with the hem of her shirt. Instantly Anja recoiled, pulling away from him.

Harrison looked at her, startled. "What's wrong?"

Anja could feel her face on fire, now. Stupid, stupid, stupid, she berated herself. He wanted to take her shirt off! Shouldn't she have let him? That was perfectly normal and to be expected. But for some reason, the thought twisted her stomach in knots. "Is it ... ok if we leave that on?" she asked tentatively.

"... Why?"

'What does he mean, 'why'? He seems genuinely puzzled!' Anja thought. 'I should think it's obvious!'

"I ... Well I ..." she began, but paused shyly. "I have very ... very large breasts," she finished lamely. She hoped that would satisfy him. That he would nod with understanding and let her leave the shirt on.

"I ... noticed?"

Anja blinked at him. "Well ... I mean, they're ... offputtingly huge. I don't want them to come between us." Anja realized a moment too late that her choice of words was poor, but Harrison merely raised his eyebrow.

"I don't think it will be a problem. I'd love to see them." He was gazing at her chest openly now.

"Y ... you would?" Anja couldn't tell if he was being sincere or ... or what? What was the alternative to sincerity? Maybe this was an elaborate joke. Maybe he had just done all this just as an opportunity to see what a freak she was, she would become a story for him to tell. The thought hadn't occurred to her before, but she could see it now. 'I slept with this chick one time, and she

had tits out to HERE.' A trophy bang. Anja's color rose. 'But don't jump to conclusions,' she thought. 'Harrison is nice, not a jerk.' She settled for a poking statement. "Their huge size is so disgusting," she said carefully and unhappily.

"It is? I don't think that at all!" He smiled boyishly, meeting her eyes. "Huge boobs are really sexy, don't you know that?"

Sexy? Her? Sexy? Anja? "You're just saying that, you don't have to," she stammered. "It's ok, I already know I'm TOO huge. They're massive and ugly, everybody says so. Nobody find them sexy when they're this big."

Harrison laughed. "You're serious! Well, they ARE massive, you've got me there. But no, 'too huge' isn't a thing. Huge boobs are good, huge-er is better, right? The bigger the better. And you have the biggest, by far. I bet they're beautiful, too."

He certainly sounded very sincere. His smile genuine. A faint hope ignited within her. Maybe Harrison was telling the truth, and he might think her chest ... beautiful? It didn't compute with her. She just didn't get it. Didn't he see just how big they were? Did she even dare dream she had found someone who wouldn't shrink away from her?

"I'd love to see them," he implored. His fingers gently fumbled with the bottom hem of her shirt again, as he waited for her signal to allow him to proceed. She sat very still at his touch, looking down at her globes. For they were globes, the other girls had demonstrated that to her. Their classroom had one on display, and when they compared it to her ...

Anja's voice came out very, very small. "Promise you won't laugh?" There. What she was most afraid of, more than anything. She couldn't bear more laughter, like she had endured in the locker rooms. That scornful, hateful sound. Especially not from Harrison. If he did, tonight, she would cry.

"I won't laugh."

She found no trace of deception on his face. He really wanted to see her breasts. And she wanted him to be happy, she wanted to proceed with the evening. It was just a shirt, and not the last bit of clothing they were going to be removing if she had her way. Better get it over with. She lifted up her arms over her head.

Grinning, he used both hands to take the bottom of her shirt and lifted it up, exposing a very small portion of her belly before the bottom of her bra came into view. He whistled in amazement. Her bra was a rather unique contraption, it was actually a light metal, or maybe actual hard light by the looks of it. It was a dense construct, shimmering slightly but not producing a glow, and had the hardness of a soft metal. Harrison struggled to stretch the hem of the shirt over the greatest girth of her chest, his knuckles grazing against her stiff bra. He had to tug on the shirt to do it, which drew Anja forward. His exertions were swaying her chest and setting the great spheres wobbling, their weight settling on her back as she watched him finally manage to get it over the hump and pull her top up her arms and over her head. The cups appeared to be generated by the rest of the bra harness on Anja's back, which was quite a bit more industrial than any other bra in existence. The band on her back was a quarter of an inch thick, and made with flexible material. It

appeared to be the only 'real' or 'physical' portion of the bra. Anja lowered her arms protectively, crossing them in front of her gargantuan globes.

Her skinny arms didn't come close to accomplishing that task.

Round and full, a bit bigger than basketballs, Anja's chest was enormous. They were barely contained by her strangely luminescent bra. She was overflowing the cups considerably, though the bra held its rigid globular shape against her. The effect was a shelf of creamy breast, and great swells of metal resting on her stomach, very nearly in her lap for good. The over-the-shoulder straps were drawn completely taught, and lost contact with her skin at her collar bone as they were lifted off and suspended by their heavy load. Her cleavage in this bra could have held a textbook with ease. It was a great creamy chasm between her largeness, and went on endlessly. Each breast was full and fat, perfectly shaped, though VERY excessive in size.

She looked at Harrison, very very afraid of what she might find, but his face was of unadorned wonder. "Wow. WOW. They're lovely," Harrison said reverently. He ran one of his soft hands over her bra's material, the light touch sending a chill up Anja's spine. "What even is this?"

"It's ... special. Don't worry about it," Anja said nervously. Harrison hadn't freaked out! Yet.

Grinning, he leaned in and kissed her again. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensations, his chest and shirt brushing against the bare skin of her own chest that was overtaxing her bra. The texture on her skin was very sensual. His groping hands pawed their way across her expansive chest. His hands were so nice, too! It felt so ... taboo. She had never purposely let someone touch them before. She wasn't fighting off his hand, or trying to jump away. An altogether new experience.

His hands were soft against her yielding breast, quivering in her stretchy metallic encasing. He was grabbing gentle palm-fulls, and there was still quite a lot of Anja left to feel. She felt like a proper woman, mashing against her man. It was bliss. And she was starting to get very, very aroused, as he laid her fears to rest. Grinning, she pulled back. "Mr. Harrison, I can't help but notice I'm the only one that's removed something." She reached over to the bottom of his shirt. Laughing, he helped her take it off, revealing his muscular torso. He wasn't a body builder by any means, but Anja could tell he worked out. Rawr.

He eagerly placed his hands back on her boobs, feeling where they spilled out over her bra, like muffins. She was obviously too big for even this monstrous contraption. That percentage that escaped was alone enough to fill his hands. "This looks uncomfortable," he said.

Anja laughed. He had no idea! "You could say that."

He leaned in against her, and the kissing was more intense than ever, as his bare chest crushed against her much larger chest. His hands moved around to her back, fumbling with the latches on her bra. It was a typical bra set up, in two parts. The first part was a button, press it to unclasp the bra, press again to reconnect. Long gone were hooks. The second part was a bit more technologically advanced. It locked and unlocked the bra state. Controlled by a biometric flexi-panel flush with the fabric that responded to any human fingers, and with a double tap would set the bra to Unlock. When in Unlock, the clasp button would work and spring the bra open or would

close it, but in the Locked state the button would do nothing. Double tap the biometric panel again to return it to the locked state. The biometric wasn't tuned to anybody in particular, but only responded to living things and had to be pressed directly with nothing or no other fabric in the way. This was so a woman wouldn't accidentally spring open her bra just by leaning back in a chair, and that it was impossible to unlock a woman's bra from outside a woman's shirt. There was one thing unique about Anja's bra, however. There was a second button, aside from the first button and the panel.

Harrison's practiced movements wasted no time in hunting for that scanner in the middle. He double tapped the lock, and there was a slight sound of it registering. Anja immediately stiffened in his arms, and pushed him away forcefully. "Stop! Don't do that!!"

Alarmed, he drew back again, his chest now a few inches from her own. "What now?"

Anja fidgeted, embarrassed by her outburst.

Harrison continued a little impatiently. "I told you I like huge breasts, the bigger the better. I'm not laughing when I say yours are beautiful. I'd really like to see the rest of them. What's all this about?"

"You mean that? Really? The bigger the better?"

He shrugged. "Of course. I've never met a woman larger than you. But can't be too big, I guess."

"What, seriously? Even boobs bigger than these." Anja asked in genuine surprise. Harrison nodded. She bit her lip, and looked down at her fat, grotesque chest and the dark canyon between them. Well, that was certainly interesting.

CLICK. She felt something settle on her back.

"You had already pressed it?" Anja asked, horrified. "Stay b-"

KA-SHINK.

Anja's chest burst forth, swelling almost instantly from basketballs into beachballs in a matter of a second. The globes wobbled bigger with a great rush, the force of impact against Harrison's chest knocked him backwards onto the sofa cushion. He grunted, and picked himself up dazedly. "Must have loosened it."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!!" Anja was hysterical. "Don't freak out!" She held her hands up to protect herself, but if they fell short before, there wasn't any hope at all, now.

Harrison took her all in. "Whoa."

It was an understatement. Her breasts, that were already massive to begin with, had nearly doubled in size. They were very firmly resting upon her lap, now, and spilling over the sides onto the sofa. They obscured her arms, and the double beachballs were now each wider than the girl's waist. The cleavage Anja now sported could swallow the very globes that had rivaled her size only

moments before. They were still full, and perfect, but even MORE in excess of size. The sight was daunting.

That 'whoa' made Anja really panic. She felt the need to explain. If she could just do that, maybe he wouldn't freak at the sudden enormity of her expanded boobs. Anja started to blurt things out. "I wear a special kind of bra. It's a minimizer bra you can only get from the moon of Candad. It's pocket dimension manipulation, which holds my chest in and makes me appear smaller than I really am. Ok? The bra is designed to condense its contents to up to half their size, regardless of how big they are. That's ... that's what the hard light construct thing does. The physical device of the bra is just the band on my back that is emitting the rest of it, emitting as much as I need. And while the bra is on, only half of its contents are visible. What you saw before wasn't my real size," she said sadly. "You were only seeing a portion of my chest. The rest was hidden in the bras distorted space time. Please, it's really not a big deal. They're just big. That's all."

Harrison sat there in stunned astonishment, drinking in the view. Anja HAD doubled in size, that was completely, bra bustingly apparent. She was enormous before, but NOW! GIGANTIC! But there was one thing Harrison couldn't help but notice.

Anja was still wearing the bra.

The bra had expanded alongside her chest, made of its strange hard light material, the cups doubled now to the size of dinner trays, but even so it couldn't contain all of Anja. Her titanic breasts were still spilling out of the even enlarged bra. Considerably.

"So, it cuts your bra size in half?" he wondered out loud. "But ... You've still got it turned on."

Following his gaze to the bra that was so clearly still turned on, Anja's face reddened even further. "It operates in Steps," she whispered miserably. "That's how the bras work. One button for bigger, one button for smaller. They reduce or restore by a factor of 2, doubling or halving at a time. Usually that's more than enough, even for the biggest girls." She sighed. She felt like crying. "But this one was custom made. Just for me. It ... it can Step more than the once." Anja gestured at herself helplessly. There was a lot to point to. "I needed more than one reduction by half."

Harrison stared at her. Anja looked around, distraught, and unable to meet his gaze. She didn't feel like she had handled the situation very well, and now he KNEW, and had SEEN them, and she hadn't told anybody before, and ... she had made an absolute mess of an evening and a date that had been so promising. And Harrison, the first guy to ever give her a chance, and now she completely and utterly RUINED it!! She could feel the tears she had pushed down earlier now returning. Anja began to cry for real this time.

"Whoa, hey now-"

"I'm sorry. I know I'm gross, and I know I repulse you," Anja cried. "Just let me shrink it back and we can ignore it. Please. I was having a great evening. Honest." She leaning over her humongous teats so that she could reach behind herself for her bra. With Anja spilling out of her bra all over, her breasts touched her knees and chin simultaneously, filling the space between her lap and face as she leaned forward. The girl was all tit.



Harrison gently grabbed her arms, stopping her from readjusting the bra. His own elbows sank into the shelf of Anja. "So your bra is like some sort of exponent, cutting you down to half size, and then half of that again?" he asked calmly, in a strangely restrained voice.

Anja nodded, not trusting herself to speak. Her chin was resting into her goliath right breast from her position, and the nod caused her to sink slightly down, before her head was pushed back up by her resilient bosom. Her hair was floundering about in and on her cleavage, but only covering a portion of it.

"Cool. But you want to tighten it again? No, no, no. As far as I'm concerned, that's going in the completely wrong direction!" He nodded toward her chest, with a devilish grin. "Can we release this one, too, please?"

Anja blinked away her tears. "What?" Her chin was digging into her breast enough that it nearly covered her mouth, so her voice came out a little strange.

"The bigger the better," he repeated calmly. "No such thing as too big. And I mean it!! You seem to think I'm lying or something. But this is ... you're incredible! You're even larger than this? Goddamn, that's so HOT."

There he was, using words on her again that were exclusively reserved for other girls, not named Anja. Hot? She was hot? "Seriously?" Her sobbing had stopped. She wanted to believe him. He still wasn't freaking out. "You're exaggerating, you can't mean that."

Harrison winked. "Let me stand behind you this time, I'd prefer to avoid that experience again." He rubbed his chest gingerly.

Anja giggled reluctantly, lifting her head from her moons and took her arms back to wipe away her tears. She felt small, attached to these overinflated blimps. "Sorry. You're too nice to me, and I'm a mess. But honestly, we should just leave it on," she said, recovering from her bout of tears. "You don't have to do this." Harrison stood up and walked around the sofa to stand behind her. He swept Anja's hair out of the way so he could access the bra clasp.

"No, I suppose I don't. But damn if you're not the sexiest woman I've ever met, and those .... These ... these have to be the best breasts in the world. I'd really love to see them. I couldn't live with myself if we stopped now."

KA-SHINK.

## PART 02

May contain: Large Breasts, Breast Expansion, some Science Fiction (just enough), Mature Themes (you've been warned)

KA-SHINK.

This transition was slower than the first, but immediately Anja felt like a great weight was being lifted from her chest. It felt exhilarating, like she was stretching after a long time of sitting. The result was spectacular as she expanded across her lap. Anja's immense shelf of tit swelled, taking several seconds to decompress. Like rising dough, more and more Anja poured out of the confines of the bra, pushing the accommodating hard light fixture further and further from her torso. The huge meaty breasts doubled again to beanbags, billowing out in every direction. Her lap was now completely smothered by her excessive sweater puppies, heavy and fat on her legs. Breast was firmly lying on the sofa cushions to either side of her as their girth surpassed her lap's width, and the forward projection was considerable too. Her melons jutting over her swallowed knees and gently bumped into the glass coffee table barely a foot in front of the sofa. The table was slowly scooted back as she continued to grow larger, when suddenly the growth cut off.

"Oh god," Anja breathed. Mounded up on the sofa, the tops of her breasts were up to her nose. She hadn't let herself be this big in a very long time! Not since she got this special bra. Her great bosom was still largely spherical, and the diameter of each much-bigger-than-a-globe globe was considerable, and a weight to match! The creamy orbs must have weighed as much as she did, and her legs were struggling under the weight of her chest.

But it was a plush weight, pleasant even. Her breasts were very soft and warm, and so ... THERE. Anja couldn't resist feeling them. She gently laid her palms on her beanbag breasts, letting her fingers sink into her warm flesh. Her hand was so small, resting on her moons, but their touch so inviting she gave herself a soft squeeze, distorting their shape ever so slightly. She hadn't seen this sight in such a while, it was almost foreign to her. This was all HER, these were a part of HER. Her breasts were MAMMOTH! It had been so easy to forget that her usual size was just the tip of the iceberg.

"Anja, I can't help but notice you still have a bra on." Harrison's voice sounded strange. The bra only covered the front portion of her breasts, the tops and undersides of her full teats were exposed.

"Oh, it'll come off, but only when it's done decompressing me," Anja said absent-mindedly, as she still played with herself mildly, fascinated. "They're so BIG, huh?" It was pretty much the only thought she'd had since they stopped growing.

"They REALLY are."

There was something about his voice that reached her, and such was the way he had said it that it struck Anja. She looked over her shoulder at Harrison, her eyes wide. "You wouldn't happen to like breasts even larger than these, would you?"

His eyes never left her titanic bosom. She watched his eyes follow her hands as she massaged. "I think I made my position pretty clear," he smiled easily, but there was a wildness in his eyes. "I didn't know breasts of this magnitude were even possible! Hey, let's go for broke."

Anja stared at him. "If you want to," she said doubtfully.

KA-SHINK.

Harrison hadn't wasted a moment, once she gave the OK.

Beanbags grew into cars, and Anja FELT it. The stretching was euphoric, the feeling stronger than before as more boob-per-second was expressed than the last Step. She hadn't realized how cooped up she had been, until here she was, undoing the locks. She grew forwards, to the side, and upwards, but not so much downwards, supported as she was by her legs and her bra. Her foremost protrusion continued to increase, and her breasts leaned heavily on the coffee table. The table base caught on the rug, and for just a moment the snag prevented the table from being pushed further backwards by her growth. Undeterred, her bosom expanded slightly over the glass, resting on the table. The surface was chilly, and it gave Anja the shudders as her breasts pressed down on the cool smooth tabletop. But her growth was such that she overcame the snag, and her breasts took the coffee table with them once again, inching towards the TV.

Although the texture of the table was drawing most of her attention, she could also feel more and more of the sofa cushions on her either side as the girth of her phenomenal bosom became more pronounced, not just overflowing her knees forward but her thighs to the left and right. And still she grew. The weight was heavy and warm on her legs, and she could feel her thighs beneath her boobs, her knees felt hard and boney to her soft bust. The weight and size difference was such that she could actually tell which direction the feelings were coming from for each side. She put her hands back on the globes, just to add another perspective. She was so large that she felt the table, legs, and hand in three different distinct areas. Before her eyes, she watched the great spheres grow upwards, past her nose, past her eyes, until she found herself looking up at the tops of her own tits, and even so having to tilt her head back as she grew past her forehead, their diameter exceeding three, four feet.

CRUNCH, the coffee table was shattered beneath her elephantine tits as they regained their size and splendor, and considerable, considerable weight. The remains of the table crumbled and fell to the wayside as the large glass holding it all together was fragmented into pieces. The sudden loss of support drew Anja out of her chair just a touch, lifting her from her seat a few inches as her breasts threatened to topple her over. She readjusted and sat back down, but now the full mass of her breasts was resting on her legs alone and it was a bit heavy! It wasn't uncomfortable, per se, but as she grew outwards there was starting to be more breast suspending in front of her knees than actually on her lap, causing balance awkwardness. Anja carefully leaned over the edge of the sofa trying to make the bra do some of the work, but it was no use. Her tits were far too fat and immense, and rested quite firmly on her lap regardless of how she contorted. Foreseeing possible problems, Anja stretch out both of her arms and gently placed a hand on each of her breasts on either side of her on the sofa. She slowly pushed their mass over the edge cushions for them to thump to the floor.

Anja was bent over slightly, keeping her breasts on the ground, but she didn't have to double over for long, and she ended up kneeling on the sofa cushions. In this position, her breasts were the only part of her body touching the ground. Their growth continued mounding upwards among the crushed coffee table before the bout finally finished. She involuntarily shuddered slightly as her bra slowed to a halt, her body responding to the sudden cut off of pleasure and release.

The sight was mesmerizing, acres and acres of Anja. Each breast had achieved five feet in diameter, and while resting firmly on the ground were nearly as tall as Anja. And a great deal wider, for she was slight but her breasts were simply enormous. Experimentally, she stretched out both her arms and inspected. Her wingspan fell far short of the total width of her chest. It was maybe greater than the girth of a single teat, but certainly not both. More tit than woman, by an awesome margin. Directly in front of her was cleavage she could lose herself in, a great chasm between her mammoth moons where they crushed against one another, fighting for room on her chest.

The globes dominated the room, their combined width blocking much of Harrison's sofa. Kneeling there, Anja felt the ecstasy subside and her high came down, leaving her with the feeling that she was attached to two blimps. It wasn't a bad feeling, necessarily. They were huge, and warm, and she felt ... womanly. Somehow. These were HERS, a part of her, and they were VAST. It also felt great to be free of that bra! Kind of. She hadn't realized it had been so constricting before, but she could really feel a difference now. The growth had been so liberating that she found herself more than a tad aroused, but her new size was also bringing back some unpleasant memories, and all her self-consciousness. This certainly wasn't a normal size for a girl to be, not even close. And all her life, that had been a very BAD thing.

Anja looked back at Harrison awkwardly, afraid of what she might find, but he was entranced. He slowly started to walk around her chest, like one might appreciate a captivating sculpture. He wandered around her left swell, of a tit that rivaled the height of his own chest. The difference being that hers was resting on the floor!

"Sorry," she said cautiously. "About the, er, the table."

Her apology went unnoticed. Harrison was visibly aroused, and enthralled. "This is fantastic, Anja. Wow. Just- You have the biggest boobs in the world. I mean universe. It's not even close."

Anja blinked, then smiled softly.

"May I?" He was looking at her, his hand hovering over the outer swell of her left breast, just inches from the ton of tit.

Anja blushed. "Er - yes, of course." She smiled wanly and watched as he laid his hand down, gently tracing along her outline. Harrison continued loudly proclaiming his amazement and stupefaction at her size as he walked the perimeter of her massive girth, pawing her enormous chest. His velvet touch felt wonderful, but his words made her feel special. She had never really thought of it that way before, her breasts had always been a problem that needed to go away, and she fixated on that alone. But she certainly was unique, wasn't she!

Harrison's enthusiasm was so genuine, it was getting harder and harder to hate her breasts in front of his overwhelming positivity. She was starting to enjoy the night again! She felt happiness, like she wanted to be right where she was, right then, and nowhere else. This was like a dream come true. She had never thought it would happen, or even entertained the notion, but here Harrison was. He liked her boobs!! Her REAL boobs, not the minimal ones she usually lugged around. For perhaps the first time in a very long while, Anja was starting to feel at ease in the company of someone else, and it was starting to make her bold. Well, that and the Long Island Tea.

Her date's hands only fueled the fire, as the growth provocation resurfaced and Anja felt more turned on than she could ever remember being. It was an entirely different kind of lust than she was accustomed. She needed something. She pondered that and admired the view as she felt Harrison's massage around her circumference, stopping when he reached her bra cups on the front. Those cups must have been the size of bar tables. She couldn't see him at all from where she was kneeling, he was completely obscured by her boulders. She took this opportunity to simply enjoy the sensations and sip idly at Harrison's drink that he had left on the back of the sofa. Eventually, he reappeared on her right side, and she watched him, trying not to betray herself. He was still obviously stimulated, which was more than alright with her, but it was the look on his handsome face that was filling her with warm butterflies.

"Verdict?"

"Much too much woman for my coffee table," Harrison said in awe.

She smiled slyly, sipping his drink.

"What?"

"If you think this is big," she teased, gently thrumming her bra strap, "there's more where that came from." She giggled. She was just being playful, she hoped, but it was also true.

"There certainly is!" Harrison sounded incredulous. "At least twice as big. Just how many Bra Steps are left??"

Anja tapped her chin thoughtfully. "I have no idea," she admitted.

"No idea?" he echoed. "How is that possible?"

"I've never removed this bra," she said sheepishly. "This isn't the direction I usually go in."

Harrison shook his head with disbelief. "I'd really like to know how you got so BIG. Tell me how it all happened ... and in the meantime, I'll reclaim my drink and get you another. I think you crushed your previous one."

Anja giggled, embarrassed. "... Sorry. Thanks." She paused, considering his request. Was it sexy to him? The idea of her growing? He obviously liked that she was huge. "Uhhh, how I got so big? I guess I just got very large, very early," Anja began, as Harrison wandered into the kitchen to fix her drink. There was a counter to the living room connecting the kitchen, so she watched him

fetch the drinks. Anja found that moving her chest was a very difficult task now that she wasn't contained by the bra, so she settled herself more comfortably on the sofa in a normal upright sitting position, though she was sitting only halfway on the seat because she wouldn't have been able to lean back anyways. She continued her story.

"There's not a whole lot of preamble," she remembered. "I was ahead of the curve when I simply ... started developing. A LOT. A whole lot. One day I was a just girl, and then the next, I was a woman needing bras. Suddenly I was the only one of my classmates with real boobs, which at first was very exciting, you know? The way they talked about me, the teachers needing to tell the other girls they would catch up and that I was just an early bloomer. In the meantime, I felt grown up and I got a fair share of attention because of my breasts, so I liked it."

The words came easier the more she spoke, but that didn't mean she liked its contents. Anja sighed heavily. "But I got bigger. And bigger. The other girls never did catch up," she said gloomily, prodding the offending protrusions. "My chest wouldn't let them. Very soon I was running through sizes ... All of them." Harrison returned with her drink, and he climbed over the arm of the sofa to sit next to her on the cushions. He couldn't have approached from the front because of Anja's bosom blocking the path. He listened intently with wide eyes as Anja continued her story. His presence set Anja's heart racing a little faster, but so too did his hands, gently kneading a small portion of her right breast. He couldn't seem to resist playing with her any longer, and that was just fine by Anja. His fingers were like magic.

"Ah, thank you," Anja said with a sip of her drink. And then another. "So then there was a stretch where I needed new bras every couple weeks it seemed, even graduating to full adult bras, until one day ... we couldn't find my size in stores, none of them were large enough. I was too gargantuan, already! But I will say this ... I was easily the biggest girl in school! And that's including all of the teachers." Anja giggled softly. "My teacher was a woman with really large, noticeable boobs. The kind that us girls had all talked about at some point. I admit, I was a bit proud when I realized I needed a bigger bra than even SHE did. I wouldn't have been able to even get her bra ON, because I was sooooooooooooo big." Anja was paying close attention to the effect her words were having on Harrison, picking up on his reactions. She purposely drew out the 'soo' as much as she could. "A grown woman, one of the biggest I'd ever met, and yet she was smaller than me. And quickly, A LOT smaller than me. I caught her staring, more than once, you know. I wonder what she was thinking."

Anja sipped her drink lazily, watching her man through the glass. This could be fun! She knew her story was teasing him, and she felt particularly mischievous. She started to emphasize key words. He must have been itching to get back to work on her bra. "Then again, EVERYBODY stared. It was starting to make me a little awkward, everyone watching me all the time. There was no way I could hide them, I thought. It would have been useless. I'm not a big woman. Well, except for THESE, naturally. My chest was far more noticeable than Mrs. Kilner, the teacher lady. My parents and I kept thinking I'd stop growing at some point ... but they just kept swelling. I was already TOO big. But every day, I was leaving 'TOO big' in the dust. I was humongous, and heavy, and just ..." Anja frowned. "We didn't have the means to really do anything about it. Bras were getting far too expensive and impractical. If we ordered one, I'd have outgrown it by the time it was ready. And it would have been a harsh custom job. Comparing myself to Mrs. Kilner was a long distant memory. I was at a point where I couldn't find ANY women that were near my size. Anyhow, doctors repeatedly said I was perfectly healthy. A normal girl, apart from the obvious." Anja patted

her tremendous boobs. “Not that I was interested just then, but I was told that reducing them would be impossible until I stopped growing, and even then there were going to be complications. We’d have to wait and see. But there was something else in that little visit that put my family in quite a panic.”

Harrison was hanging on her every word, it was flattering. Well, didn’t she have just the story for him!! She watched his eager hands, almost as closely as she attended feeling them. “We found out that my development hadn’t slowed down. At all. In fact, I was growing faster than ever! Boobs that dwarfed basketballs, and yet the growth was accelerating of all things. Now, I had been managing until then. I guess we had all been operating under the pretense that my size was temporary, or something, somehow. I just had to hold out a while longer. Now that was no longer the case, being at school was getting too difficult.”

Anja looked at Harrison coyly, swirling her glass. “Have you ever tried writing on a desk that’s completely covered by your tits? I couldn’t exactly scoot back, otherwise I couldn’t reach. You might be surprised at all the little inconveniences you run into when you’re a VERY busty girl. And I don’t mean Double-D cups. Or even M cups.” Anja smirked, not oblivious to Harrison’s obvious interest. “Did you know our school had a turnstile set up for the lunch line? Yeah, I couldn’t fit. I had to bring my lunches after that. Lots of things you don’t think about, but mainly it was other people that were the problem. People didn’t like me. I was too different. Teachers thought I was ridiculous, and I WAS. Out to here.” Anja gestured with her hands boobs of quite an extraordinary size. A size that still fell quite short of her current state. “And my ‘friends’. Quite aside from the stares and the name-calling,” Anja shuddered, “there were other issues. I sat next to a girl named Cassandra. She complained to the teacher that I was touching her desk.” Anja rolled her eyes. “I was so mad! As if it was MY fault that my boobs were taking over her desk. I had simply gotten too big for mine, is all.”

Harrison laughed good-naturedly. “I don’t know, it sounds like a legitimate complaint to me. You WERE on her desk! That’s annoying. And if she let you grow much further,” he gestured to Anja’s expansive cleavage, which would have smothered a great deal of desks. “You would have conquered it entirely. Poor Cassandra.”

Anja grinned and gave him a good poke. “It’s MY story! Give me some sympathy. Okay, so it was getting pretty bad, that’s true. I was starting to cramp her and I knew it. I tried to help her, I was sitting as far right as I could, but doing so had completely closed down the aisle on my other side. There was no room for anyone to walk past THESE braless wonders. Even so, I always knew when she was writing, because her arm kept bumping into my tits. A problem getting worse by the day,” Anja laughed. “But it was hardly on purpose, ok? Anyways, when I told my parents that story, that was it, I didn’t have to go to school anymore until we had a solution. We reached out for a disabilities fund and they scratched their heads, called me unclassifiable and whatever, but everyone agreed that I had quite a problem. I got about as big as, eh, maybe between this Step and the last one. I’m a bit bigger right now than I was, when those groups finally stepped in to help me with my two HUGE problems.”

“The bra.”

“The bra,” Anja agreed. “The Vortex Bra, from the moon of Candad. Shrunk me down by half, and suddenly I could move again, and go to school, and do all those things once more. It still wasn’t

easy, I mean, half of that and I was still GARGANTUAN. Still bigger than everybody else, but not by choice. There's a minimum threshold with the bras, depending on the contents. In my case, I can't go smaller than the size I was when we met." Anja shrugged as Harrison raised an eyebrow over his draining glass as he drank. "I'm pretty busty, y'see." Harrison raised his other brow, causing Anja to giggle into her own beverage.

"So I was still huge even being minimized, but it was nice to finally have a bra again to keep me in check ... except I still hadn't stopped growing. Soon enough, I grew and GREW until even my reduced size was as big as I was when I got the bra in the first place. But this time I was being COMPRESSED to that size! My problems intensified, and I needed a stronger reduction. Half my real measurements was still too monstrously humongous."

"No kidding."

"Yup. I wanted to die. It was so embarrassing! I was already the girl with the gigantic chest, which was pretty much my whole public identity at that point, and drew plenty of ... negative attention. I certainly didn't need to be even bigger! 'Oh look, she's even larger than last year!' 'Oh my god, did you see the TITS on her? I didn't know they even GOT that big.' 'Holy cow!' Get it? Cow? Cuz my boobs were bigger than fucking beach balls?" Anja felt her color rising at she did the voices. "'What the hell are they feeding you?' 'Anja's coming through, move out of the way!!! If she trips, you'll get crushed!' 'How's your back?' Har har. And of course, the favorites. 'What SIZE are you?' I don't KNOW! Too big!! And 'Can I touch 'em?' Yup, Anja, the sideshow freak."

Harrison put his hand on hers. "You have my sympathy, now." Anja smiled. She actually wasn't angry at all, only moderately annoyed. She was still horny as hell, inebriated, and enjoying the effect of her story on her audience just a bit too much to let those memories bother her at the moment.

"Is it weird that I kinda find those catcalls arousing?"

She had figured. Anja laughed. "'Hey Anja, want to know what your feet look like? I can take a picture for you.' 'Hey Anja, how many basketballs DID you swallow?' 'Hey Anja, can I borrow your bra? I want to go sledding!' 'Hey Anja, do you mind if I check down your shirt? I'm looking for my car.' I'm sure you can think of some, yourself. The boys were quite creative. The girls ... the girls were a bit meaner," Anja said sadly. "Well, a few in particular. And the whole time, I secretly knew they only saw half my real size. All those jokes and crude comments, and they didn't even KNOW how big I actually was. I was so afraid of what would happen if someone found out about my little secret."

"By then, my chest was hampering my life too much again. And not because the people, they never were too nice to me in the first place. But I mean I was too big to actually DO things that I needed to do, like get to school. Buses are only so comfortable when you have to crush yourself into the seat, and when you fill a bench for two all by yourself. Every day was an embarrassment. I wanted more than anything to be a normal girl, but unable to obtain that, I desperately wanted to take another Step with that bra to shrink me down further. Only it couldn't DO that. The bras were never designed to Step more than once. What girl besides me would even need such a thing? We had to go back, and get a special one made, just for me. A bra that could Step twice. I took the old one off before I put the new one on. That was ... quite a shock. Double that size ..." Anja trailed off,



and glanced over the pale mountain range of bosom before her. "I'm sure you can imagine. I was a little stunned. Not to mention enormous. I had cursed the bra for its limitations, but suddenly I was very, very thankful I had worn it at all. I put the new one on, and suddenly I was at a manageable size again. But ..." Anja swallowed more alcohol.

"But?" he asked, anticipating.

"But I need a refill," Anja finished innocently, dangling her empty glass in front of him. He scooped it up and vaulted the sofa to fetch the bottles. Not particularly mobile, Anja kicked her feet, feeling her chest with her fuzzy socks until he came back with a full glass.

"But?" he repeated, taking his seat.

"Thanks. Buuuuuut I still wasn't done growing. It's a common theme, isn't it?" she grinned at Harrison, enjoying his torment. She held real power over him with this tale! He really couldn't get enough. "My tits wanted to be really colossal, I guess. I outgrew that thing AGAIN. I was in denial about it, by then," Anja reflected. "I didn't want to go back. And I definitely didn't want to admit I was still getting EVEN bigger. Enough was enough, I was already a freak among freaks, y'know?" Harrison opened his mouth to say something, but Anja merely continued. "I wore that thing out, until I was so hefty it couldn't contain me anymore. I nearly broke it by overload." Her eyes met his, and Anja smiled sheepishly, turning away. "Okay, full disclosure, I DID break it. But not in public, thank god. I destroyed some furniture though. I was so embarrassed."

"H-how big?"

"You know ... BIG." Anja winked. "I was mortified, to be honest. Couldn't deny my own boobs any longer. I HAD grown, whether I liked it or not. So I sent the bra shop a message about my dilemma. With photograph. They were quite surprised. They told me I was easily the biggest they'd ever seen, or would ever. So they outdid themselves, and designed this model of bra, the 'Multiverse Bra'. They thought they were being cute. But it could Step many more times than the others. Not just three times, just in case I kept growing. That's the kind I wear now, and what you're trying to take off. That was all quite a few years ago, the rest of my life has been a series of dealing with my minimized size, which you saw earlier. Even that is much too much, honestly. I don't have to like it, but it's BETTER than the alternative. And I guess that's all there is to my story," Anja finished. "Brings us to the present."

"Amazing. Your breasts are amazing."

"You're the first person to think so. Including myself, I suppose. I've always kept myself hidden since. I've never even taken the Multiverse Bra off." Anja shrugged.

"That's a shame! So ... how big are you, really?"

"I honestly have no idea!" she said, laughing. "You asked me that already!"

"Okay, well, when did you stop growing?"

Anja started to giggle. "I haven't."

Harrison stared at her. "What?"

"I haven't stopped." She toyed with her drink before sipping it nonchalantly. "I kept waiting for the day when my growth would end, ever since I was a girl, but it never did. I'm still getting bigger. This poor bra, every so often, I have to ratchet it up another Step to keep me at the minimum size. I did it again just recently, as a matter of fact. But I haven't kept track of how many times I've done it. For so long, I've only been interested in keeping myself as small as possible, and that's all that mattered. Actually, I didn't WANT to think about what those Steps really meant. I denied them. And that's why I have no idea how big my boobs really are," Anja finished calmly, meeting Harrison's eyes. She paused for a what-can-you-do shrug. "But ... I'm definitely bigger than this."

Harrison continued to stare at her. "That's sexy as all hell. We need to find out the answer to all that, tonight. Preferably right now."

Anja smiled into her cup. As expected. She tilted her head back and drained the contents of the glass before putting it aside. Wordlessly, she sat up straight, turned slightly away from Harrison, and swept her blonde hair over her shoulder once more to give him access to her bra. She felt him do a quick double tap on her back.

KA-SHINK.

Anja yelped at the rushed feeling of release, as her bosom stretched and regained itself. Beyond humongous already, Anja's pale breasts wobbled ever larger, domineering the room. The monstrous pair grew right over the remains of the coffee table, and proceeded to cover the living room floor. Up and up her cleavage mounted, until Anja could not see anything past her own decolletage. It was a slower growth than the other releases, doubling her size required much more breast to be uncovered each time. Higher, fatter, larger in every direction, Anja's tits gradually flooded Harrison's apartment.

That was all HER! Anja was still staring at herself in amazement as her pale orbs rose like bread dough before her eyes. Her reverie was interrupted when she felt a sensation on her right tit. She turned to see Harrison standing there, gently stroking her enormous gland as it expanded under his fingers. They both watched as her stupendous chest inched taller than Harrison was, up and over his head they loomed. His chiseled features were set in positions of awe as Anja became so vast that each of her breasts were independently as wide as the sofa she was sitting on. She could FEEL herself swelling beneath his hands, and it was exceptionally strange but altogether very pleasant. As she watched, Harrison flopped onto her breast, giving just a small portion of her teat a hug with his full body. He sank into her tons of tit as she continued to swell larger.

Anja was getting VERY large, but she had figured Harrison had plenty of width in the room, some fifty feet, and had been unconcerned. She had not accounted for height. "Oof," Anja exclaimed as the tops of her breasts made contact with the ceiling. It was rough and cold, some 8 feet from the ground, yet her breasts marshmallowed against it, trapped between the ceiling and the floor. As she kept growing, the height of her preposterous chest had nowhere left to go. To Anja, it felt like her bosom was in a box, or in a s'more. "That's a little unpleasant," she complained, and shuddered, causing an interesting ripple through the titanic breasts that each outweighed her personal vehicle. Running out of vertical room, her growth starting to spread width wise, and the

pressure was building. They appeared to be growing even faster, though Anja realized it was an illusion, simply because they couldn't get taller and all the expansion was being applied horizontally. Anja shifted herself again to get comfortable. She levered herself upright on the sofa and sat down on the top of the sofa backing instead, her feet resting on the sofa seat cushions.

The sight was truly spectacular, just a sea of breast and a cleavage canyon that could have swallowed Harrison's car whole, if he managed to squeeze it between them somehow. From top to bottom it was all Anja's tits, acres of her boobs. Just how big was she, really??? Anja was starting to get really curious herself. Shouldn't a girl know what size her own boobs are?

At his persistent massaging, Anja returned her full focus to Harrison, watching him once more. His work felt marvelous. At the same time, she was a little amused. He was taller than her, but she couldn't help think he somehow ... felt SMALL. There was just SO much of her, and not very much of Harrison. Relatively. She placed her elbow on her elephantine chest to prop her head up as she observed him fondling her SUV sized behemoths. Head to toe, she felt Harrison's form on her skin. His warmth, his strong arms, his own chest, his hair, his ... Her inner kitten's purring slowly climbed to a roar even as her growth finally ebbed and stopped.

CRASH. This Step's death knell was her gargantuan udders knocking over his big TV. She had smothered the living room floor and crossed the entire distance. The sudden noise made them both jump. Harrison stepped back from the titan a little self-consciously now that her growth and the rumblings had stopped. To Anja it felt like something was suddenly missing, like removing a sleeping cat from ones lap. He looked back at her, startled to see her looking straight back at him. She raised her eyebrow.

"What, no good?" he asked sheepishly.

Anja snorted as she blushed. "No, very nice. I was just thinking you missed a spot, is all. My left is lonely."

Harrison laughed. "Sorry. I'm a little new to this. Until now, the biggest gal I've known was just a bit bigger than a handful." He demonstrated with his hand, holding it next to Anja. Anja's incomprehensible magnitude swelled out from her torso and extended in all directions, nearly to the walls on either side. A handful, she was not.

"Hmm. I see your dilemma. Only handfuls, huh? You poor man. I guess you could say I'm a bit bigger than a flat-ful." She pointed to the ceiling. Harrison looked up and boggled at the sight of her colossal breasts pressing firmly against the ceiling, smooshed down. The effect was extraordinary, her swollen boobs completely owning the room from top to bottom. Anja's breast was an immovable wall, too big for his home. "You need a more spacious apartment, Mister Harrison," she teased. "I feel a little cramped."

Harrison smiled weakly, a bit overwhelmed with her swelling and all. But Anja couldn't get enough. Her thoughts, inebriated as she was, were racing. She felt delightfully wicked. She could talk openly about the size of her chest, she could try to be sexy, she could be as 'bad' as she wanted and he loved it. He honestly, actually found her really attractive. She had a woman's power, and he was hers to play with. Mercilessly. She had never had such a relationship before, and it was drawing her in.

And the bra was still on.

“That’s a laugh, isn’t it?” Harrison remarked. “Cramped, after stuffing these beauties into that thing. You should be ashamed! Well, feel free to use my apartment as your next bra.”

“I’d like to, but I can’t.” Anja shrugged. “It’s not nearly big enough. Yet another ‘bra’ that is too small. Story of my life, huh?”

“It’s a very sexy story,” he said seriously.

“Is it? Even still?” Anja bit her lip and smirked. “Have I outgrown your ‘bigger is better’ statement, along with your apartment?” she asked good-humoredly. “You ready to eat those words?” Her tone was joking but her question was surprisingly sincere. She needed to know.

“Nah. Never. I still want this damn thing off. We’re gonna do it. Tonight. I want to see you at your full size,” he said emphatically.

“Really. Why?” she asked, puzzled. “I’m not complaining, obviously. But why do you like boobs so huge, anyway?”

“Huh?”

“Breasts. Why do you like enormous ones, ones as big as mine? I didn’t think there’d be anybody.”

Harrison looked puzzled. “I guess I just do. Why?”

“Hey, that’s no good! I told you my whole life in four acts. Spill. Why giant tits?”

He took a seat on the arm of the sofa, and contemplated a moment. He was casually poking her left breast with his socked foot as he paused. He was handsome up close. His profile was reminding her of how he had felt, how their moment was before she had been silly earlier. In such proximity, Anja wanted him to hug her, to hold her, to kiss her. She was about to do it herself when finally he spoke.

“I guess it was a bit after where your story began. I had started noticing girls. And one year, I had a history teacher. She ... was out to here.” He demonstrated with his hands, small watermelons. Anja grinned, from her perch on the back of the sofa. “She was huge! And I would watch her in class. I would have been very bored, otherwise. There was something about the way she moved. They were too big for her, much bigger than any of the girls I knew, and they BOUNCED. I guess. She was large enough that even when she was dressed modestly, you could still see, you know?”

“Oh, I do.”

“I really liked it. There was something really feminine about that, to me. She was a WOMAN, I fully understood that in a way I hadn’t before. And I started to pay attention to that in other girls. The more I paid attention, the more I cared, and the more I paid attention.” Harrison shrugged affably. “Then one day I took my interest online. I was old enough to be that interested.”

Anja was leaning over towards him. She was listening, but only just. She wanted to jump his bones, and was trying to figure out which would be the best way to do it.

“And I found pictures. Lots of pictures. Then there was this one watershed moment, where I stumbled upon a drawing of a woman with obscenely huge, fantasy sized breasts, and she was struggling to put on a bra. I fell in love immediately. I hadn’t known I had wanted that until I saw it right there. Suddenly it was the sexiest thing I had ever seen.”

“Just how big was she?”

“Ehhh, about trash can sized, maybe?”

“Only trash can? But that’s so SMALL.” The words slipped out without her thinking. Even Anja was surprised. The effect on Harrison was immediate, and he boggled at her. Anja was slowly sidling up to him. She became aware that while she was on his right, the furthest swell of her chest was on his left. Beyond the reach of either of them, from their seats. She found that strangely intimate, Harrison being so close to her. Not quite trapped, but she was bigger than him. Each of her breasts was. Hell, they were bigger than him and her put together.

He must have noticed her advancing. He reached out and put a solid left hand on the goliath tit, and gently started walking his fingers up her silky smooth moon. Anja nearly sighed at his touch. It was pouring gasoline on a fire that was already burning bright!

“True. You’re quite a bit bigger than her. And she wasn’t even real. I never thought she COULD be. I can’t believe you, Anja. I think I’m still in shock.”

“Not just a bit bigger. A lot, LOT bigger. You like that.”

“Yes.”

“What are you going to do about it?”

He looked at her.

“Would you have watched me?” she whispered. “In school. Like you watched that teacher. Watched these giant tits bounce down the halls? Watched me struggle to get these monsters through any and every doorway in the building? Watched me accidentally knock things over, destroy things, because the world wasn’t built for girls as INSANELY busty as me?”

Harrison looked at her. If he was surprised at how close she had gotten, he didn’t show it. “I wouldn’t have been able to take my eyes off you if I wanted to.”

And he kissed her.

It was a different kind of electric. The first kiss earlier had been meaningful and wonderful, but this one held such greater significance to her, she felt it send chills down her spine to her nether region. The moment lasted forever, and just an instant. She felt his right hand gently up her back,

until it met her bra. He pulled back, much sooner than Anja would have liked. She opened her eyes, a little dazed.

“We still gotta get that off of you.”

Recovering gracefully, Anja smiled wickedly. “I’m not sure I’d do that, if I were you.”

“Why?”

She snickered. “I’m already crushing against your ceiling and your floor at the same time. What do you think another Step is going to do?” Harrison looked around, appraising. “You release me again, I am NOT going to fit in here.”

“Yeah I know. I meant why are you objecting?” he joked.

Anja snorted. “I think you’re a little obsessed with my bra.”

“I know what I want.”

“Well, it’s YOUR stuff in here.” Anja leaned up against him, nuzzling him. “Alright then, go ahead. Make me bigger.”

KA-SHINK.

Anja ballooned. She was already filling the living room from top to bottom, and now there was going to be twice as much of her in the same space. Her ample bust had nowhere to go up or down, so her growth went sideways and outwards in every direction. The apartment started to groan under assault from her expansion. She pressed against the ceiling and floor hard simultaneously, but neither gave way, causing an even stronger effect of a marshmallow trapped between two graham crackers. The powerful release was intense, overloading Anja’s senses, but at the same time the feeling of tightness increased, leaving her with mixed feelings.

Before, her growth had pushed her breasts outwards and away from Anja, the bra being stretched by their girth. Now, as the pressure mounted, her breasts were trapped in a single spot. And growing. The result was her swelling being a little more forceful, and a little more non-negotiable. There was nowhere else for her breasts to go. Startled, both Anja and Harrison looked down and around to find the sofa they were sitting on being inched backwards.

Anja giggled. “Well this is fun.” She sipped her drink, and turned to see Harrison mesmerized. She put her chin on his shoulder. “Hey, kiss me again.”

He blinked out of his trance. “Hm? Alright, that’s easy enough.” And then he leaned forward and landed a delicate kiss on her goliath tit.

Anja smiled toothily. His lips on her tender skin WAS nice. “Well, you got me there. I guess that works. But why do they get all the love? I need some too,” she complained.

"Absolutely," he said slyly. "But we're still on the trying-to-get-your-bra-off phase." He poked her generous boobs several times emphatically before he resumed massaging.

Anja pouted. She wasn't quite sure how to respond, in any event. On the one hand, he was neglecting her person, but on the other ...

Anja blinked. She FELT something. A huge splitting sound rent the air. Anja leaned back, trying to peer past the swell of her chest, but could see nothing but herself. "I think that was your movie shelf."

"Most likely," he agreed. "But I don't have a TV anymore anyways so ... meh."

She was smothering the apartment, her bosom filling it to capacity and then some. Anja's bosom finally made contact with the walls. On each side. The span of the room was occupied with the girth of her chest, and Anja in her pressed down state was officially as wide as Harrison's entire living room. She said as much, and pointed.

"Holy hell," Harrison responded.

Noting the two hallways that split off from the living room, her bosom sealed them tight as she grew right over them. Once she had difficulty fitting through doors, now a mere fraction of one of her breasts was enough to close an entire hallway. Her growth pooched into the open spaces, but not enough of her breast would fit into either opening to go very far down the hall. She was being contained in the living room.

"I guess the bedroom is off limits, now?" Anja asked conversationally.

"Not unless you can get your tits out of the hallway."

"Too heavy."

The sofa the two had moved quite far, about a dozen feet backwards, scooting towards the entranceway to his apartment, and the kitchen. A huge thumping noise reverberated throughout the chamber. At Harrison's inquisitive glance, Anja explained. "I just made contact with your window. Any peeping tom can see me in my bra, now!" Anja started to giggle.

"I don't think you have to worry."

The sounds of the building complained louder yet. As the duo watched, cracks started spiderwebbing across the ceiling, as her remarkable chest exerted its mass against it. Anja had nearly filled the living room completely ... And then the sofa collided with the back wall. It, being in the center of the room, had lined up with the apartment entranceway behind it. But it was too wide to fit into the narrow entranceway, and got stuck spanning the gap. But the bra wasn't done yet. With a yelp, Anja toppled backwards off the sofa, her own growth pushing her backwards into the enclosed front entrance. She fell in a heap on the ground, awkwardly, because her breasts didn't let her move very freely or very far. She picked herself up, and observed Harrison still sitting on the left arm of his sofa. Anja boob was piling up into his face, even though his back was to the wall.

“You’re going to get crushed,” Anja warned. She reached over and offered her arm, which Harrison accepted. Together, Harrison climbed from where he was being pinioned on the sofa and slipped past the mountain wall of Anja to greet her in the small entryway. The living room beyond was chock full of Anja’s tits, which were still swelling. The ceiling continued to crack, but not break, with dark gashes of upset material warped and collapsed under the strain of trying to keep Anja’s bosom under wraps.

Anja started to giggle as the entire establishment moaned and groaned. How ridiculous this all was! Her own breasts, trapping her in the enclosed space. Experimentally, Anja tried pressing back against her breasts, but their growth was too tremendous. Her socked feet were actually being slid backwards on the smooth entranceway floor. It wasn’t long before Anja’s cleavage had sealed them in the exit completely. There were only two ways left to go, the door to the left into the kitchen, or the door behind to leave Harrison’s apartment entirely. The rest was under Anja.

With a final wail, let out by the building, the growth slowed to a stop. By now Anja was out of breath, and she looked at Harrison in mock amazement.

“Rats. Well, I guess I DID fit! I suppose you never know.” She winked at him. “Well, would you look at that.” She thrummed the overtaxed bra band, which wrapped from her back to around her colossal jugs, culminating in bra cups somewhere dozens of feet in front of them. Still high off her teasing early, she decided a little performance would be fun too. She was actually enjoying herself, in a way. “I guess I’m even bigger still,” she snickered. “But your flat really can’t handle any more.”

“I’m thinking ‘flat’ is a word that should never be used around you. Even my flat is no longer flat.” They both looked up, and spotted the source of the crushing feeling she had. The immense pressure of her chest WAS taking its toll on the building, even as reinforced as it was. Still not breaking, it compromised. The ceiling was being bent upwards by the force of her titanic boobs simply trying to retain their shape, their obscene mass trying to assert itself within the limited confines of the apartment. Her breasts clearly had a much rounder shape typically, when not being flattened. It felt like something was pressing down on her chest, to Anja, but really it was her own humongous bust trying to bust free. And it felt REALLY cramped. Anja started to laugh.

“That ... that means ... the people above you ... Oh I can’t breathe ...” She threw out a hand to steady herself on her feet, her hand sinking into her soft bosom as she laughed harder, propping herself on her boobs which comprised one of the available walls. “They ... They upstairs ahaha.”

And Harrison started to chuckle. “Oh my god. The Andersons have a convex floor now.”

Anja nodded, laughing hysterically, still doubled over. “Things are going to r-ROLL cuz of my TITS! A big h-hilly floor! Oh jeez I’m so s-sorry, Andersons. It’s Harrison’s fault. He’s the one who undid my bra indoors.”

“That’s all it took to level my flat, too. That’s kinda hot.”

“Because I’m so huge?” Anja wiped a few tears of laughter from her eyes.

“Yeah. I remember when ‘huge’ used to mean a D cup. What are you now, Apartment cup?”



“Sure. Once upon a time,” she responded, fiddling with her bra strap absently.

“Where would you even get such a thing?” he asked with muted excitement. “A whole department store would be able to stock, what, like three of your bras?”

Anja grinned. “Ha! By now, I’d fill one of those with just ONE of my cups, I’m thinking.”

“Whoa, you’re getting ahead of yourself there, lady. You’re not THAT big.” He was beaming, ear to ear. “Yet.”

“Well, we know I’m at least twice as big as this. I’m nearly busting out of your apartment, and about to be filling the one above us, too? If I’m still wearing this bra after that ...” She flipped through her hair thoughtfully. “Department store boobs, easy. Still not too big?”

Harrison studied her. “Definitely not. Is that likely? Just how many more Steps are there? You have to have SOME idea.”

“You know, it’s funny. I thought you had no interest in boobs. Earlier, you barely looked at my chest in the bar,” Anja observed, sidling up to him as much as her newly restricted movement would allow.

“Well, I didn’t want to be rude, or act like a creep, did I? It was the hardest thing in the world, you have no idea. I still stole a few peeks, but I couldn’t believe my eyes. Guess you didn’t notice. But you don’t mind me staring now, do you?” They both looked at her chest, filling his living room so completely that they were trapped in this little boxlike entrance.

Anja pushed Harrison into her tit. His whole torso sank into her flesh, and his hair swept along her skin. “No, Mr. Harrison. Now, I insist on it.”

They both stood there in silence a moment, contemplating her enormity and the possibility of her size after the next Step, before Harrison spoke.

“Can I get you some more to drink?”

“Oh, yes! We’d better do that before the kitchen becomes inaccessible,” Anja giggled. “I wonder how THAT could happen.” Anja fidgeted. “Wow. It is really, really tight in here, though.”

Harrison walked into kitchen as Anja watched. He was obviously still getting used to the fact that almost the entirety of his flat was occupied by his date’s bosom. The kitchen was the only place still accessible! The kitchen counter usually had a view into the living room, but today that vista featured only foot after foot of her left boob, a veritable wall of Anja tit. Even that wasn’t enough, as her chest was crushing against the counter and resting upon a portion of it. The bar stools that used to be there were nowhere to be found, but it was doubtful they were still usable anyhow. He brought back the bottle and two new glasses, as their old ones were crushed somewhere under her cleavage. He poured them each some liquid dessert and handed one to Anja, who accepted hers gratefully and started sipping. She really didn’t need more alcohol, she was already beyond toasty, but hey, more couldn’t hurt.

Introspectively, Anja calculated that she was a lot bigger than she had thought!! It didn't seem real, but there was no doubt it was all her. She pinched and prodded the enormous balloons experimentally. Yep, still her all right. She was getting as curious as Harrison to plumb the depths of her bra, to find out just how big she really was. They had already come this far, further than she ever had. Why not see how far the rabbit hole went? Just how ginormous WAS she, these days? As always ... at least bigger than this.

Harrison noticed Anja wincing. "Ow, ow, ok. Now this is starting to hurt," she complained.

"Hurt?"

The pressure pressing down on her chest was really starting to get to her. The discomfort had built up, and now her breasts were having none of it. "We've shoved my chest in a box several sizes too small."

"That box is my apartment."

"Yeah, and it's LITTLE," Anja groaned. "Think about it proportionally. No seriously, please do something. This is starting to be awful." Anja's face was twitching with the discomfort. She felt as if her chest was being squeezed under a rolling pin.

"What do you want me to do?"

"My bra has only two buttons," she said with exasperation. "Choose one."

KA-SHINK.

Anja raised both her eyebrows. "I think you hit the wrong one."

"No, I was very careful. You shouldn't have left it up to me." He downed his drink with attitude, a what-are-you-gonna-do-about-it?

Anja tried to keep a straight face but couldn't. "What have you DONE?" she laughed, pushing him into her left breast, where he stumbled and rebounded upon her ample bosom.

The creaking of the house resumed, slowly intensifying.

"Uh oh," she breathed. "Here I come."

## PART 03

May contain: Large Breasts, Breast Expansion, some Science Fiction (just enough), Mature Themes (you've been warned)

KA-SHINK.

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"Uh oh," she breathed. "Here I come."

The explosion of pleasure hit Anja right between the eyes as her nerves went all fuzzy. Her breasts escaped their confines and started blowing up even bigger. With wide eyes, the duo watched dark lines swirl across the ceiling as it slowly ruptured. The cracks chased each other like water rivulets in the rain, and the building squealed. Anja both watched and FELT the spectacle, the whole place seemingly shrinking, constricting her chest even further.

She knew that was just her perspective changing, but it was hard to keep the sensations in scope. The apartment was a box clamping down on her, on the breasts that were simply another part of her body, albeit sensitive. It was strange that they were actually FAR larger than her own person. To her mind, the flat was an irritatingly enclosed space, but in physical terms ... the ceiling was actually a good several feet above her head. Her mind was swimming with the discrepancies of her body's own curious senses.

She could feel all four walls, soon she was pressing against the corners of the room, and still she grew against the living room walls, the ceiling, and the floor. Anja's titanic bosom was flattening against every available surface in the room. And the far wall's window, some 50 feet away, was COLD! Luckily her bra insulated her somewhat. The increasing pressure made Anja grimace. "Owww," she whined piteously.

Harrison looked at her, unsure what to do or how to help. "Just so you know, this is really hot," he offered cheerfully.

Smiling despite herself, she gave him a light punch. "But really hurts!"

CRACK.

"H'ohboy ..." Anja and Harrison both ducked, shielding their heads with their hands to ward off the falling debris as chunks rained down upon them. The ceiling had failed at last, in spectacular

fashion. It properly exploded upwards into the apartment above, one minute putting up a strong fight, the next completely bulldozed by Anja's mounting tits. The top of her bust surged into the Andersons' apartment, growing through the new opening as the path of least resistance. The Step rushed more and more Anja out, rising like bread dough and tearing the upper floor apart, from the center and radiating outwards as the excess of her chest climbed into the apartment above. She sighed audibly with relief as the pressure lessened.

It was apparent that the Andersons had a similar set up to Harrison, there was a sofa and a few others things up there on top of her breasts and assorted floor fragments, now being elevated by the growing tide of tit. Neither of the duo could actually see over Anja's bosom, but she could feel it. Her breasts had plenty of room to go UP, now, but enough width to maintain their roundness. She felt entirely new walls, furniture, apartment, things she had never even seen before or met, yet were now encountering her breasts. "I can't help but feel the neighbors won't approve of your new girlfriend," she announced. "Whenever you bring her over, she doesn't just visit your apartment, she visits theirs too! And fills BOTH of your living rooms." Anja cackled. Then bit her lip. "They're not home, are they?"

"Nah. We'd have heard their stomping feet a long time ago."

"I wasn't even thinking about that," she laughed. "I was thinking what it must look like, to have your floor replaced with my cleavage."

"As the only other person to have that experience, I think I'm qualified to answer." He paused for a moment, surveying the expanse of Anja blocking them into the entranceway. Their view was almost exclusively breast. He nodded approvingly. "Not too bad! Doesn't agree with the furniture, obviously, I'll have to replace everything, but really brings out the soft lighting and the palette of the walls and carpet."

Anja rolled her eyes and laughed. She playfully shoved him back into her boobs as she joined him. He stumbled against the wall of bouncy bust, before leaning against Anja's bosom casually and gently stroking her. They stared at one another for a few moments, only a foot or so apart, both resting against her chest. Harrison was smirking handsomely, and Anja was perfectly content looking into his eyes. The sounds of the crashing building seemed so far away, muffled by breast, but it was a constant rumbling thunder.

GRRRRRN. THUNK. CRUUUNCH.

"Still getting bigger," Anja spoke dreamily. "Can't really see it from here. Those last noises, though, I think that was THEIR furniture. Being crushed against THEIR ceiling." She grinned madly, walking her fingers up his bare torso. "Good lord, I am HUGE."

"It's been about a minute," Harrison pondered. He gently massaged her left breast with both his hands. To Anja, it looked awkward. It was a bit like he was running his hand against a wall and feeling it up, only this was warm, pleasing to the touch, and attached to a blonde. There was a wealth of her and a surprising lack of Harrison, so there was no efficient way for him to fondle her. The normal rules didn't apply when the tits were so big, one could hardly feel the curvature of their shape with bare hands. Washing motions? Work over one spot? Anja had no idea, and Harrison didn't seem to either, but she was certain she would complain very loudly if he dared to

stop. "It's happening so fast, but I guess it stands to reason," Harrison continued idly, "you filling my apartment was the last Step, so twice that would be filling another."

Anja shook her head, blonde hair bouncing, and winced. "You're a bit short on the math, I'm afraid. Remember I was TOO BIG for your apartment before, bending your ceiling and all. So take the amount that was too much and double that too and ... Already?!" She closed her eyes and clenched her teeth. "We're starting to cause trouble for whomever is above the Andersons," she gasped.

Harrison stared at her. "That's the ROOF. You pop that off, and the next rainy day is going to be very aggravating."

CRACK. CRASH.

The duo both peered around into the kitchen next to them. Harrison's counter had been knocked over, and Anja's tit was pouring through, bulging into the kitchen from the living room, as her elephantine gazongas sought more of the increasingly scarce free space. Tit had completely sealed the window to the living room, the only view left was her breasts, and that was growing back towards them and into the kitchen. The both watched her growing visibly, pouring in through the counter window and invading the kitchen.

"Um. Sorry."

Harrison nodded with acceptance. "I think we're way past that. Hey! You're moving my fridge. Look."

"Whoops." Anja tucked a strand of her hair behind her ears, sidling up closer to her date to peer over his shoulder. Sure enough, the fridge was slightly sliding across the floor as Anja's chest invaded. And it wasn't just that, the stove and the separating wall also started to grind across the floor as the pressure mounted. To Anja, they felt like toys. It was so surreal, that was HER, entering the room from the OTHER entrance! And she could feel her breasts effortlessly shunting them aside, and yet she could clearly see they were heavy, full appliances! That meant very little in the wake of her enormity, it seemed. "Well, if it makes you feel any better, the Andersons are much worse off than you. Promise."

"Ohh?" There was a gleam in his eyes as he stood upright dramatically. "What am I doing?! I need to go see that. Be right back, I have to go climb a flight of stairs to see the rest of your cleavage. What a woman!"

Anja blinked after him as he dashingly ripped his own door open and took the stairs two at a time to the next level. Feeling a little put out, she leaned heavily against her chest and sipped more of her drink. She reclined her head on her breast, her hair tickling her skin, as she fished small bits of ceiling out of her cup.

"Climb a flight of stairs?" she muttered. Anja tried to wrap her head around that concept. It was necessary just to see the rest of her boobs! No other girl in the WORLD could claim something that ridiculous. But she could.

It was difficult for her to imagine, despite it all being very real. This was happening, actually happening, but she felt sluggish in fully appreciating it. A part of her brain was telling her she wasn't making the most of the experience, something as important as tonight should feel more properly momentous, somehow. But it wasn't, really. She was horny as hell, and that was dominating her mind at the moment. Harrison. The size of her breasts. Their own little romantic fantasy, only it wasn't fictitious. She was also dimly aware of the alcohol haze, dulling her mind.

Anja took another swig, not all too concerned. She was far more interested in exploring how the walls of the building felt, cool against her pale skin. Nooks and crannies were filled by Anja's breasts, which were occupying as much space as was available in two apartments, and even that wasn't enough. She thought she had stopped growing, at least, but she wasn't sure. Her own vision was filled with the expanse of her own chest. Boobs as far as the eye could see, which really wasn't all that far considering she had grown herself into a small enclosure. She was stuck standing in the small entranceway to Harrison's flat, with the offshoot to the kitchen to her left, and everything else ... she had crushed, smothered, or grown right through. Breast sealing off Harrison's apartment, more boob attempting to smother the kitchen. She was pouring out everywhere!

Even more astonishing to her, and she decided this was the reason she felt so disconnected, there was so much of her OWN TITS that she couldn't even SEE! It was a preposterous concept to her, and yet it was nonetheless true. The kitchen counter, the ceiling, and her own sheer bulk prevented her from seeing the vast majority of her ginormous chest. Only a small fraction, as large as it was, was available to her. Where was her perspective? Harrison would have a better appreciation than she, as he could stand back and get a proper look.

Reclining against the wall of her melons, she stared up at the ceiling as she heard Harrison creak the floor above her. She could feel space up there, beyond the ceiling. A whole room, another apartment, that her chest COMPLETELY occupied but she wasn't even IN. Experimentally, Anja levered herself from her comfortable rest, and extended her arm up as far as she could, sliding her fingers up her smooth, ample mammaries. Her fingertips tickled her engorged teat, sending shivers down her spine, even though her hands felt so tiny! Anja bit her lip and really stretched, standing up on her tip toes, pushing over her mountainous swell, trying to see just how high she could reach.

Even at full extension, she was nowhere near the ceiling that was cutting into her girth. Taking note that she was actually so gargantuan that she was pressing against the ceiling in the apartment ABOVE, she was at least half again as tall as she could see right now. She quickly estimated that at full extension, when a girl really reached, she could only touch a pitiful third of the way up her mountainous bustline. If that.

Casually, she leaned her almost bare torso up back up against herself. She could feel her warmth, and feel her breast supporting her full weight effortlessly. She lightly sank into her cushiony chest, and giggled, setting a slight wobble in just a fraction of a small portion of her jugs. It was the most curious sensation in the whole world. Her own body felt tiny and not very significant. She had never imagined anything like it, now that she was so much bigger than she had ever been. She imagined even the gigantic whales didn't experience such an odd feeling, because they were proportionally big to the rest of themselves. For her, it was just her substantial dugs, blown wildly out of the most outrageous proportional dimensions. She was actually a thin girl, otherwise! Not

even wide in the hips. Plenty of skirts were too loose for her to wear, she used to pin them tighter. But her bra'd behemoths filled apartments. Plural.

It boggled her mind the more she thought about it. She couldn't STOP thinking about it. For the first time in a long while, she let that train of thought venture instead of nipping it in the bud. She closed her eyes and really FELT. She had known she was big. Goodness gracious, had she known that. But it was different seeing herself. Feeling herself. BEING herself, so massive. Yessir, these are some gigantic sweater puppies, Anja thought. Apartment puppies, she amended, as she took another swig of drink. The warmth rushed to her belly as she relaxed and loosened her shoulders. Anja stretched luxuriously against herself, reveling in her own massive size. No other girl in the world- nay, the universe was as big as her!! And Harrison liked it. Harrison loooooooved it.

Her eyes fell on her bra band as she cradled her glass. The hard light was still emitting from the band affixed to her back, stretching across the width of her chest, and disappearing behind the walls with the rest of her bosom. As it was, the section closest to her was not even meeting the roundness of her elephantine girth, she was too big for it to follow her contours exactly. It emitted from her back and had to extend for a small ways before it could come into contact with her bosom. She flicked the shimmering band, and it made a clinking chime as it reverberated against her skin, drawn completely taught by the pressure of trying to contain her obscenely swollen breasts. Anja flicked it again.

It really isn't all that comfortable, she mused, as she watched the bra band slowly stop vibrating.

"I kinda want to see how big I ACTUALLY am. Don't you?" Anja asked her cup, twiddling it in her fingers. The cup gave no audible response. She lifted it to her soft lips and tilted her head back, her hair wisping against her chest as she drained the last of the contents. But her feelings didn't fade, even as she stared at the empty glass wistfully. She felt ... insatiable. It was consuming her.

Harrison, it was his fault, wasn't it? All this foreplay. That hair, those cheekbones, that boyish smile. She felt ready to purr as she looked to the ceiling for any sign of her date. Mmf. But also ... his charm, yes, but ... but also her. She felt herself up again, pliable breast resting against her open palm. She couldn't help herself, she couldn't stop touching them. These ... these LEVIATHAN breasts, she thought. Touching all the walls at once. Her long fingernails dragged across her skin, lighting fires in unmentionable places as she fondled herself.

With half lidded eyes, she recalled Harrison undoing her bra for that last Step. The growing, the feeling of her monstrous breasts swelling free at last. Anja bit her lip. It was exhilarating. She hadn't known they were so cooped up until suddenly they weren't any more. She had lived most of her life with the blasted contraption restricting her. She had put it on when she was a little girl, and never looked back. All that pent up potential. But she was a woman, now. Very, very, very much a woman, and judging by the total excess of evidence filling Harrison's whole flat, she was a LOT of woman. Maybe it was time to see how much? She could always put the bra back on again. It might be tricky, but if it was on once, it could be put on again, right?

Hands. Anja's eyes shot open, waking her from contemplating her own enormity. She could feel hands, feeling her up out of sight, somewhere above her. Harrison, the devil! Anja felt herself grinning ear to ear as his hands roamed across the bare expanse of her bosom and pushing his body against her. He might as well have been trying to move mountains. She laid her own hand,

and her own face across her bare breast. They were both fondling her teats ... from entirely different apartments! Different stories of the building, even.

It was kind of intimate. She tried to mirror what he was doing somewhere above her, giggling as she set down her glass to free her other hand. Anja tried to envision what it must look like for him. Was he crouching, or standing? What was his expression? She tried to imagine him pumped wild by desire, the panorama of her cleavage driving him mad. All she knew was that he was staring at a wall of her tits, from floor to ceiling, and petting her.

She was struck by a sudden, wicked idea. Wouldn't it be funny? She could take another Step with her bra, when he was up there and not expecting it. She started to giggle uncontrollably at the thought of him toppling over in surprise as her already massive boobs got even BIGGER! Maybe her boobs would even knock him over, instead. And he'd love it! Though he might have to get the heck out of there as she grew and grew and destroyed the apartment above. Anja was sorely tempted. What was stopping her? It all seemed so fuzzy.

Just the press of a button. And she'd "grow" even more! She had nearly decided to do it when she faltered. She had imagined her breasts surging larger once more, and with her date in the way. Harrison could get REALLY hurt if she surprised him, her growth was clearly no joke. Suddenly the idea wasn't so appealing. Almost disappointed, Anja settled for sipping at her drink before remembering that she had already finished it.

There was one of the problems with being so large that she HADN'T missed. Anja was still trying to decide how to reach the bottle of booze with her limited mobility when she heard footsteps padding behind her. Harrison came bounding in, flushed with excitement. "It's amazing, Anja. You fill their whole floor, and you've started to warp the building itself."

"Warp?"

"Their doorway is crooked, and won't close anymore. You're taking the roof off, and that has consequences."

Harrison leaned forward, swirling Anja around, and gave her a resounding kiss. Finally they broke, with Anja staggering back into her chest. She leaned there, looking up at him. His hair was slightly out of place, in all his enthusiasm.

"Consequences, huh?" Anja asked, amused. "You seem pretty happy about that," she commented dryly, glancing at his lips.

Harrison smiled devilishly, and stepped in closer, crowding Anja into her own chest. She could smell his musk and the distance between them closed to mere inches as he drew near. She looked up into his smoldering eyes, they were full of warmth and excitement. "You would pop the top off my building if you got any bigger," he told her breathlessly.

"I imagine so ..." Anja felt her face flush. His proximity was driving her wild. Do something! The first thing that popped into her head tumbled out of her mouth. "I nearly did something silly, while you were up there."



Her date blinked. "Release your bra?"

"How did you know?!" she demanded. "Yeah."

"Because I was thinking that too! You should have," Harrison answered cheerfully. "That would have been incredible."

Anja was forced to chuckle. "Well ..." She slowly reached behind her back. Harrison's eyes widened as he leaned forward, until their noses touched. Anja met him half way, taking the opening to match her lips to his, sensuously and more slowly than before. When he pulled back and Anja opened her eyes, she continued. "Well ..." she resumed, and drew her cup from behind her back. "I guess you haven't gotten me drunk enough for that sort of thing yet," she bit her lip as she lifted her glass to demonstrate its emptiness.

His eyes fell on her vacant cup. "Oh." He hid his disappointment well. With a flash of a smile, her date quickly busied himself with refilling her. Anja smirked at his back, as she toyed with the bra on her back. Should she? She knew she shouldn't, yet her hands remained on her back, indecisively within reach of her bra.

Harrison returned with her drink, which she had to remove her hands to accept. Too late. "But you know, funny thing about that," he said. "I most certainly AM drunk enough." He casually leaned back, over her shoulder.

KA-SHINK.

Anja straightened up but it was too late. Her mouth fell open in disbelief, and she stared at him. "You didn't!" she exclaimed indignantly. She couldn't help it, but the corners of her mouth curled into a smile along with her outcry.

He gave a slight casual shrug. "I like big boobs. Didn't you know?"

"I'm getting that impression. So are your neighbors," she teased. "But don't yo- whoa-a-a-A-A." Anja shuddered. The release of the bra was taking effect, and with greater force than ever before. The exponential nature of the Steps meant each successive release was more momentous than the last. Anja went weak in the knees with the orgasmic sensation of release.

The cacophony of the building was instant, and terrible. The floor and walls started shaking with the mounting pressure. Like an earthquake, the couple were nearly toppled by the reverberations. The light above their head flickered briefly as Harrison tried to keep himself balanced, and more importantly, not spill his drink. He ended up using tit for his support, bouncing heavily into her chest. Anja needed a prop too, her sudden wobbly knees extremely inopportune, but she chose Harrison as her support instead. She ended up crashing against him and made the best of it by embracing him at the same time.

Her bosom surged in every direction they could see, pouring into his kitchen and even knocking down the separating wall between it and the living room. The advancing wall of flesh would not be denied as Anja grew ever larger. The duo was actually being pushed backwards towards his door, as her breasts started to fill even their refuge in the entranceway.

"I'm going to be gi-GANTIC when this is done!" Anja hissed excitedly, nuzzling at Harrison's shoulder. Just how big was going to be too big? He hadn't even HESITATED. And now he was right where she wanted him, trapped between her and her boobs, as weird as that sounded. She leaned into him all the more heavily.

"Hell yeah! I like the sound of gigantic." The house moaned and creaked, complaining about Anja's obscenely over-endowed bosom. "I like that sound even more," he said dreamily.

"Should we be more worried about your neighborhood?" Anja half-groaned. "Pretty sure I'm about to explode this place." The pressure was mounting, and it was simultaneously uncomfortable and exhilarating as she swelled larger, more massive by the minute. Every pang and pinch was caused by her being far too big. Even so, the heightened sensation of her compressed tits had to fight its way to her head as it was nearly washed out by the inflammatory ecstasy of growth.

"Nah. But who knew that when breasts get as mammoth as yours, they get dangerous. I never suspected there was such a ready-made catastrophe, with just a few button presses, sitting in your sweater that whole time," Harrison yelled over the screaming building.

Anja grinned toothily, cozying up to him. Once upon a time, thoughts along those lines were her most persistent nightmares. Currently, she found that idea more than a little fascinating. "There's a good reason they don't let me into topless beaches anymore," she responded slyly. "Or Mardi Gras."

"Hey Anja, what are you- oh no, everybody, RUN!!" he exclaimed in mock horror. "She's undoing her bra!!"

"I guess something like that," she giggled against his shoulder. "EY, wait a minute!" she hollered. "That's a new 'Hey, Anja' joke. Ugh. You BOYS."

Harrison smiled wickedly, hugging her tighter along with himself into her expanding cleavage. "That's not a catcall, that's a public service announcement. Stay safe, people."

"Oi!! I'm not a hurricane, I have feelings. And I'm not the idiot that set them free, either!" Anja cuddled closer. She was only dimly aware of her surroundings, the noises, the vibrations, her breasts heaving against their cage as she grew and GREW where there wasn't any room for her to go! Her entire world, confined as it was to the closing entranceway, consisted of Harrison and her boobs, and nothing else. "I warned you. I said leave the bra on, but nooooo, Mr. Harrison had to find out how big my breasts really were!"

"Of course." He started to sway with her, and took a sip of his drink. "I didn't have a choice. To dream, the impossible dream! To ... reach the unreachable star? A quest? Something. I forget the words."

Anja rolled her eyes. "Cut yourself off, Don Quixote. You'll do something crazy. Again."

Harrison immediately looked towards her with great interest. “Yes. So speaking of, I’ve been wondering. What happens if you release a Step before the last one is completed?”

“Nooooo,” she protested. Anja, laughing, threw her hands up to defend her back. “Stay back, you lunatic! Let this one play out first.”

Harrison hugged her close to his body, and as her bust hugged close to his. His arms circled around her waist, right around her ass. He made a pleading, frowning face at her as their bodies pressed tight against one another in the confined quarters. Giggling, she ran her hands through his hair. “Ok, ok. There will be plenty of time for that later,” she said. Then her eyes twitched as she winced. “But for now, we’re trapped in here with some angrily growing BOOBS! Let’s not make them ‘angrier’”

Anja was starting to have difficulty breathing. It wasn’t actually her chest or rib cage being crushed, but her mind seemed unable to tell the difference. All her body knew was that her chest didn’t have enough room to exist in. The insane constriction of the apartment was sending flares of numbness through her veins, and her body wasn’t happy.

“Right. Priorities.” He smiled down at her, but whatever he added was lost.

There was an enormous shattering. Her expanding bosom had finally blasted Harrison’s far wall out into the city streets. And her bust was taking the entire opposite side of the building with it. She grew forward, instead of up and out. In the span of seconds she felt her cooped up chest escape into the fresh air with bra cups first, pushing out of the front of the building. Anja’s lips trembled with the sensation, not unlike a good stretch. It was another novel sensation for her bosom. Enclosed in all areas except one. But the release of the pressure, that was extraordinary. Her bust was flattened on the sides, but suddenly she was free, growing forward.

Anja and Harrison looked at one another.

“It’s still raining outside,” Anja said.

The man stared at her, and she merely returned his gaze.

Then the two of them cracked up. With the loss of one of the walls, the structural integrity of the building was failing rapidly. As Anja doubled in size again, her melons swelled ever fatter, and were still running out of room vertically and width wise. Even with the entire far wall removed, the opening still wasn’t big enough for all of Anja to fit.

Vertical resistance gave in first. An entire two stories above Anja and Harrison, an enormous wailing shriek accompanied the roof and gutters being uprooted and blasted off the top of the apartment building, as her breasts grew larger and larger. Where it landed, she had no idea, she never even heard it. Presumably somewhere back in the swamp.

To any outwards observer, rising orbs of tit had replaced the roof of the complex, and the entire front wall was her bra clad beauties. Anja was so humongous, she was even starting to muffin-top out of the building itself. Much to Anja’s relief, the boobs-in-a-box feeling was failing quickly as she busted her box apart piece by piece. It was now more like an uncomfortably tight bra once

again, and she had certainly gotten used to THAT sensation over the years. All that was left were the walls to either side, and considering the unbelievable magnitude of her chest, she was certain their demise was inevitable.

In the span of a few more seconds her breasts continued rushing forward and outwards, eclipsing the sidewalk as the combination of her bra, her natural firmness, and the fulcrum of the floor kept her breasts from clambering to the ground just yet. Instead, the breasts-by-the-ton were still suspended outwards at least seven or eight feet off the ground. She was wondering what it would be like to be someone standing there staring at her underboob, with the massive breasts looming overhead, when another thought occurred to her. There was another side to her box which she had forgotten.

“Harrison!” she yelled, and grabbed for his arm. She tried to explain, but it was too late. Whale-sized breasts came with whale-sized weight. The building’s support beneath them could no longer survive the boundless weight of the contents of Anja’s bra. The entire floor beneath them caved and the duo plummeted with it. Anja gasped and held on for dear life, and Harrison chose a well-timed “Whoa!”, but they really didn’t have that far to fall, only a single story. Both man and woman landed on their asses, and collapsed into a heap on the floor. Their impact barely even registered. Not compared to the other ones. For Anja, it wasn’t just her butt that hit the ground hard. The ground trembled as her mighty mass collided with the planet.

The cataclysmic impact of such large breasts delivered debris up and down the street as metal and wood chips went soaring. The land lord’s floor one apartment was reduced to a disaster area ruin, nearly completely crushed. The sides of the building now roofless, lacking support, and having waged war long enough against the pressure of her chest, succumbed to the sudden shift of her overwhelming bust and exploded outwards, into the neighboring houses on either side. A bar on the left and a convenience store on the right were both nearly knocked clean off their foundations by the force of impact.

Instantly, Anja flesh overflowed the property and started overgrowing the neighboring establishments. The apartment building was, or had been, located on a nice square tile of land but it was still a major city. Where one building ended, the next building began. Once freed, Anja’s breasts didn’t care to be restrained any longer. Imposing their will, her tits fully rounded out, up and to each side, regaining their globular shape on a massive scale. This rounding out had the unfortunate effect of also smothering the neighboring properties as she grew, her breasts pressing down on the fallen walls and crushing half of each bar and convenience store at the same time, one per tit.

She was already covering a portion of the street, but as her bosom stretched, she swamped the entire width of the street and nearly reached the opposite sidewalk. Traffic, if there had been any, was ground to a halt as Anja barred all passage along the road. Bits and pieces of furniture, ceilings, and other things that Anja had already flattened earlier in the evening all cascaded about the area as her destruction was complete. A tornado might as well have come through, the building might have gotten off easier.

Anja and Harrison coughed through the settling dust, and she tried to brush a light coating of it out of her hair with a few swipes. “Oooooooooow,” Anja complained, rubbing her breasts gingerly. “My TITS. Poor darlings.”

“This world’s just not big enough for the both of them.” Harrison commented from beside her, lying flat on his back, spread eagle. He stared up at the sky, a view unusually obstructed by copious amounts of breast. Miraculously, the man had held onto his drink and took the opportunity to sit up, recline backwards on his palms, and casually continue sipping it. Anja noted but didn’t comment on the flecks of dust within. She glanced around, taking stock of the situation. A nightstand and a bit of sofa had survived from the room beneath, but everything else was in shambles. Nothing too usable. And everything was being gently drizzled on.

The last surviving wall of Harrison’s establishment tottered behind her, and fell backwards into the Wall at the edge of the city. Harrison’s place was no more, as Anja’s swelling slowly slowed. The noises eased and the night became relatively peaceful again, the gentle pitter patter and the distant sounds of civilization added ambiance. The cool air and the gentle rain washed over the duo, a stark contrast to the claustrophobic and warm entranceway that was no more. Every drop on her wide, fat teats felt like little pinpricks of cold pleasure, an exciting sensation on the newly freed bosom.

The two watched in awe as the mounds on Anja’s chest raised like loaves of bread, growing ever fatter and larger. Anja could feel the road, so far away, yet so near because she was touching it from where she sat! Gently her breasts crossed the road and marshmallowed up upon the stoop of the buildings opposite them, across the street. Her catastrophic growth was only slightly deterred, and the fronts of her bust flattened up against two stores at once, each breast easily taller and wider than either of the small time establishments.

The sounds of crunching filled the air while at the same time, to either side, Anja smothered both stores on either side, and then those edges too were bouncing against new buildings. Finally the growth slowed to a halt, and from where Anja sat, the two buildings each a plot of city land over from where she sat, and the three businesses across the street, were all under duress as her gigantic bosom smooshed against them all. She filled the space between them all with an impossible amount of cleavage. Anja sighed dreamily.

THRUM.

Anja looked down and giggled. Harrison had just tweaked her bra strap and it wavered in the air and vibrated against her excessive chest.

“Even bigger than THIS.”

“Even bigger,” she agreed. She had as much trouble believing it as he. How much had she GROWN over the years, honestly?? She had thought her basketballs were too big and obtrusive when she woke up that day. The mountains on her chest NOW ... put her concerns earlier to shame. Anja estimated her breasts were at least 50, maybe 60 feet tall, and could only guess how long. Width ... about 70 or 80 each, she supposed. She stared at it all, acres of Anja, and could scarcely believe it was all her. This was the first unobstructed view she had in quite a while. A near city block of tit, and it was all HER!

“You have the most incredible breasts on the planet.”

She had played this game a few times this night. Her answer now was a bit more natural, she didn't have to think about it. "Surely you don't mean just on THIS planet? I'm offended," she said. She slid over and gently transitioned onto his lap, resting up against his torso. Despite her chest, she was light. "Name all the other girls that could fit your apartment in their bra, why don't you? Shouldn't it be 'universe', by now?"

The man beside her chuckled, putting his hands on her waist to steady her. "Don't be hasty. I'll need more ... research for that. You might win that title after the next Step or two."

"After all this?" she turned and gave him a sardonic smile. Her blonde hair was draped about her shoulders as she sat on his knees, her backdrop her entire cleavage. "My boobs have busted apart your apartment, destroyed your home, ruined everything you own, and yet you STILL want my bra off?"

"More than anything," he responded fervently. He reached past her, his arms encircling her main body, and fondled her enormous beauties from behind her.

Anja adjusted herself on his lap, and looked back at Harrison, only to see him admiring her elephantine chest. She followed his gaze. Neither of them could see much of anything with Anja's colossal bust in the way. Just foot after foot of breast the whole way forward. The light rain was playing across her skin, dripping in small rivulets down the massive swells of Anja's mountain range. Her pale orbs were stark against the cloudy sky, and simply unbelievably big. Their size threw everything around them out of perspective.

The buildings in the background suddenly didn't seem so tall. Her TITS were nearly as tall as some of the shorter ones. And just visible on the extreme left and right of her swells, the two other vacant apartment buildings to either side that she was knocking up against were both SHORTER than Anja's bust line. Dwarfed by her bosom. It was a spectacular comparison. Her right tit was flattened against the right apartment's left wall, and swollen around the corners of the building as her girthy mams overflowed. Simultaneously, the amount of her pouring over the top was bearing down on the roof of the apartment, straining the structure.

She wasn't even doing anything! Her breasts were so titanic that their sheer size alone was enough to engulf an apartment building and threaten its demolition. She felt unimaginably vast, and she reckoned that was because she WAS. It was her, all her, filling the entire plots of land, and then some. The road, too. And the sidewalk across the way.

And she was pleased. Anja nuzzled up against the crook of his neck. "Some date, huh?" she smiled sheepishly.

"Yeah," Harrison mused. "Going to be really hard for us to top, honestly."

Anja smiled serenely. Was ... that what she thought it was? What he had just said? He was interested in ... Butterflies started to flit around in her chest. She didn't know she could be MORE happy than she already was, but she managed. All the destruction, and craziness, it was all somehow in the back of her mind. She had FOUND someone, who ...

She leaned against him in the rain. "You might be the only man in the universe who could appreciate my true size," she said softly.

Harrison didn't seem to hear her. He had started to trace her bare chest in the rain, his fingers sliding across her wet mountains. She watched him work, her head on his shoulder. Her feelings surged to the surface and couldn't be contained any longer. His pawing wasn't enough for her this time. Screw everything else, she was ready, as she had been for some time. She lifted her head and purposefully reached across him, grabbing the collar of his shirt.

She fell back onto the carpet, dragging him with her until he landed on top of her. He was shielding her from the rain as he looked down at her. If he was surprised by her sudden aggression, he was only just. Fighting to reach across her mammoth breasts, Anja pulled him down and their lips met in the rainy city.

ka-shink.

On a night of already several noteworthy kisses, this one still managed to stand out for Anja. It was certainly the most ferocious. The two locked lips without any of the shy preamble or reservations that had clouded their intimacy before. If not now, when? They couldn't get enough of each other, and she was completely wrapped up in the moment. Anja's ultra-buxom form cushioned his warm body as he lay atop her, he still needing to crane his neck downwards to meet her.

Ka-shink.

He mauled her impossibly massive tits, or what little he could manage, groping her firmly so she'd feel it. Anja couldn't miss it, with her mattress-quality breasts buffering between their two forms, pressing against the length of their torsos. Anja for her part had her claws in his back, refusing to let him lift his head from her. Or his body and weight from her cleavage. The prolonged contact was hot and potentially actually steamy in the drizzling rain.

KA-SHINK.

Slowly and regretfully, Anja placed her hands on his chest and pushed him back, up off of her. She craned her neck so their lips wouldn't part, carrying on the kiss for as long as he was within reach. Harrison mildly fought her disengaging too, but relented as she hoisted him harder. He lifted his weight off her. Then Anja tried to sit up too, but her massive breasts proved to be a slight impediment. As she was about to finish struggling to cantilever herself up, two strong hands took her by the shoulders.

And they gently laid her back down. "But," she protested. "The bra, we left it unlocked an-"

KA-SHINK.

Anja was flat on her back once more. Harrison's arms were at full extension, pressing her softly but firmly into the wet carpet. He was leaning over her and grinning wickedly. She appeared completely naked from that angle, Anja's pale skin in excessive abundance, but she was a sight

like no other. Anja gazed up at him, her large, beautiful eyes widening with each Step, and fluttering gently with every release.

Her blonde hair lay in a wreath on the ground, haloed about her head, and her lips were rosy and flush from the earlier activity. Her slight arms were pinned to either side, palms up. Beneath her slim sloping neck and thin shoulders, her preposterously titanic bust ballooned from her chest, curving high into the sky and far in every direction. Everything below her shoulders and collar bone were obscured by their girth. She was far more tit than girl.

KA-SHINK.

She lay there, not fighting him in the least. The buxom beauty bit her lip, staring up into Harrison's eyes. Her own were starting to glass over in a daze.

KA-SHINK.

Harrison's salacious stare slowly transitioned to one of incredulity. "Dear god."

She slowly blinked to attention and raised her chin off the ground defiantly. "What? I TOLD you. My breasts are BIG, remember?" She smiled broadly at his expression, giggling beneath his arms. Her bosom shook and wobbled against Harrison's chest, arms, and legs.

"You might've, yeah." He swallowed hard.

The bra beneath her had started to whine, as if uncertain how to proceed. Anja had not yet begun to grow.

KA-SHINK.

She raised an eyebrow and smirked dangerously, a gleam in her eye. The bra still hadn't fallen off.

Harrison laughed boisterously, almost nervously. "Anja, this would have taken FOREVER! You rotten tease. You KNEW you were at least this huge."

Anja started to giggle madly. Her fit only further tremored the leviathan breasts sandwiched between them. "Would you believe me if I said I had never wanted to think about it?"

"No."

KA-SHINK.

She ran her hand through his spiked hair and changed the subject. "You're making me grow an awful lot at once." She looked at him with half-lidded eyes, her iris' sparkling beneath the city's night sky. "But I'm not the only one, am I?" Her fingers started to trace downwards across his chest, traveling further south. "All these Steps, they're going to drive me CRAZY. Well, they already did," she admitted. "I don't think I can contain myself. Bra or no bra. How about you?"

KA-SHINK.



She tried to snake her arm down, but it was tough with him laying on her breast, she couldn't reach. She looked at him imploringly, pouting. With a melodramatic eye roll, he took pity on her. Harrison adjusted, lifting himself from his laying position, and removing his hands from pinning her shoulders to the floor. Anja took the opportunity to sit up, as her bra continued to whine and whir.

"Hey-" Harrison began, as he kneeled beside her.

"Oh, have pity on the bra! It's going to break." Anja got on her knees and prowled towards Harrison, draping herself across him.

"Good, breaking it sounds ideal!" He caught her and hoisted her into a more comfortable position. "That's the part where it falls off, right?"

"No!" she admonished, playfully swatting away his hand. "They're expensive. But more importantly, I'll need it working. After we're done, we'll need to put it back on again, believe me! I can't live at this size as it is, and we're backlogged on Steps. I'm about to get larger than you can even imagine."

"I can imagine a lot. But the bra," Harrison protested feebly against her ministrations. "It's still ON!"

"And I'M called the 'tit freak'! We can still get the bra off," she soothed him. "But later." She looked up at him, her large doe eyes twinkling innocently. She cocked her head slightly to let her bangs adjust by gravity as she studied him. Her man looked back at her. The duo were both breathing a little heavily from the excitement, and the rain gently dripped down their hair and off their faces. It was coming down a bit harder along the swells of her bust, their large surface area collecting quite a few droplets.

The bra on her back rumbled, startling Anja. It shuddered violently and started to whimper, a familiar sensation returning ...

"Let me distract you," she whispered softly, their noses nearly touching. She pressed her hands to his chest, which he didn't refuse, and she let them roam down his stomach back to where she left off before.

"Just remember how big I am right now, ok?" She grinned as Harrison's whole body stiffened. Her questing hands had found what they sought. "Because these itty bitty, TINY tits are about to be a distant memory."

## PART 04

May contain: Large Breasts, Breast Expansion, some Science Fiction (just enough), Mature Themes (you've been warned)

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She gave him a quick squeeze as he physically responded to her words.

"How big?" Harrison whispered with bated breath. He couldn't resist, watching her with wide eyes.

Anja rolled her eyes and put a finger to his lips. "Shh, you won't be disappointed. There's a LOT of me stuffed into this thing."

Leaned up against him as she was, the positioning was a little difficult. With her left breast squashed into his torso, her sheer size was prohibitive as she attempted to maneuver beneath her weight and around her bulging moons. She gripped him, but could only do so much from such an awkward angle. She realized that she faced some challenges, and what she had seen work in the movies ... wouldn't work for Anja.

"We might need to adjust," she admitted ruefully. Impatiently, she knelt back on the ground, releasing Harrison from her grasp. He laughed kindly, and pulled himself out from beneath her. As he stood up, and his pants fell down around his ankles. Anja giggled into her hand as the man shrugged and stepped out of them.

She fully raised herself into a kneeling position, looking back over her shoulder towards him. She was unable to fully turn around, due to her barges in front. On her knees, the rest of her figure beyond her bosom was on full display. Her blonde hair shimmered down the center of her back towards her bare ass. Her slight shoulders and arms were pale in the night, and beneath them, the picture of her nakedness was only broken up by the bra's bulky construction. Her ribcage was entirely encased in the bra's overwhelming structure, but her form tapered down to a minuscule waist before rounding out on her womanly hips.

She watched him appraise her, turning her head as far as she could. "Ok, how will we do this?" she asked, with a little trepidation. The mood she was trying to set for Harrison was quickly coming undone in the face of complications, and she was starting to get a little embarrassed.

He stepped closer to her, consequently dropping out of her field of vision. “Easy,” he cautioned from behind her. She felt him take both of her shoulders by the hand, and lean her towards her leviathan girth. Taking his cue, she placed both her hands on her fleshy whales, keeping herself aloft at an angle. Her breasts arced upwards in front of her, blotting out her vision and all but the sky above her head. From her position situated at their base, her whole world was her own bosom. The crevasse between them yawned, but closed only few feet in front of her, where her boobs were firmly smooshing themselves together.

He knelt heavily behind her, and Anja’s pulse began racing, faster than it had all evening. She could smell his cologne, a welcome scent faint in the brisk air. She shuddered at his touch, as his hands lightly traced a line down along her back. “Harrison ...” she groaned, but for once, his hands did not stop at her bra. They passed the small of her back, and found her.

“Oh! Ohhh ...”

The feel of his fingers was instantly electric, forbidden. She nearly collapsed into her own cleavage from the jolt of feelings exploding in her head. He knelt behind her, his free hand pushing down on her back, pressing her into her own goliath breasts. She was cushioned by her bountiful softness, with her head at least a good two feet off the ground. She raised her hands to steady herself against her massive chest, lest she get buried into her own breasts. Her fingers and palms sank into their girth, and she was past her wrists in tit, at once feeling herself and herself feeling her as she rocked and wobbled.

The tremors in her chest didn’t travel very far, the duo was so slight in size in contrast to her awe-inspiring dirigibles’ mass. Still, it was enough to be noticeable and the slight quivering set her even further on edge. Harrison commanded full mastery of all her senses, or the only ones that mattered any more. She groaned against her pillowy wall.

The ground trembled and crackled. And Anja started to grow.

She felt herself expanding outwards and upwards. The houses across the street were instantly under attack by her overwhelming tide of breast. Her bra clashed against them, halted in progress, but her growth continued. Her bosom overwhelmed her bra cups, overflowing to the sides beyond their constraints, and pressed her bare flesh against the obstructions. Every window, brick, and step were imprinted on her bosom. The seams and outcroppings, grooves and ridges, tickled her awareness as the pressure mounted. They dug delightfully into her flesh, far too insignificant to do any damage. The wet, slick surfaces were cool against her skin, and she groaned, unable to make something intelligible. Harrison’s hand moved from her back to her right breast, and Anja approved.

Under duress, the house fronts across the street started to buckle and crack. Her mammoth boobs weren’t duly perturbed by the resistance, rising over the roofs with overflow like bread in an oven. Forget a bra, Anja was muffin-topping out of a neighborhood! Roof tiles were abrasive on her breasts, as the weight of her gargantuan udders mounted on TOP of the buildings.

The bra on her back wheezed and ratcheted again, allowing more of her through into the cool night and escalating her growth again. The onslaught of her excess proved too much, and the structures across the way buckled and crackled, before caving inwards. The surge of her growth

bowled the buildings flat over, knocking their frames into the street beyond as the breadth of her bosom overtook them. She poured forth, barreling through concrete and plaster into crossing yet another street, marshmallowing against THOSE buildings TWO streets away from her.

Sparks and pops joined the din of destruction as streetlights fizzled and snuffed beneath her, giving Anja the barest of shocks. A true crackling, crunching sound added itself to the fun, as vehicle exoskeletons crumpled and bent, then were compacted into submission. In a matter of moments, Anja's growth had bulldozed the buildings across from the street that was across the street, completely flattening them. Each floor, each space that once could have housed a family, mashed to bits by her sheer enormity. The hard shell of her bra paved the way forward, but her girth was never far behind. Splinters of buildings and vehicles were blasted by yards at a time as her bosom crushed into them.

More and more Anja poured into Roanapur, occupying every available space in front of her, there was nothing that was a match for their mass. They towered over everything at this end of the city, now. Twice as tall as buildings, then triple, dwarfing city blocks in their shadow. Anja looked to the side through half lidded eyes, aware of the destruction she was causing. She was quickly losing proper perspective. The nearest sight for the duo, that WASN'T simply more of Anja herself, was over a football field in length away to either side. And gaining, as the outer perimeter of her bust swept aside residences, signs, wires, businesses, cars, and everything else the city had to offer. The take out place she ordered from on Fridays. Paddy's. The section of the city was being swallowed whole in her cleavage.

Harrison was breathing heavily behind her, the effects of her growth not lost on him for a moment. He removed his hand, causing Anja to whimper pleadingly as he paused. Slowly, Harrison moved to the next step, moving between her legs. Anja shuddered into her vast bosom as she felt him join with her; as her body stiffened, her hands were making huge dents in herself. Her cries were muffled in her cleavage as Harrison's steady movements started to rock her whole body, sans breasts.

There was simply too much happening, so much right, that Anja couldn't focus on any one thing in particular. Harrison. Harrison's hands. Harrison. Her hands. She was dimly aware of little inconsequential things being obliterated by her mounting developments. It felt like running her hand along a stiff carpet, fibers giving way one after another. The occasional static shock. Each row of houses seeming smaller than the last, each street dwindling in comparison to her ever mounting mountains. Complete rows of houses were blown off their feet by her ampleness. They had only moments as their debris and structure was scattered backward into the streets behind them before she re-crushed them for good, grinding them into the ground and pavement as her breasts advanced over them. There was no saving anything, now. As her bra reeled more of her out, every second of proportional growth was catastrophic to the city beneath her.

Good thing I didn't care for this place very much, she thought, interrupted over many seconds. Her hand slipped and she grit her teeth as her head was plowed into the warm envelopment of her fleshy moons. With some effort she resurfaced, gasping, and deigned to weakly rest her head against her massive left boob. They swayed and shook beneath her ribs, buoying her whole torso not unlike a mattress made of a heated and wobbling water bed.

From her new position, Anja could observe flashes in the sky above, beams of light arcing straight up into the night sky. Hundreds, thousands of these blazed from the ground up into the clouds, scattered through the heavens. Through half lidded eyes, Anja noted that they were quite beautiful, streaking across the stars in the gaps of the cloud coverage. Lifesavers, she realized, glancing at her right wrist positioned on the breast across from her. The bracelet bands that saved citizens from impact related deaths by transmitting them via beams of light. There was a cloud satellite up above in the heavens somewhere, rescuing all these departing souls from Anja.

I'm crushing everybody, and with them, the whole city of Roanapur, Anja realized. Yikes. Sorry. The concept was so strange to her, as it had always been. To have breasts which are THAT massive. Society breaking. Too busty to be allowed in public. A part of her body was so incredibly vast, she was simply dangerous to be around. Her bra size was so far off the charts, that ... The events of evening could have happened at any time if her bra had simply broken down. She had often thought about those 'what would happen if' scenarios, and never positively. Her nightmares of nights past were coming true, only she was doing it WILLINGLY. And that made all the difference. Harrison wanted this. And she ...

She wanted him to want this. Anja mulled that over as best as she could, distracted as she was. She did want this. So badly. It felt soooooooo good. And better yet, she didn't feel very guilty. Her overloaded senses notwithstanding, Anja's dulled mind found it very difficult to focus on the consequences of her breasts. It was hard to conceive, and it was all so far away, removed from her. Quite far by actual physical distance, too.

Yet, not at all. Anja's prodigious bustline swelled over the city, bowling entire neighborhoods at a time, scattering them all over town. Streetlamps were flicked through the air landing football fields away. These tremendous boobs were still very much a part of her, directly causing this devastation, so she was right next to it after all. But it felt so small that it was hard to relate her feelings to actual people, houses, things that she used to walk past and things that she would have to look up at in order to see the tops. These were the things being crushed beneath her gargantuan tits like grass underfoot, squished and flattened. More significantly, she COULD feel the growth itself. The stretching, the feeling of the bra's tightness relinquishing on her formerly cramped chest. The air currents and the mist of rain in the dismal night swirled across acres of her nakedness, far above the city streets. Far above Anja's head, and everything else within the damnable city.

Anja's mounting pleasure was nearing a zenith, when one of Harrison's hands released her chest from his vicelike groping.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

"Ohhhh-oh-ung," Anja groaned, muffled by her bosom. There was literally miles of her on display, now. An entire borough of the mega city had been encompassed within her bra, and several hundred thousand people had been beamed to safety out of necessity to escape her unyielding expansion. Still Harrison wanted more. She felt swollen, bigger than she had ever allowed herself to be. Although, she had already BEEN this big, just hidden away beneath her technological undergarment. She had never shown anybody this amount of her size ... including

herself. She had never seen herself this ginormous before ... and there was still more of her to come.

Anja clawed her own rack as she neared a point of no return and had nothing else to hold on to. Her soft yet firm bosom escaped much of her palms, overflowing through her fingers and encompassing her hands. The fireworks finale exploded in her head and she moaned and shuddered, collapsing across her wobbling beasts. The ecstasy was absolute, and Anja panted hot and heavy into her cleavage for several minutes, slowing coming down and back to reality. As Harrison fell beside her, her bust supported them both without effort. Pebbles resting on a mountain face.

She traced her fingers along the tremendous breast, her nails compressing her pale flesh inwards. She felt dreamy, tracing shapes on her boob with her fingernails. "You're probably wondering ... my bra size would be measured in miles, right now," she said thickly. "Lots."

Harrison looked at her with interest. He was slightly red in the face, his hair more disturbed than before. He ran a hand through it. "34mi.X to the 23rd cup?" he guessed, with absolutely no factual basis whatsoever.

Anja giggled lightly, and tried to shake her head. Her chin had to press amounts of her bosom out of the way in order to make the gesture. "I'll take your word for it. I don't actually know how bra sizes work ... Normal ones have never fit me."

Harrison nodded in understanding, and then fell back on her with a pleased look on his face. He put his hands behind his head as he lay back. The duo sprawled there, listening to each other breathing. Siren's and alarms filled the night, but there was nothing nearby or of immediate threat. It was just white noise at this distance, muffled by the vastitude of bosom in between. The incalculability Anja felt, she could now properly feel how gargantuan she was. It was an altogether different feeling from being stuffed inside her bra. The vacuum within didn't give her a proper scope, it was all nothingness. There was no sense of scale without something brushing up against her. But she could, now! There were so many things beneath her to FEEL, forever demolished. She lazily did a few quick calculations based on the number of Steps she had taken that night. "I'm guessing I've crushed McDurry Square. I don't have to go to work anymore."

"Well, you didn't like it very much anyway, if I remember," Harrison replied, his voiced conversational but strangely restrained.

"I didn't," Anja agreed. "I can imagine my boss now." Anja adopted a mock voice, not unlike an old fashioned radio announcer. "Oh no! The new hire's boobs destroyed our company. What a disaster! Rita, what did I say about properly vetting resumes? Henceforth, ALL applicants must disclose their bra size ... WHAT DO YOU MEAN I'M NOT ALLOWED TO DO THAT?"

"Who even knows yours, anyway?" Harrison chuckled appreciatively. "You know, aside from that, McDurry Square is QUITE a ways from here. I don't have car with me, though I don't think it would have survived you, anyway." He tweaked her great honkers. "I'd actually have to ride the subway in order to get out of your bra."

Anja flipped her hair to look at him, her chin sinking into her boob. "You'd even have to transfer," Anja shrugged. "From here it's Yellow from Sorden's to Years, then Blue to Neverpine, Yellow again to McDurry."

"Wait, you use the Blue? No wonder you hated your job. Take Yellow to Costa and then Purple straight to McDurry."

"You can take Purple even with a basic card?" Harrison nodded pityingly and Anja faceplanted herself into her chest. "URGH. All this time ..." came her muffled reply.

Harrison grinned, leaning up. His elbow dug into her chest, pleasantly. At Anja's size, it would be nigh impossible for either of them to actually hurt her. As it was, she found it remarkable she could even feel the two of them on her bare skin at all. At any given moment, she felt LOTS of things brushing her and tickling her. The air, the clouds, the water droplets, the cities beneath her, the unfortunate denizens now trapped within her breasts.

She was becoming increasingly aware of those things stuck between her boobs. Houses and business and bars and convenience stores had been smashed beneath her monstrous moons, but there was a notable crevasse in the middle of them, the canyon of her cleavage, that didn't so much flatten things but crunch them together. Because of the softness of her chest, this wasn't as total a destruction as being buried beneath her tons and tons of bosom. There were people amongst her mountains that hadn't had their Lifesavers triggered yet, and were simply compressed in an endless mammary hell within Anja's bra.

"We might NEED to run a train, soon. Through my cleavage," she declared, stretching languidly and running her hand and then her arm into the alcove between tits. "There are people and things trapped in here," she giggled. "And if they go the wrong way, they'll never get out."

"The right way being towards us?"

"Mm-hmm," Anja nodded seriously. "You do NOT want to slip further down my bra."

Harrison looked to her bra and flicked her bra strap for good measure. It barely moved or even vibrated, drawn taught across her expansive bust. "Should I be jealous that all these randoms get to touch your lovely breasts?" Harrison asked.

Anja snorted. "I don't think they had much choice in the matter. You'll have to share."

"Never," Harrison said, levering himself off the massive breast of his petite girlfriend. "I had to work hard to get this far." He looked back at Anja who was laid out on her elephantine chest, watching him. He made a pouting face, making her giggle. Then he grinned and slid off the bulk of her breast and retreated to his pants on the ground, withdrawing a completely transparent square. He left the trousers and threw himself back onto her chest beside her, for all the world like flopping into a beanbag chair.

"Oi," Anja complained, playfully pushing him deeper into her breast. "You rude man. What do you think you're doing to my boobs?!"

"No, no, YOUR boobs? Apparently they're public domain," Harrison laughed cheerfully. He grabbed handfuls as hard as he could. "The province of Roanapur appreciates your generosity."

"Not what I said!" Anja protested, and started poking at him wherever he had an opening in his defenses, even after he raised his free hand to try and fend her off. "How do YOU like it!?" she chided.

"Hey, hey!" he laughed. He dropped his plastic square onto the mattress of Anja so he could have both hands free, and Anja immediately pounced, scooping it up.

"What're you doing with your phone?"

Harrison leaned over and tapped it. "Show us the news, Downtown."

Immediately the plastic square illuminated, displaying a broadcast. An announcer was wide eyed in shock as she relayed the pressing news.

"- and they continued to get bigger for the last hour or so. So far, authorities have made no official comment on what the nature of this disaster, but many viewers have noted that they look like ... breasts in a bra?" The woman sounded completely incredulous. "Going live to Pat with more on the story."

"Good evening, Clarice. As you can see, behind me lies the base of what the public has quickly dubbed 'The Moons'. They were expanding non-stop until about 10 minutes ago, stopping just short of Faddentown, much to the relief of-

"Faddentown!" Anja yelped. "All the way over THERE?"

Harrison raised his eyebrows at her, clearly impressed. "At least you aren't anywhere near Downtown, yet." Anja nodded absently. The largest and most populous district, the amount of damage and publicity her breasts could cause would be staggering. "You got some big tits." Harrison mentioned, as he looked to her bra. A look unnoticed, as Anja had her attention to the spectacle in her hands.

The camera man was filming the panorama of Anja's bra. She was beyond colossal, dwarfing the viewpoint of the newscast and towering far above them. Even from the distance the camera was at, the view could only capture so much at a time. The camera so it began to pan, taking her all in. From the ground in front of her breasts, all attentive watchers could see the curvature of her left breast extending far off into the distance, fading into the foggy mist of the night. The gargantuan outlined clearly demonstrated, at least for Anja and perhaps those who knew what they were looking at, that the bra was still not strictly up to the task of containing her 'present' size. Its physical manifestation always managed to come up short for whatever size she was displaying. Even at this scale, she mushroomed over her cups, straining the preposterous bra cup that could have been an umbrella to a normal city.

Slowly, the camera centered on her chest and it became apparent just how TALL they were. The tallest buildings barely scratched the undersides of her bra, those that hadn't been crushed at her fronts, yet. Not even the cloud coverage in the murky night approached the lofty zenith of her



chest, though they obscured parts of her from view. The weather gently whirled and caromed into her bra, impeded by her size, and futilely dashed themselves against her cups only to disperse around her curvature. Past the clouds, Anja could see her own tippy tops, and a monstrous amount of her breast flesh pouring over the tops of the bra and casting its own separate shadows. Each overflowing swell of excess was enough to build a neighborhood upon.

Anja sighed as she studied the image. “And the damn thing STILL doesn’t fit right,” she complained, adjusting her hair over her ear. “It never has! You’d think, by now, tha-”

KA-SHINK.

Anja trailed off, wordlessly turning to gaze at Harrison, with her mouth frozen in an “O” shape. Harrison was the picture of innocence. Anja rolled her eyes as he scratched his head, then he craned his neck over her shoulder to peer at the phone she held.

The rumbling started almost instantly, and the breasts buoying them both up started trembling as Anja grew once more. Anja watched in a morbid fascination as instant panic ensued for Pat and his crew as the great Moons resumed swelling. But try as they might, there was no means to escape her. At this size, doubling meant growing by multiple yards a second. Many multiples.

She winced as the screen was instantly filled with her bra and then crunched to black. Somewhere up above, there was a Lifesaver light for Pat. Anja’s pang of guilt was quickly overwritten, and the familiar sensations returned en masse. She shuddered and dropped the phone into her cleavage, forgotten. Anja clawed herself and stretched luxuriously against her Brobdingnagian teat, arching her back as she reveled in her monstrosity as she got bigger and BIGGER. Her knees and hands dug into her right and left orbs as she straddled her cleavage, only a foot or two from the ground.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

“H-Harrison!” she sputtered in protest, sitting up in alarm, trying to look behind her.

KA-SHINK.

Anja flinched in surprise, but it was too late. Getting up, she had reared back into his hand and accidentally triggered another one.

“Just how many friggen steps are there?” he asked incredulously.

“Who knows?” she said weakly, with her hair strewn about her face and tickling her chest. “How many was that, just now?”

"I'm not sure. Though I'm beginning to understand how you lost count of your total."

Anja sighed heavily. She briefly wondered if she could cancel a Step from happening, but it seemed to her like that might break the bra entirely. Or do something else entirely, its mechanisms played fast and loose with physics, and she didn't exactly want to spawn a black hole or some nonsense. Still, she was about to get ENORMOUS. Anja grimaced. "This is bad. Roanapur is done for," she croaked.

"True," Harrison agreed matter-of-factly, nodding. "But I think it was already irredeemable. SO TO HELL WITH THIS CITY!" he suddenly roared, throwing his arms up. "Who CARES? Look how far we've come!" he exclaimed, gesturing wildly at her expanse. "What's a few more? We can't turn back now!" He dropped his hands to his hips and beamed at her, bristling with excitement. "You don't understand, I NEED to find out how big you really are!" Tall and dashing, a devil-may-care grin, and with the breeze playing about his hair, Harrison looked ready to conquer the world. And Anja realized that with her bra at his disposal, he just might.

And if he was going to, Anja wanted to be there with him. With a small snort, a smile hesitantly dawned upon her face. "To hell with this city," she relented. She couldn't help being swept along by his enthusiasm. Though reason waged war in her head, Anja couldn't bring herself to disappoint Harrison, or to bring down his mood. She probably couldn't undo what he'd just done, anyways. The bra on her back had activated and was getting to work, so it was too late now. The pleasure of her expansion was returning, burning anew, and she gave up on reason or regret. He was right. What did it matter, anymore?

"Now, THIS damn thing." Harrison frowned at Anja's bra. "Still hasn't come off. I guess you really don't know how many more steps are left until it comes off, but ... will it ever, or am I on a fool's errand? Doomed to press buttons on your bra for eternity, like some kind of tortured Greek god?"

Anja giggled. "A god, hmm? Though if I didn't know better, you almost sound more excited at that prospect," she observed wryly, studying his attitude carefully. His craziness was infectious, she was starting to feel inebriated by it. "MIS-ter Harrison ... Would you PREFER endlessly trying to POP! off my bra? KA-SHINK ... KA-SHINK ... KA-SHINK? As I get bigger, and BIGger, and BIGGER." Anja's eyes flicked down below his waist. "You really DO, don't you!?"

"Well, I mean, I'd like to meet your nipples at SOME point," he said defensively, raising his hands to ward off her accusation.

Anja considered this, tilting her head while tapping on her cheek with one finger. "Well, they're out there, somewhere. If you want to see them, you better start trekking, then." She gestured at the crevasse of her cleavage, where her goliath mammaries met one another on her chest. "Take pictures of them for me. I haven't seen my nips in quite some time, either."

"Years," she added softly, without prompt, as her breasts swelled noticeably. Although, it was only noticeable for the couple as far as the tremors in the ground. It was very difficult to perceive visually, as the outer rims of her breasts had long disappeared from view.

"I get to go in THERE? Sounds like fun." Harrison sidled up to her and placed his bare feet on her left breast as it trembled beneath him. He studied the logistics of the problem for a moment. Anja

was nonplussed, she had been joking, but was he really going to do it? The idea of it deeply excited her, for some reason.

"I've never stepped into a woman's cleavage before," Harrison admitted ruefully.

Anja shrugged. "You'll be the first to do so, ever. Not unless there's been another girl like me."

She frowned disapprovingly as Harrison immediately pretended to day-dream. "And that's unlikely!" she snapped, giving him a friendly swat on the shoulder.

"A pity." Steadying himself with his hands, Harrison climbed up a few squishy steps onto her giving body, her yielding boobs providing some treacherous footholds as she continued to wobble underneath his feet. Carefully, he vaulted himself over the head of the girl whom the blimps were attached to. Anja bit her lip as she enjoyed the sensation of him mountaineering her, his warmth, his weight, and his firmness. Slipping into her cleavage, Harrison immediately sank down between her tits, his waist downwards being gently compressed by the girth of her bosom.

Quite aside from her growth, the sight of him standing in her cleavage thrilled Anja beyond reason. Despite her size and what one may think at this point, her bosom was still a very ... personal and intimate part of her body. With Harrison, at least. His lust for her, her sexuality ... the way his body felt as he joined the contents of her bra. It was a cocktail of emotions she had never experienced before meeting Harrison. On top of it all, she could feel how small he felt, despite him standing right in front of her, and despite being taller than her. He was little, and she was just so VAST. The sensation tickled her, driving her up the wall ... but after a few moments, he was still standing there in front of her. Anja re-opened her eyes to see what the problem was.

"How far should I go?" Harrison mused, stroking his chin. "I don't want to get lost." He had apparently bumped into his phone that she had left in her cleavage, and it was now in his hands displaying a GPS map.

Anja was exasperated. Of all the times for him to drag his feet! She desperately NEEDED to feel him, needed him to goooooo deeper, it was driving her crazy! "To Paddy's," she suggested quickly. "Or, no, Pearls. If you find a subway stop in there, you can take the Yellow then Blue," she giggled deliriously, shooing him inwards.

"Are you mad? Traffic at Lighy is a nightmare this time of night, best take the Dragon to-"

"Just GO," she laughed, pushing him harder into her cleavage, stuffing a whole human down her shirt.

His head and shoulders disappeared into her chest, and her breasts resumed their round shape as he was engulfed. He was gone, entirely. Where formerly had been her man, there was no indication of any disturbance in the shape of her behemoth breasts. He had been entirely swallowed, and on this side Anja might as well have been completely alone, it was just her and the quiet city wall behind her. At least, in this section of the city, there was nothing else. But she could feel him distinctly, his breath, his arms, his hair, progressing away from her, the lone moving object at this end of her chest. Lost in the folds elsewhere, there were other things, but not close to her main body.

I should just leave him in there, Anja thought dimly. Never let him out. He'd be mine forever. After all, tonight had become the most fun she'd ever had. She wasn't eager to let him go, in any sense.

Anja sank into her bliss, trying to comprehend her own enormity. City streets were swept under her impossibly immense bust. Buildings crushed under her fattening breasts, flattened without making an impact whatsoever. People's entire livelihoods, entire multi-million, multi-billion companies, all qualifiers immaterial as Anja swelled and demolished everything without discrimination. Simply because one girl's growth refused to quit. It wasn't HER fault she was so big.

My breasts are ridiculous. TOO ludicrous, Anja thought grimly. Sorry I grew so big. Sorry my first bra was twice as big as my mom's. Sorry I broke every clasp on it. Sorry my breasts didn't stop there. Not even close. I was right to keep them locked up ... But I must be the only girl in existence where the MOST irresponsible thing I can do is ... simply take off my own bra. A whole city, a whole country, and the livelihood of everyone in it, all of it gone because I got horny. Because I let Harrison take off my shirt.

Strangely, that line of thinking only aroused Anja further. She WASN'T just some nobody on the train every morning, forgotten and meaningless. Certainly not, not anymore. The contents of her bra gave her power. Not just over Harrison, but over everyone else, too. There was nothing the city could even do in the face of her uniquely phenomenal endowments. She was just THAT big. She didn't even have to do anything, just take up the huge amount of space her breasts needed. Merely release herself, and the city was hers. Press a button and expose more of what was already hers.

Well, HARRISON was responsible for that. But I let him, Anja thought. I could've said no and I didn't.

Harrison was muddling through the valley of her breasts. His hands, his head, she could sense him fighting her way through the dense underbelly of her bra, packed to the brim with her elephantine gazongas. She was soft, but there was such copious amounts of her that the going was tough, Anja surmised. What was a small tickle to her was a grown man shouldering literal pounds of tit out of the way so he could forge a path. There was also debris ensconced in her sweater puppies, keeping parts of her apart and buffering room. There was one building surprisingly intact, she noticed. And by that, it was only about 50% ruins. Harrison would probably have to enter it to pass through, and then find a back door to continue his journey down her cleavage. As she felt him traversing these separate obstacles, he almost never lost contact with her bare skin. In most cases, he didn't have a choice, but there were other times where she knew he was making a point of fondling her, and she loved it all the more.

Distracted, another surge of her growth caused her to moan extremely loudly. Her cheeks reddened, but thankfully there was no one around to hear. Anja could feel very small things plinking against the front of her bra. With a dull realization, she understood them to be the tallest skyscrapers Roanapur had to offer. Mere toothbrush bristles before a bowling ball, and perhaps not even that. The barely rose up a fraction of the height of her chest, and were immediately crunched into nothingness just like everything else, as meaningless as everything else she bulldozed. Anja's expansion was absolute.

Anja realized that if she had never gotten a bra that reigned her growth in ... this would have been her home town. Her home country. She would have grown and grown and crushed her school, her school mates' houses, and the city she grew up in. GREW up in, indeed! They laughed at her and made fun of her, but she actually saved them all ... from herself. The bra she wore had protected them all from her enormity and endless growth. Hey Anja, thanks for not smooshing my whole family with your boobs!

The city was being ground into dust, with Anja shuddering softly on her bed of bosom. She grew over parks and hotels and skyscrapers and streets and rivers and condos and pizza joints and bridges and hills and ... Roanapur. Lights flashed through the sky like fireworks, though Anja could only see a few from where she was. Everyone in the Downtown and beyond were being rescued by their Lifesaver devices, creating a myriad of patterns as they all collected in the massive hub satellite that skated in the skies around the planet.

Suddenly Anja yelped. She bolted upright and massaged her breast. It was COLD!! She craned her neck upwards and saw the problem. "Uh oh," she breathed. Not for the first time that night. High above, in the night sky, was a patch of blue light radiating out across the sky, presumably from the point where it contact her breasts though she couldn't see that. It shimmered and stood firm, curved across the sky. The forcefield!

Like many interplanetary port cities, the city of Roanapur was hidden under a force field dome, to protect the city from invaders and raiders and such. Only those with proper admission to the city could come inside. This had the added benefit of keeping at bay all the bugs, critters, and other unmentionables of the planet environment out of the city limits. The base of the forcefield radiated up from the walls surrounding the city, coalescing into a zenith high above the city center, creating a perfect dome, or half circle, that kept everything unwanted out.

And kept everything in.

Right now, that meant Anja's massive breasts. Miles and miles above the ground, the front tops of her whales had collided with the dome. Not the top center, but a portion on the other side, about halfway up the height of the forcefield. Which meant she was running out of room. They had forgotten! The business of the force field wasn't typically an affair that the everyday citizen concerned themselves with.

As she continued to grow, the dome slowly compressed her chest. More and more of her soft pallid breasts made contact with the force field, calling it to action and forcing it to reveal itself. Usually it was invisible unless challenged, but now it was under a lot of duress! Her breasts marshmallowed against it, spreading wider and wider as they tried to find space where they could. She was practically pressing herself against the world's largest window.

She was filling the whole city!!

This is a problem, Anja realized. Slowly her breasts mashed against it, still growing forward where possible, but her bra was colliding with the downward slope of the dome, on the other side of the highest peak. Forward, the dome only got narrower as it close to the ground, which meant

the only places left to grow would be up, to the sides, and backwards. Very shortly, she'd be taking all available space.

And then some.

Anja grit her teeth. Why the hell would a forcefield be cold!? It was energy, for goodness sakes! She could feel her nipples stiffen, wherever the hell THOSE were. They certainly felt massive, down the mysterious depths of her bra. Her astronomical boobs flattened against the antagonistic far wall, fattening prodigiously without anywhere else to go. Her breast growth crushed her firm balloons into the walls, and slowly pillowed outwards along the curvature of the dome, slowly filling the base. The outer sweeps of her breasts to the right and left had also collided into the dome, on either side.

Her breasts had succeeded in spanning the entire city already! Or at least, she could feel three sides of the dome simultaneously. She had no doubt the rest would come, as only the top and the wall behind her remained. But it raised another concern. The situation was already started to cramp her, she could only hazard a guess how much force was building as her incalculable growth was at long-last denied. Without extra room, her cleavage would only constrict tighter and tighter as she was compacted inwards. Perhaps the denizens of the deep cleft between her breasts were NOT safe. Not at ALL. Harrison!

Fortunately he wasn't very far away, Anja could tell because he still squirmed and wriggled between her moons. It didn't feel very distant. But would he realize what was happening? I don't really want to crush my boyfriend, Anja thought glumly. She glanced around, but there was no finding her own phone with which to contact him. She abandoned her search when she realized she didn't actually have his contact information, anyway.

No matter, maybe she'd stop growing before it became an issue! ... That didn't seem likely. Her growth intensified at the mere thought. Suddenly her chest was billowing outwards with a vengeance, pouring out of her bra cups as they struggled to enlarge with her. The entire front ends of her fat breasts were squashed against the dome across from her, a continent away. Contact with the dome climbed in every direction, as she quickly ran out of room to grow forwards, and then ran out of room to the sides. She felt like she was plugging the whole thing up, expanding to meet her container. Does that make me a liquid? Anja thought, absently.

It was actually sensationally arousing, the chill and the cold on her bare skin. There was still something bigger than her, after all. She stroked herself in awe as she felt the tops of her loaves actually start climbing the sides of the dome. The front of her bra was no longer vertical, it was plastered against the far side of the dome and was now being sloped, of sorts. The rest of her boobs were swelling every which way, filling all the cracks, and now rising up towards the peak as options became limited. Within a few moments, Anja actually felt herself fill the very tip top of the dome. She could tell it was the very zenith, because everywhere else her bosom was being condensed downwards, cramping her and containing her. It was starting to get quite uncomfortable as she was compressed by the hard, cold, and unyielding dome.

As such, she had little doubt she was going to fill every inch of the forcefield, unless it decided to break beforehand. Due the tight quarters, her cleavage was also tightening something fierce. Already she could feel certain areas of activity dissipate within her chest. Certain areas, buildings,

things that were moving and were now undoubtedly digitized, all the things that had slipped into her cleavage out of mercy, she could feel being pulverized by the mounting pressure. She was now crushing that which she had missed the first time around.

Anja grit her teeth. Harrison! Get your butt back here!

She could feel him some 60 yards into her cleavage. He had indeed dutifully traversed as much as he could in that time. She was consoled that if he did actually get crushed, he'd then be saved by his Lifesaver. While she'd much rather have him beside her, it wasn't that big of a deal, all things considered. It was much better than the alternative, if he WASN'T transported out. In that case, she might forever misplace her boyfriend down her shirt, and never find him again. How would one rescue someone from the depths of her tits?

With a slight twinge of worry, she realized again she couldn't even contact him. Losing him was a very real fear for her, all things considered. There had been a fair few things she'd dropped down her cleavage over the years, never to be seen again. Oops. If she reached in immediately, she could usually retrieve it, whatever it was, but that wasn't always the case. Back when she was a girl, she had fallen victim to her bra more than once. One time, she had fallen asleep while reading ... and she had to pay a mountain in late fees for a library book, as "The Tales of Cassidy Clearwater" was never recovered. No matter how much she dug down her shirt, for she knew that's where it had went. She had buried her whole arm up to the shoulder in tit, and still hadn't found it. It had been a good book, too, she had been very upset to have lost it. Anja suspected it was still around, somewhere, and briefly wondered if it was located in the currently exposed portion of her breasts. Harrison might even run into it on his adventure.

Another time, she had tried to smuggle drinks and candies down her shirt into the movie theater. In a rare moment, she had decided to use her breasts to her advantage. She had carefully place her goods down in the depths of her bra, so that they were completely enclosed by her beachball breasts. While everyone would be staring at her chest, not even the most discerning eye would be able to tell from her outward appearance that there was something down there, as even those bulky items weren't big enough to displace enough of her bosom to make a difference. However, once she took her seat and tried to retrieve her snacks, she discovered that she could no longer find them. She had even parted her breasts with both hands and stared down into her abyss of a cleavage, and somehow, everything had vanished entirely. She had been rather perplexed and disappointed, and to this day she knew she still had a soda and three boxes of candy somewhere down her bra. She'd likely never see them again.

The same could be said for water. She had long ago noticed that whenever she took a shower, the water that cascaded off her breasts ... more likely than not it never hit the ground. Strangely, it didn't make her breast flesh in the bra very wet, either. It just seemed to vanish. But these were all things that had made her uncomfortable to think about, and she hadn't dwelled on them long. She did have a nightmare once, about hopping into a pool, but the water level lowering and lowering and causing people to panic, until everyone figured out she was the culprit and ...

Anja's thoughts were derailed and she breathed a sigh of relief as Harrison apparently realized the predicament he was in. She could feel him turn around and start crashing through her bust in a retreat back towards her. Or he just missed me, Anja thought half-jokingly, half hopefully for

some reason. Then realized it was a rather odd thing to think, as how could he miss her when he was trapped inside her? He was even currently touching her, as it were. Yet he was so far away ...

She rooted for his progress, following his every movement carefully with her eyes closed. His powerful arms felt so scrawny down in there, lost within her enormous folds of breast. There were very few things left in her cleavage, certainly nothing else that was moving of its own accord. She was also aware that, high up above and very far away, the cold dome was forcing her growth to press ever increasingly inward on her bust. There was not a plentiful amount of room, and she had swollen into mostly all available space in the forward 50% of the dome, and about 2/3rds of her chest was now being woefully confined. Anja checked behind herself and squeaked.

The wall behind her was DEFINITELY closer. She wasn't just running out of room for her boobs to grow, she was running out of room, period! Herself, included! Her impossible size was going to swallow every inch of available room in the city, and clearly that meant crushing her own body into the wall if necessary. She was overcrowding herself with just her own tits! And no one could stop her expansion, not even Anja herself.

Anja slid off of her breast to regain her feet, and hastily took a more strategic a position about her cleavage as her breasts advanced backwards on her. She propped herself up, and tried to resume a lounging state that wouldn't let any part of her main body touch the ground. Anja figured that, very soon, the speed of her growth being rebounded backwards would exceed her ability to walk.

She bit her lip, squeezing against her prodigious protrusions. Hurry, Harrison! He was nearing her, thankfully, but so was her back nearing the back the wall. And he definitely wasn't moving as fast as he once was. She realized that he was afraid to touch the ground, too. Not only was he being clamped by the sides of her behemoths, but he was being squeezed and moved by her growth too.

Slowly her boobs inflated against every inch of the dome above and beyond, only the nearest fourth of her breasts were free of the cramping. It kind of hurt, honestly. Her breasts wanted to be FREE, they were swelling outside her bra, and there was so much MORE of her than the dome could accommodate, but they couldn't escape. From one container into another, smaller one, Anja thought grimly. Soon, she'd be vacuum packed into a dome shape if the damnable thing didn't give up.

Harrison was here! Or nearly. The man shape displacing minuscule amounts of her giga tits was getting very close. She felt him coming up the way, traversing the last few yards of breast in order to greet her. Anja took a step in towards her embiggening beasts, standing deeper into her cleavage. It wasn't as tight back here at the base as it was at the fronts of her chest. Before Harrison could re-emerge, Anja put her hands on her hips and tilted her head back. She closed her eyes on expectant tip toes. Harrison tumbled out of the depths of her shirt, and Anja readily stepped into him, kissing him with all her pent-up passion. The motions of her fervor undulated through her bosom. Relatively helpless, he met her and pulled her slightly deeper into her beauties.

Finally they broke off. Anja stared up into his eyes. "You'll be glad to know that I'm beyond Roanapur size now," she smiled, then made a moue. "Which means the force field is crushing me."



Harrison brushed her hair out of her eyes. "My poor doll. Two ill-fitting force field bras does seem a bit excessive. Why don't you just bust this crappy, city-sized mini bra, hmm?"

Anja blinked at this. Then shook her head, giggling. "I don't think you quite realize the situation that we're in. There's no more room for little ol' me," she whined, pressing up against Harrison, nuzzling up against his neck. "We could be crushed as I grow," she whispered. The situation was so absurd, it was a little difficult to take seriously.

Harrison chuckled, then laughed good-naturedly. "Well, you crushed everyone else. I guess I'm next?"

"I don't WANT to," Anja growled.

He saluted her. "It's been fun," he said merrily.

"NO! Stop it," she exclaimed, pushing him back.

"Yikes, wrong way," Harrison said, catching himself before he fell back in. "I don't want to go back in THERE. Uh. Just for now, obviously." He winked at her. "Hey, what would even happen if you got Lifesaved? Do you and all your glory get sent to the cloud too? Bra storage and all?"

Anja thought about that for a moment. "I ... uh ... actually I don't know. My bra's dimension bit could be tricky to digitize."

"Or you could even be too massive for it to upload. I reckon you're a hell of a lot of data."

"You're calling me fat?" Anja glowered at him. "My boobs, which YOU unleashed, are going to crush us. And you're calling me FAT!?"

"Whoa, just the part that matters is fat!" Harrison assured her. He slipped an arm around her waist and hoisted her a bit. She giggled like a girl, glad to have him back beside her.

"Honestly, though, it could be a problem. What if I can't be transmitted? Death by my own boobs." Anja sighed. "Well, I suppose that figures." She didn't really think that would happen, but was it worth thinking about?

"Hrm. I have an idea."

KA-SHINK.

"WHY ARE ALL OF YOUR IDEAS THE SAME?" Anja exclaimed, outraged.

"Because," he answered peaceably, "I expect it's best to blow the forcefield apart before it becomes a problem for you and yours. Making you grow faster, or sooner, maybe you can bust out of here before we have enough time to get flattened!" He sounded optimistic, his spirits not dampened a wit.

Anja bit her lip, bringing Harrison close. "Alright then ... You kinda wanted something like this, didn't you?"

"I thought about it," he agreed.

"You're a creep and a weirdo." Anja hugged him all the tighter.

He stroked her hair, smiling at her all the while as Anja grew. He held her tight, as much as her chest would allow, and kissed her. Even for being the umpteenth time that night, Anja went weak in the knees. Whatever else she might have been feeling, it was still an intensely pleasurable experience. The bra on her back started to kick into gear, and more and more of that stretching-at-last sensation filled out her bosom as the bra unwound. Though, it only resulted in her getting cramped in a DIFFERENT container, the continent-sized dome. Her ginormous teats found every spare inch, the unyielding dome forcing their malleable softness into every nook and cranny. Every building that had once been spared in the cracks where the force field met its base, these were now pulverized by Anja's planetary bosom.

Slowly the duo were backed into the wall as she inflated. There hadn't been much room between them and the city limit in the first place, as Harrison's residence had been located very nearby. Anja could feel the entire dome, pressing down on her breasts from all sides. Even the portions of her teats that swelled out around her body. She was omnipresent within the city limits of Roanapur. There was nothing where the bosom of Anja did not touch, or fill completely. The city was getting very hot and cramped as there was nothing but breast for square miles and miles. The City of Roanapur. Occupancy? Two. Two humongously fat breasts. Maximum occupancy? Much less than that.

Their kissing session had broken off, and Anja now stared up into her admirer's eyes. "Don't worry, it's like you said," Anja reassured herself aloud, mustering up some confidence as she was being backed into the wall behind her. "We'll pretend this force field is just one of my old bras. That's all it is. Just another crummy, uncomfortable, too small bra."

## PART 05

May contain: Large Breasts, Breast Expansion, some Science Fiction (just enough), Mature Themes (you've been warned)

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"I destroyed them all," she confirmed, seeing Harrison's look. "One way or another. Once, I stood up in class after I, uh, hand gotten a little bit bigger in the night. I mean, that sort of thing was pretty normal for me, so my mom still made me go to school. Otherwise I'd miss every day of class. But that night had been ... ok more than a little. I could barely get myself into my bra that morning." Anja mimed stuffing something down a woefully inadequate bra. "Anja everywhere. And when I stood up in class to grab my books, the whole thing protested and ..." Anja made a swelling motion with her arms, away from her. "It gave up."

"ALL my hooks popped, and suddenly I was unsupported." Anja made an expression of distaste. "My bra straps hung right out beneath my shirt. The bra didn't fall cuz it was still so tight in there, it was trapped. I wore huge shirts then, too, but it wasn't big enough for my unrestricted size. That hem only came down to NEAR bottom of my breasts." Anja blushed in misery. "And the bottoms of my boobs were hanging out over my tummy, down on my WAIST. Everyone could SEE." Anja sighed. She was crimson at the memory, now. "I was only beachball or so sized, then, but still. Stuff like that happened to me all the time. Bras were so expensive, and I pretty much had to wear each one until I couldn't ... one way or another," Anja grimaced. "These special bras are the only ones I never broke, but even then I broke the first model, remember?"

"I remember every word," Harrison said seriously. He had hardly blinked during her little story.

Anja giggled self-consciously, and, not knowing what else to do, pushed him harder into her chest.

"You're not allowed to hate your breasts any more, you know," he commented, straightening himself up.

"Why not??" Anja asked indignantly. "They're about to smoosh us!"

"It would make me sad."

Anja thought about this as he drew her head to his. Through their discussion, their space had been cropped down and they were nearly out of room, completely. Anja's bare ass was pressed against the city wall behind her, and still her bosom had swelled over the both of them, swallowing both of them in her cleavage. She was being pressed hard into the wall until she shifted into her cleavage as much as she could. Within a moment, neither of them could feel anything except each other, and Anja's boobs. In Harrison's case, he couldn't feel anything EXCEPT Anja. Not even the planet beneath them. The enclosed space dwindled further and further, and the both of them had to fight back her breasts, pushing at Anja's bountiful endowments with all their might just to prevent their heads from being smothered in the soft orbs.

And still she grew. The duo were but dust motes in her cleavage as she expanded into every ounce of space within the dome. The wall encircled her whole boobs, and from top to bottom, the city of Roanapur was one big sports bra for Anja. Restrictive, and, well, she certainly wasn't bouncing! Anja's thin arms attempted to stave off the endless supply of herself. "Why ... am I ... so DAMN BIG?!" she screamed.

"That's a good question," came Harrison's muffled reply. She was growing over his mouth. "But never look a gift horse in the mouth."

"First I'm FAT, now I'm a HORSE??" Anja yelled. "I take it ALL back. Kindly get CRUSHED, Mr. Harrison!"

"I've half a mind to!"

The city groaned. Then grated and wailed, voicing its utmost displeasure with the extremely excessive quantities of Anja. Sparks started showering the walls around them, the ones inside the dome fizzled out hotly Anja's boobs. Creaking and grinding noises rent the air, as Anja's breasts continued to swell within the extremely limiting and narrow confines of an entire continent sized city. Filled to capacity.

CRACK. CRACKCRACKCRACKCRACKCRACK. "Come on," Anja pleaded. "You never used to let me contain you in a bra, before. Don't have a change of heart now!"

She couldn't even beat back her breasts any longer. She wasn't strong enough and her flesh was taught and straining against every available inch it could find. She was going to run out of air soon, pressed in between her phenomenal chest. It was hot and heavy within, and she was starting to get claustrophobic.

BOOM.

A shattering blast thundered, and everything suddenly freed up, Anja's breasts surged forward by another third and her cleavage loosened considerably. Anja and Harrison tumbled out of the narrow confines of her chest, and collapsed, gasping the cool night air. There were resounding bangs and thumps and clangs throughout the city, but Anja was only dimly aware of the cacophony of destruction. The city was settling in its demise.

The two gulped down the crisp air, a new luxury, and after a few moments of breathing with gusto, Anja surveyed the damage. The walls were in ruins, bits and chunks strewn about the world just beyond the limits of the City of Roanapur. The walls had all toppled or been completely overcome by her bosom. With the chain broken, the force field generators had either been crushed or disconnected, and she had no reason to worry about it any longer. She had clearly outgrown its capability to contain her, even if she hadn't obliterated her foe in the process of that discovery.

Now they were beyond that, in the territory of the Planet of Roanapur. In the aftermath, she had been flopped out on to the paved path and mossy area that lay just beyond the walls of the city. The path was well kept for the likes of repairmen, walkers, joggers, and general enthusiasts of nature's splendor, and circled the whole city that once was. Colloquially, it was known as The Boardwalk.

Very few things from the swamps ever came near the city, what with the noises it made, and the lights it shone, but especially because of the various wildlife deterring devices. Such things were strategically posted around to protect The Boardwalk, but also to inhibit or dissuade anything that might otherwise worm its way into the walls and wreak havoc, or damage the integrity of the force field. The devices weren't actually located in the wall, but positioned a dozen yards away. The nearest seemed to still be operational, having dodged the meteoric gobs of the wall which Anja blew up.

The marshes behind them were eerily quiet and still. Every living thing within the surrounding area had been awed and cowed by the earthquakes and shockwaves of wanton destruction she had brought upon them. In most cases, fleeing was the general strategy, though other creatures had hidden themselves away and decided to never come back out.

The drizzle out here was stronger than in the city, un-alleviated without the force field. For some reason, the force field was unable to completely resist the base element of nature. It had first been constructed for that sole purpose, only to frustrate everyone when it only lessened the impact of the atmosphere, not removed it. It was stretched thin already on account of its immense size. Still, everyone agreed something was better than nothing and its protection was not unwelcome, though Roanapur did not have many raiding bandit difficulties. They were already allowed inside the city.

The pattering of the water on her chest was an unusual sensation, and much stronger now that she was directly exposed. Anja could FEEL where the water ended. The clouds dropped as many droplets as they could, many of them skating down Anja's breasts, yet she was still completely dry ABOVE the clouds. Far more than half of her colossal bust was not being rained on, and yet Anja herself had droplets landing in her hair. Furthermore, different parts of her chest felt different things, like entirely different weather in different regions. In the center she was dry and warm, the remains of the city heated by her body for the past hour or so. Beyond that, the fringes of her chest met cold and damp swampland. It was not unlike having rested her breasts on a dry table, and then spilled a glass of water on the table until the puddle lapped at her edges. There were even parts where it wasn't raining at all, just windy, or just warm pockets of air. It was utterly bizarre.

“Huh. We’ve confirmed that the force field that kept Roanapur safe all these years was SIGNIFICANTLY weaker than the force field required by your bra,” Harrison observed. “The one designed to simply to keep your monster boobs in check.”

She looked behind her and saw him strewn on his back, staring up at the sky. Anja followed his gaze to a night sky filled with her smooth flesh, the stars obscured by literally miles of her cleavage. She WAS the horizon. Nothing else beyond her mind boggling bosom was visible, the heavens consumed by her beached whales. Looking straight up from her kneeling position at the base of her own chest was like putting your chin against the wall of a skyscraper and staring up at the roof. Only there was no roof, the top was so far away you couldn’t even see it, beyond the clouds above and into who knows. The curvature of her chest was only barely visible from her vantage point, so insignificant was she at their base.

Harrison reached upwards for the sky. “Like Mount Olympus. Wreathed in clouds. Or Vesuvius, I guess, if you’re into that.”

“I might be more destructive, honestly.”

Harrison propped himself up on an elbow and studied her. She studied him back. They were both naked in a swamp. And they were both flushed and grinning.

“Hot damn. You SURE got some big tits,” he announced, his eyes sliding back to the objects of his fancy, behind Anja.

“You’ve said that before,” Anja responded dryly.

“It bears repeating,” he said sincerely.

“Is that so?” Anja twitched an eyebrow, then used a finger to point at her face. “But my eyes are over here.”

“That’s fine, I already know what those look like. Brown? Blue. Could be green.”

Despite that, he did look at her, smiling. He scooted over next to her, taking a seat at the foot of the behemoths. They sat in silence for a few moments more. He was enchanted, drawn to her bulging bustline, but Anja couldn’t help but notice Harrison’s obvious arousal, and she smiled privately to herself. He wasn’t the only one, she was feeling thrilled. Her expansion was finally quieting down now, their trials over, but she was ready for more.

She stood up. “I expect it’s time to return to reality.”

“But- ... !” Harrison peered up at her, then sighed. “Yeah, ok.”

Anja stepped closer into her cleavage, reaching an arm down into her breasts for something she could feel there. As she leaned forward, her whole head and most of her torso disappeared from view, being quashed in her enveloping softness. She withdrew clutching a pair pants retrieved from the depths. Harrison’s pants, which she tossed at him.

“Don’t leave those there,” she giggled. “It’s rude to lose things in a girl’s tits, dontchaknow.”

“I’ve never had that problem before. Left a book in an apartment once, that was a damn shame.”

Anja thought of “The Tales of Cassidy Clearwater”, and laughed into her chest, leaning her whole body against a mountain of a right tit that completely ignored her.

“What?” Harrison asked suspiciously as he rose to put on his pants. “It was a good book I never finished.”

“Nothing, nothing. But seeing as I got your pants for you,” she said, watching his attempt to pants himself, “can you go and fetch mine?” She gave him her most pleading, wide eyed look.

“Yours?” He glanced about, looking for them.

“Yeah. Or just my panties,” she said innocently, covering herself modestly.

He looked around and again, and then pointed questioningly towards the cavern behind Anja from where his own pants had just been retrieved. Anja nodded sweetly.

“I’m not sure I want to go back in there.”

“Who are you kidding?”

“True. Ok.”

“They’re not too far,” she added. “Thaaaaank youuuuu.” She knelt so he could step over her into the gulf of her cleavage.

He put his foot down on her other side, his leg stuffed in her warmth. She looked up at him encouragingly, and he pressed forward the rest of the way into the chasm, shouldering pounds of Anja out of his way. He disappeared again, completely encased, and made his way away from her. Anja sighed dreamily once he was lost within. If she wasn’t growing, there was little danger of him actually getting stuck, or getting crushed. Feeling him poke around in there while she gave his whole body a titjob? That was another story!

She bit her lip, envisioning her boy as an explorer, daringly making his way through a narrow cave. She could feel his progress, getting further from her yet he was still SO FAR from the actual end of her moons. Compared to where she COULD feel to, all the way out THERE so many, many miles away, he might as well have been trying to cross an ocean in a dinghy. He was so little! A speck ensnared. She started groping herself as forcefully as she could. She herself was in a similar dinghy, barely an itch on her own tits.

There was a rumble.

Anja’s eyes flashed open. Uh oh. She had never felt THAT on this scale before. Godddd. But it wouldn’t be a problem, since it should be proportional.

Anja estimated him to be about 50 yards away, but she really couldn't gauge how accurate she was. Her perception of distance was so grossly distorted by her utter size, it could have been miles for all she knew. His body was warm, rubbing through the inner taboo areas of her chest. It was an intoxicating feeling, no man was supposed to be there. Not socially acceptable in public, and not physically possible for the vast majority of women. Yet here she was, bare and in the great outdoors, having her massive cans fondled by Harrison.

All too soon he started to make his way back to her. Anja heaved herself up from the ground and readied herself to greet him with a sardonic smile. Once he was nearly upon her, she called out into her canyon, "Got 'em?"

"Yep," came his muffled reply.

Anja was taken aback. Really? Drat. She'd have to improvise.

He emerged only to find Anja standing squarely in his way, barring his path with one hand on her hip. He halted and looked at her.

Another rumble, and Anja's chest throbbed, not unpleasantly. Anja's eyes fluttered, but she tried to keep as straight a face as possible.

Harrison stared at her. "Did you Step?? Without me???" he asked indignantly.

Anja shook her head, her blonde hair swaying to and fro. "The Steps ended a while ago." Then she bit her lip, smiling, as her meaning slowly dawned on Harrison. His mouth fell open. They could both feel her chest expanding slowly, getting even bigger. Only ACTUALLY, this time.

"You're – your – you're ... right NOW?!" He trailed off.

Anja giggled. "I'm still a growing girl. Now where are they?" She held out her other hand for her undergarments.

The rumbling stopped and Harrison had unadorned wonder on his face. And something like reverence. Grinning, she snapped her fingers to get his attention, causing him to return to Roanapur from wherever he was. She held out the hand and he slowly forked her panties over. With two fingers, she flung them carelessly off to the side without even a glance.

Harrison blinked. "Okay ..." He was still a little flustered. "And, uh, yeah. Hey, I also found my phone." He held it up. "So now we can contact-"

Anja plucked it from his hand, and just like her panties, flicked it aside without breaking eye contact. It might've landed somewhere in the vicinity of her panties on the ground, but it mattered not. She looked at him evenly, her lips twisted in a mocking smile.

He stood there awkwardly, even further bewildered. "Um. Are you gonna ..." He made a move as if to step past her, but Anja just stood there preventing his escape. Because she was a part of her breasts, which were absurdly heavy, Harrison discovered that she was a rather difficult object to move.



He raised an eyebrow and tried again, only to find Anja implacable. He resigned himself. "Is there something else back in there I need? Want me to go get groceries?" he joked. "I'm sure I can go find a Johnson's mart. There were a billion of those."

"Yes, good idea," Anja replied, grinning lasciviously. "Why don't you do that?" Then with both hands she leaned forward and shoved Harrison backwards into the ravine of her sweater puppies. Harrison sputtered and was swallowed whole. Anja laughed as he re-emerged, struggling levering himself up. She put a palm against his chest to prevent him from moving further forward.

"Tit torture," he gasped.

"Anja pleasure!" she corrected. Anja put her other hand on his head and dunked him back down below her swells.

He didn't immediately reappear this time. In protest, he started groping her from within. Huge handfuls, armfuls, making as much of a commotion as he could. Anja's breasts, the near portion anyhow, wobbled with his efforts. The quivering only traveled so far, her otherwise firm bust absorbing all of the impact. Anja held him down, like a gangster drowning someone in a movie.

When Anja didn't relent, Harrison redoubled his efforts. Anja was starting to weaken, her muscles going limp and noodle as pleasure overtook her. He even started sucking at her, inhaling as much of her bosom as he could into his mouth giving her breasts hickeys. Anja rolled her eyes back and bit her lip as he squeezed and mauled her. His whole BODY. She was just thinking about it. He was stuck in there if she didn't let him out. He was hers. She collapsed to her knees at the opening of her cleavage. There was SO MUCH of her not being excited at all, not being touched or moved or even affected and yet, this was all it took. Her growth spurt had stopped some time back, but it wasn't even necessary to put her over the edge. This was enough.

Harrison endeavored for some time, despite Anja having rescinded her defense. She could have sat like that for ages, and she might have, she didn't know. Eventually he stopped and stood back up. Sensing her cue, Anja sat up on her knees to greet him, hands folded in her lap.

"NOW, you big tit bimb-" began Harrison, as he stepped out of her cleavage. He immediately halted, seeing Anja's position.

At her eye level, she could VERY clearly see he had been enjoying himself within, and was ready for her. She smiled weakly, her lips and cheeks flush. "My turn," she breathed.

Anja leaned just her head forward, opening her hot, sticky mouth. She gazed up with bright wide eyes at Harrison as he froze, watching her. Very slowly, she closed her lips on the tip of his arousal. The whole rest of his body stiffened, she could feel it in her breasts. She turned her focus to her task, lolling her tongue. Harrison immediately braced himself within her mountains as the insanely busty woman worked her mouth on his knob.

She had never done this before, but she had some idea of how to proceed. She wet his piece, and slowly she picked up the pace and increased the scope of her assignment. Her hands joined in as

she advanced. She felt Harrison lean over her, but she unconcerned, intent as she was on what she was doing.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

Anja's eyes fluttered and she stared up at him as he reclined backwards. She didn't lift herself from her position, though. She watched him carefully with her doe eyes as she resumed. It was highly sensual for her, as she worked between her lips. They were both in extremely intimate positions. Her at his feet, sucking ... and him being wedged in her bra. Which started to groan and protest as it was once again called into action for the umpteenth time that night.

And then, not so slowly, Anja continued her growth. The fake "growth" kind, once again.

Both woman and man shuddered as she started to swell even BIGGER. Already the PREPOSTEROUS size of an overlarge continent, what size was she about to reach? Her breasts greatly overflowed the city limits of Roanapur, long having encompassed it whole. Double would have to be EACH of Anja's behemoths being capable of such a feat! That was just one Step! He had released more than that. The swamps of the planet were collapsing beneath her massive weight as her bra released more of her into the world. Perhaps more than that world could handle.

The duo were relatively oblivious the devastation and world-reshaping happening around them. Anja could feel it on the fringes of her awareness, but beyond that, the world's doom was lost on them both. The rumblings, the concept of her growth, the feel of her boobs, these would have to suffice.

Undoubtedly, wildlife of every shape and size were attempting to flee her looming protuberances, but also just as assuredly, none of them would escape the swiftness of her enlargement. What was decent swelling proportional to the size of her chest, as she steadily ballooned out to the size of the next Step, was a catastrophic growth rate for anything more reasonably sized than a planet. Her leading edges crashed through the wild frontier at miles per second. Anja barely had time to register the trees being flattened underboob. There were so many, they blended together. Waves of standing water and debris were swept aside by the far greater tide of Anja, as water uselessly overflowed its container but was overrun anyways.

Swamp and wildlife offered no more resistance than the last gasps of Roanapur. There was no foe such as the forcefield left on the planet with which to contain her MASSIVENESS, and she went unchallenged. Even the planet itself started to fail at this herculean task.

A curious sensation was forming atop her breasts. Anja couldn't quite place it. Busy as she was with her mouth and hands, somewhere in the back of her mind she contemplated. She had already outgrown the clouds, that much was certain. What else would be up there? The tops of her breasts were an unfathomable amount of miles above the ground, there shouldn't be anything up there. There was nothing she could think of.

With a jolt, she realized. Nothing. There was nothing there! She had grown into space. It was a strangely familiar feeling, too.

She broke off of Harrison to refresh her lungs. "My tits have grown into space," she informed him breathlessly. She raised her eyebrows at him as she returned him to her mouth. She had been reasonably certain that saying those words would actually be more arousing to Harrison than what she was currently doing. His reaction confirmed this for her. Jeez, she thought. I guess ... I guess I've found the right man! If he wants a busy girl ... he's got the right woman.

She pressed him a bit harder into her bosom, so they could feel her growth. Harrison wouldn't be in any danger this close to Anja, not without any damnable forcefields to rebound her growth back on herself. Her fronts were definitely the place to avoid, as her bra extended further and further, squealing with its duty, but all growth was outward and away from her. Within minutes of her spectacular growth, Anja could FEEL the curvature of the planet beneath her. Long gone was the feeling of individual swamps and trees, it was all too insignificant and meaningless, they were lumped together and tickled her collectively. She could feel them if she concentrated, but it was much easier to feel the planet itself grinding against her, or her against it. This was getting out of control. Just a few Steps ago she had ruined the city, and now the planet. Half of it, anyway.

And more than half of her breasts were in that curious sensation of being in space, while the rest of her was still firmly mired in the atmosphere of Roanapur. The feeling was unique. Half of her immeasurably heavy chest was entirely weightless, and the other half felt like ... it was smothering half a planet. Precisely what she expected to feel. Only, her growth was sending wobbles and quakes throughout her mass, and in the vacuum of the void the wobbles lasted much longer than anywhere else. Her breasts quaked and shook like a vast ocean, a sea of tit, but there was a cutoff point where the atmosphere stopped being so dense, and her breasts had varying shimmying capabilities. Like gelatin poured into a cup too small for it, and then the cup was shaken. The top portion would rock and roll, but the bottom would be constrained within the confines of the cup.

She felt something moving fast smack into her cleavage, sending earthquakes through her planetoids. Colliding across one of her breasts, her curvature diverted it inwards. The fast-moving object skidded across the inner swell of her left breast, being gently lid inwards before it finally skipped across her surface into the cavernous canyon between Anja's orbs. Though it had a high velocity, it didn't manage to fight very far into her cleavage, her profound mass proving far too great. Drat! Yet another thing lost down her shirt! Though, with the distinct shape, Anja figured she knew what it was. She chuckled to herself.

Harrison gave an indication to her that the end was near.

The world itself started to fall away beneath her breasts. She had expanded beyond its ability to support her girth, and most of her bosom now resided in space. The weightlessness of space buoyed her, and as she grew outward, her bosom stopped following the curvature of the planet and instead grew out into the void. Still, the fraction that still rested upon the puny planet was more than enough to flatten 60% of its total surface area. She had just moved on to other, more important things. She could gauge the size of Roanapur more accurately, now.

She cleared her throat and re-hinged her jaw. "I guess I'm bigger than Roanapur," she croaked. "The PLANET, Roanapur," she amended. She hadn't been quite ready, but onto her chest, Harrison finished. He staggered across her right breast. She stood, and leaned upon him, taking his hands in hers. She guided them to her expansive bust. Not at all difficult to do, there was more than enough of her to go around, but she held his hands fast to her smooth flesh.

Beneath her fingers he groped and squeezed her, pale breast overflowing through his fingers. Together they could feel the rumble beneath them.

"So much for the Lifesavers," Anja said aloud. "Everybody wound up down my shirt anyways."

"The satellite? Got trapped, huh?"

Anja nodded matter-of-factly.

"Yikes," Harrison said. "Good luck getting them out of there."

"How big?" he asked, after they leaned against her for several moments. His breathing had returned to normal.

It was very hard to say. The only unit of measure she still had left by sense of touch was ... the planet itself. And that wasn't doing much for her, anymore. Her fat beasts had widened so far, that the portion of the planet in front of her was now being entirely being swallowed as collateral damage. It was approaching an inconsequential mass, compared to her still bra-clad beauties. The entire vista upward, forward, to the left, and to the right was all Anja. So much that it was difficult to perceive how much. At the end of their vision, there was still more Anja to go.

"Roanapur is an itty bitty planet now," she whispered into his ear, nuzzling against him and nipping at his ear. "A piece of popcorn in my bra. The satellite is even less."

Harrison turned and looked at her, and they shared a gaze. Then he with an exhausted heave he looked pointedly at the bra she was still wearing, harnessed to her back. Anja understood. With similarly weary smile, she stood up and slowly turned around as best she could, lifting her hair out of the way. Anja looked over her shoulder back at him, presenting her bra and her pale thin form which winnowed down until her hips and heart shaped ass. The huge bra was completely exposed.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

He was releasing her Steps like someone selecting a drink from a vending machine, but wasn't vending for some reason. Carefully pressing the button again and again. Anja shuddered each time her pressed the button, a weight seemingly lifted from her chest.

KA-SHINK.

And again.

KA-SHINK.

Again.

KA-SHINK.

KA-SHINK.

KA-CHUNK!

Both of them froze. Anja stiffened rigidly, then looked back at Harrison with wide eyes. He was watching her bra warily and pressed the button again, cautiously. It did nothing. The contraption went deathly quiet on her back, despite Anja still growing from her last Steps.

The moment paused, as they both waited in anticipation, neither of them sure what to expect. Harrison sat upright and put both his hands on Anja's waist, turning her back towards himself.

POW! Like a shot, Anja's growth exploded outwards. The garment on her back cracked and hissed, spazzing out as it instantly released more breast mass than there was mass to the planet beneath them. Roanapur, the planet quaked and groaned, but Anja's growth was pitiless. Both Anja and Harrison staggered and fell against her mountains. It was fortunate that the planet itself was suspended in space, and so was most of Anja, for otherwise it would never have been able to support Anja's weight.

The bra behind her sizzled and wheezed, giving indications of the enormous strain it was under in trying to reel back her growth to a SOMEWHAT manageable speed, which it accomplished with only limited success. The duo watched each horizon be completely occupied by Anja, but they had slowly been losing all sense of her size all night. Now, it was nearly all but impossible for these two mortals to see any signs she was actually getting bigger, her bra size had transcended their ability to visually measure. Suffice to say, everything was breast everywhere, directly behind Anja being the only exception.

Her breast fronts caromed through space, blowing up bigger and bigger and BIGGER. Anja couldn't even appreciate her own size in the void for lack of scale, save for the continually shrinking Roanapur wedged at their base. That had nearly diminished into a dime, and getting smaller all the time. Not a useful measuring stick. She was given a better sense of scale when her right breast was bombarded with asteroids, and her bra brushed aside the asteroid belt laying in barrier to the rest of the system. It all felt like debris trapped inside her shirt, something she had dealt with plenty of times before. Mere crumbs, she had been eating potato chips, that's all. The experience in that sense was not new to her at all.

But it WAS. Those were ASTEROIDS! She knew that, and it made all the difference. It was too much. She couldn't. Anja pushed Harrison to the ground beneath her chest. She immediately fell down and straddled him. It was a testament to his obsession that he was still ready.

“Ooooooh,” she giggled. “I’m getting sooooo big. These are for you. Happy?”

“Is it really done?” Harrison asked, taking her hips in his hands and helping her position. He was frantic with his enthusiasm. AT LAST.

“I think so,” she crooned. “You finally got it off. Yay!”

Harrison’s eyes gleamed in the night and he pumped his fist in his victory exhilaration, as Anja rocked upon him. She voiced her pleasure loudly and often, her boobs were FREE. It was an unimaginable freedom, to let this huge amount of her out of the confines of her undergarment. She should have done this YEARS ago. Though without Harrison, none of this would have been the same.

Her breasts filled their whole world. Yet they were finding new ones. With a small punch to her bosom, her growth mashed into the nearest planet, sending it rocketing off into untold adventures. She marveled at the size of the planet, or its complete lack thereof. She was MANY times bigger than it. A marble had bumped into her, nothing more. The next planet was a lone raindrop that fell down her shirt. The next, she might not even NOTICE!

“How far is it to Neos?” she gasped. Neos was a planetary body in the solar system.

“Neos?” he groaned, “It has to be ... uh ... -”

“And how far to Catar?” she interjected breathlessly. “You’ll need to know that to calculate my bra size.” She clawed his chest, and then shifted her hands onto her breasts on either side.

He was having difficult grasping portions of her breasts from his position, catching hold of their surface eluded him. She took pity on him, raising his arms and hands into positions where she could force them deep into her bosom. She could feel him, yet she could also feel yet another planet off in the far distance being dashed to bits by the hard shell of her bra. She screamed when her breasts brushed against something hot, but it wasn’t out of pain. The solar center was immediately relocated by her bosom the moment the two met. It had felt like a spitball that someone shot at her chest.

That was actually EXACTLY what that felt like. A small sting. She had experienced the latter a fair few times back in her school days, enough to recall it well. And that’s when she realized something else. Why everything else felt so familiar. It took her a moment to collect her thoughts.

When she first put on the bra. Wayyyyy back when. It had felt EXACTLY like the void which a portion of her breasts resided in now. Space! And the asteroids, she had felt things like that before. Not just like. EXACTLY like. The planets, the debris, the ...

She gasped and moaned. “Oh god.”

She leaned over him, planting her hands on his chest urgently. She leaned down until their noses nearly touched, her hair drooped into his face. “Oh god, Harrison ... My bra ... I know ... I know these feelings,” she panted. “I felt this YEARS ago. Sometime after I transitioned to this model of bra. Only ... only I never realized. I didn’t know ... I didn’t think ... I think ...”

She shuddered and fell down more heavily upon him.

“I think my bra contains another UNIVERSE!” she exclaimed excitedly, hoarse from her exertions.

She could scarcely grasp but the concept, but in her heart she knew it was true, and she was stunned. Amazed at herself, and that all this time she never knew. Harrison closed his eyes, but propped Anja up by her shoulders, bidding her to explain. She seemed unable to sit up under her own power, at the moment.

“My bra, it’s not- it’s not just empty space. Not a pocket universe. A real one. The planets, and asteroids, and space, and things ... I think I mistook them for debris in my bra but it WASN’T. I was growing in that other universe. Oh my god. I think I’ve had entire worlds stuffed down my shirt this entire time ... and I never knew.” She mouthed the words again. ‘Oh my god.’ Because she aware of another fact.

She hadn’t felt any of that kind of debris in a very, very long time.

With both of their brains churning with the implications, with the planet rocking beneath them with Anja still exploding outwards into the cosmos, with both of them entwined, the duo climaxed together under the stars and in the shadows of Anja’s breasts. She spasmed and collapsed against her man, who cradled her as best as he could despite being smothered by her titanic bosom. Her bosom was slowly starting to come down from their growth, at some vast and incomprehensible size. She couldn’t even begin to hazard a guess. Nothing had felt big against her flesh for QUITE a while. There was nothing she could attribute a unit of measure in which to measure herself again. What was left that was as big as her?

Anja and Harrison shared a moment that stretched out for an eternity, enjoying themselves and calmly contemplating the events of their night. They lay in each other’s arms as the shaking jittered to a halt, and the night lay still. Anja rested her head against her chest, as she couldn’t get close enough to his to rest her head there. Still, he stroked her hair and the bathed in silence.

A sharp noise jarred them both out of their reverie.

The wicked contraption on Anja’s back sputtered and crackled in its death throes.

Anja sat up, panting heavily, and stood to let Harrison up from beneath her. He gently stepped over her kneeling form, free from her cleavage for the first time in a while. Anja remained kneeling, looking over her shoulder expectantly as Harrison stood and watched. He stood like an emperor, lording over a city he was proud of. She swished her hair out of the way so his view was unobstructed.

Anja’s bra sparked a few times, and then with one final fizzing hiss, the bra lost. It thunked heavily to the ground, finally freeing Anja.

Harrison stood there, whatever he was about to say died his lips as he boggled at her.

Despite everything she felt, everything running through her head, everything exciting that had happened to her, Anja started to giggle. Then laugh. She doubled over in her hysterics.

Harrison could only stand there, limply. She had never seen a more forlorn sight in all her life.

She looked back at him as she wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes. Finally out of her system, she smiled at him compassionately. He kicked the decrepit band of her bra that laid on the ground. It was now dead and useless, smoking faintly. The bra cups had vanished, no longer being powered, and all that remained was the harness. Then Harrison looked at Anja again, taking her all in.

"You're still wearing a bra," he said quietly.

She nodded sympathetically, not trusting herself to speak.

"A second one."

She nodded again, slowly.

He stared at her, despondently. "I don't understand."

Anja took a deep, weary sigh. "That story I told you, about my bras and my growth ... I may have omitted a thing or two," she said carefully. "These 'Multiverse Bras', the model I wear, it can't Step infinitely. It can step more than once! More than the original model, but it still has a limit. And I grew. And grew. And I outgrew even these impossible bras."

She looked at him warily.

"But they couldn't figure out a way to improve the bra, see. It was already an engineering marvel. Instead, they simply gave me another one to put on, worn over top of the first one. Every so often I have to tighten the bra to control my growth. And whenever I can't tighten it any more, I have to go get a new one and add it to the ones I already wear. The one you just removed ..."

She wasn't sure how much more she wanted to say. Throughout the whole journey, she had tried not to think about it, to push it from her mind and deal with all of this when it came up. Now her moment of reckoning was here. Anja looked at the worse-for-wear bra discarded upon the ground.

"That's the latest addition, the only one I've been wearing that I hadn't maxed out yet," she whispered.

Harrison scowled at her. She watched him sit down heavily on the ground, rubbing his temples.

"I've been tightening and adding bras my whole life," she added miserably, and almost apologetically.

Harrison was staring at her, absorbing her words. He was utterly blank, and that made Anja more nervous than anything. She had known he'd be disappointed with the extra bras, but she REALLY



hadn't counted on how BIG she actually was beneath them! It blew her own mind, and she could only imagine what was going on in Harrison's. She was certain that she was obscenely bigger than he had ever even imagined in his fantasies. A wave of insecurity washed over her. She was feeling the pressing need explain herself as much as she could, once more that evening. She needed to keep going.

"But I've never taken them off before! ... I've never undone the Steps. Honestly, I'm a LOT bigger than I ever guessed. I really had no idea," Anja shrugged helplessly. "And ..." This wasn't going well. He was just sitting there, processing. Had she FINALLY broken him? Was her size so absurd, at last, that even HARRISON couldn't love her boobs? All of her doubts from across the evening were resurfacing.

"I'm starting to think that every time I had to readjust the bra, my ... my growth outside my bra was proportional to how contained my breasts were. Proportional to the exponent of my combined bras and Steps." She knew it must be true, the evidence was sitting on her chest, but she was still having trouble believing it. Just how fast was she growing, on a daily basis?! It scared her.

"Every time I tightened my bra, I thought I was just cinching it. Not performing a full shrinking Step, or something similar."

Harrison continued to sit there, blinking slowly, stunned into silence. Anja desperately wanted to know what was racing through his mind. She bit her lip, her face a mask of worry. Was he going to be upset with her? Or excited? Or what? Was she finally ugly to him? Please, NO ... She couldn't afford to lose him ... please ...

At last, he looked directly at her, his expression inscrutable. He sighed.

"Hot damn, I really have my work cut out for me." He raised an eyebrow. "How many more do I have to get through, exactly?" he asked. The beginnings of a sly grin were forming. The fire in his eyes had been rekindled, stronger than ever.

Relief flooded through Anja, a tidal wave that washed over every ounce of her, leaving her lightheaded and giddy. She could breathe again, because that was it, it was done. He knew everything, she had no more secrets. Yet Harrison still wanted her despite everything. She felt her full love for him blaze with a vengeance. Finally, she could relax.

With a broad smirk, Anja answered him. "Well, one part of my original story was DEFINITELY true, I never kept track of all this stuff. I didn't want to think about it! How many bras? Didn't want to know ... I lost count after a while."

Harrison choked, and then stared at her in happy amazement. Anja winked, and slyly reached both hands behind her back.

"Let's find out, shall we?"

KA-SHINK!

**THE END**