

## Part 2:

### *Accommodations*

Aidan worked the opening shift at a coffee shop so he could be around to help Bridget out during the majority of her waking hours, but he still had to sleep sometime. Exhausted and satisfied following their third round of sex, he had helped her clean up and dry off before retiring to the small modular office in one corner of the warehouse. Bridget had thought about playing a game but settled on curling up with one of her new books. It was a dense sci-fi epic that claimed to be a more grounded story about astronauts and their encounters with an alien vessel.

An hour in, it had proven to be pretty dry in her opinion, but she wanted to give it a proper chance. She turned the page and sipped the coffee Aidan had brought home for her. After passing a night with her breasts bare, she had felt a little chilled, but now she enjoyed the cozy embrace of a gigantic blanket. At her request, Aidan had lowered it down on top of her with the aid of a pulley system built into the ceiling. It was about 800 square feet of microfleece, and she adored it. Nothing else in the world that she was aware of could possibly cover her tits, and things got drafty in the warehouse sometimes. It wasn't like she could put on a sweater whenever she got cold. Even *if* she had something that could fit them, there was no chance in hell that she could ever put it on by herself.

She shifted on her cushion and let out a moan of pleasure as the heavy plug in her ass buzzed and made her body tense up from the abs down. She flexed her toes and ground her thighs together. The plug was an expensive model that could be set to a reactive mode that increased in intensity with movement. She'd bought it on a whim when she was first getting into kinkier stuff, and it had become one of her favorites. She could leave it in when Aidan wasn't around, and it helped to take the edge off. She didn't know if it came with the territory of her gigantic boobs or not, but sometimes the need to get off grew so intense she went almost feral if she couldn't relieve herself. She'd talked to her doctors about it, but they just told her to keep a vibrator handy and deal with the problems as they arose.

She remained as she was for the next several hours, reading her book and soaking up a long, satisfying half-gasm sustained by regular stimulation from the plug. She would occasionally wiggle her hips to set it off and enjoy the vibrations deep within her body, but never quite let herself reach full climax, just how she wanted it.

By the time noon rolled around, she was ready for a nap. She had found that at her size, a lot of sleep was absolutely crucial. Though her body had somehow managed to adapt to its own immensity, she needed lots of rest to allow time to recover from the stress of simply existing with her giant tits. It suited her fine since she couldn't spend her time in many other meaningful ways. Especially when Aidan was sleeping or otherwise not around to help her

relocate or reach something she wanted. She could only stand to read for so long. She didn't feel like playing any of her games just then, and she hadn't felt like watching anything lately, so a quick catnap to pass the time until Aidan came to wake her up seemed perfect.

She set her book aside with a yawn, stretched her arms out over her head, then reached down into her leggings and pulled the plug out of herself with a small grunt of effort. She turned it off before putting it in a bag with some of the other toys Aidan would need to take care of once he got up again. She settled back down on her cushion, warm and content under her blanket, and tried to clear her mind.

As they so often did in that meditative state, her thoughts were a drifting cloud of seemingly random information and memories. She thought of her past. The fateful summer when everything changed and the subsequent school year from hell, in particular. She considered how much she had adapted since then.

*Humans have proven time and again that we're nothing if not adaptable.*

It was a line she had just read in her book half an hour ago. The idea was hardly groundbreaking, but it certainly rang true to her. In a strangely common experience for Bridget, recollections of her past began to shift into more dreamlike recreations of events as she started to doze off. She almost felt as if she were reliving the memories by the time she fell asleep.



"You need to talk to him at some point, sweetheart," her mother insisted. "He just wants to make sure you're okay. All he knows is that you skipped the last three weeks of school and haven't left home since. He's probably scared for his friend."

"I don't care!" Bridget fired back. "I don't want him to see me like *this*!"

She tried to cover her chest with her arms, but there was too much there. She had reached a size where Catherine had given her some of her bras, but she was already straining their limits. In the intervening months since puberty had hit her like a freight train, Bridget had only grown larger.

"I know it's happening fast, but you're growing up. It's silly to hide from your friends just because you're starting to look more like a woman."

Bridget scoffed, her face reddening as her temper mounted. Her mom just didn't get it. She grabbed her breasts, sinking her fingers into the soft flesh and pulling at them as if to tear them away from her body.

"I'm a freak!" She cried, raising her voice to a panicked half-scream. "I already have bigger boobs than you!"

Catherine knew that was true. She had measured her the night before, and the girl was already inching her way to a DDD. The rate of development would have been impressive if it hadn't been so terrifying.

"What about school?" Catherine asked after a long, uncomfortable pause. "Summer won't go on much longer, and you have to get an education. It's non-negotiable."

Bridget looked like she'd just been slapped. She took a few slow steps backward into her room.

"You can't make me go back like this," she said, her voice trembling. "I'll die. If anyone finds out I've got something wrong with me—"

She trailed off, unable to continue as she thought about their visit with the specialist, Dr. Fielding. He had confirmed Bridget's suspicions of VBH but also told them her case was extraordinary. He pointed out that in cases like hers—where onset was sudden and growth was rapid—the growth usually ended just as suddenly as it began. Unsure how long it would go on at the current rate, he had prescribed her a few medications intended to help reign in her hormones. So far, they didn't seem to work, but he had told them there was still a lot they didn't understand about the different forms of macromastia. According to him, nearly everyone that developed the condition was different enough to make proper treatment hard to nail down.

Then he'd gone on and on until Bridget felt like she would faint. By the time he explained that the condition was so rare they didn't know how to stop it aside from the total surgical removal of the mammarys, she was on the verge of tears. He stressed that if they took that option, they would probably need to wait until her growth leveled off or risk further complications. If leftover breast tissue could begin to regrow post-surgery, he thought it could be catastrophic in her case. Thus far her skin had managed to accommodate the extreme growth without showing any signs of stress or damage, but there was no way to know how long that would hold out. If they attempted surgery and she kept growing at her current rate, it would likely do more harm than good. He advised waiting until Bridget was at least 16 and told them they could set implants of practically any size she chose, so they didn't need to worry about her appearance if it came to that. He meant to reassure her, but it hadn't helped at all.

"They'll understand and be nice," Catherine told. "Or else they'll have a long talk with your principal. I already talked to him about your situation."

"Why?" Bridget was almost screeching now. "Why would you do that?"

Tears had started to roll down her freckled cheeks. Her angry gaze was more accusing than questioning. Catherine steeled herself and went on. She could only hope her chosen course of action would work out in the end.

“He called last week,” she said, keeping her voice low and calm to set her daughter at ease. “He wanted to make sure you would be able to come back to school next month. I told him you would, then explained your condition. He said he’d personally make sure no one gave you a hard time.”

Bridget’s eyes widened.

“Did you not go to school?” She groaned. “No one cares what the principal says! They’ll just wait till he’s gone or busy chewing someone else out and then go for the kill!”

She held her head in her hands, her fingers tense and pressing hard into her flesh. Catherine recognized the hallmarks of a panic attack and moved in. She pulled Bridget’s hands away from her face, saw the marks her fingernails had left behind in her skin, and changed tack.

“Even if that does happen, Aidan will have your back, won’t he? If you invite him over, we can sit down and have a talk to explain what’s going on. He’s a smart boy. I’m sure he won’t let something like this—”

“He’s a *boy*, Mom!” Bridget burst out, her voice still rising in both pitch and volume. “He won’t be able to understand everything that’s going on. You can’t bring him here!”

“You *cannot* shut yourself away and pretend things aren’t going to move on without you.”

Bridget froze in place as she recognized her mother’s new tone of voice. It was the lower, icier version that instilled fear in the hearts of husband and daughter alike. She looked up at her, and their eyes locked together. Like a bird transfixed by a snake, Bridget found herself unable to move or look away. Her mother was going to lay down the law, and that was that. She knew then she didn’t have a real choice. Her mom was going to force her to do something.

Then, in a strangely detached way, she felt strong arms wrap around her shoulders, and then a hand pressed her cheek against something soft, comforting, and familiar. Bridget tried to fight her impulses but couldn’t help it. She broke down and cried like a baby at her mother’s breast.

“You’re my daughter, and I love you,” Catherine told her, stroking her fiery curls. “I’m going to do everything I can to protect you, but you’re growing up. I can’t say I went through this at your age because that wouldn’t be fair. I didn’t. But I went through some of it, and I learned back then that bottling up your feelings and hiding yourself from people who want to help you will only leave you to deal with your problems alone. Do you understand?”

She held Bridget out from her by the shoulders to look her in the eyes again. The girl sniffed once, then choked back a sob. Her voice was thin and nasal when she finally spoke.

“Y-yeah, but I’m scared.”

“It can be a scary time, but you have to be brave and face it. I had to. So did your father. All the other kids at school are going to have to, if they aren’t already.”

Bridget sniffed and wiped her eyes.

“Aidan is going to have to. Don’t you want to be there for him when he needs you?”

Bridget coughed and let out a short, trembling sob this time, unable to hold it back any longer.

“He’s gonna think I’m a freak!” She bawled.

“That boy loves you,” said Catherine. “As a friend, maybe like a sister.

*Maybe something more*, she thought to herself as she wiped a tear from Bridget’s cheek with her thumb.

“He would never want to hurt you like that.”

She sat with Bridget on her bed and let her cry it out for a few minutes. When she was finished, she seemed much more prepared to discuss her future.



Aidan stood on the front step of the Thomas residence for the first time in weeks. The last few times he’d stopped by, Bridget had been sick, out of town with her dad, stuck with extra homework for missing the last month of school, or had some other excuse for not coming out to see him. He knocked on the door, and her mom answered again.

“Hi, Mrs. Thomas,” Aidan said, already prepared to be sent away. “Bridge called and asked me to come over today. Is she here?”

“Yes, she is,” Catherine said with a smile. “But hold on just a second.”

She bent forward, exposing a line of cleavage as her shirt fell open at the collar. Aidan quickly diverted his gaze to a nearby window as she whispered into his ear.

“She’s feeling kind of sensitive lately, so be careful what you say, alright?”

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied, unsure what that was supposed to mean.

Catherine stood up straight again and nodded.

“Good. And try not to stare. Let’s go wait in the den for now.”

She stepped backwards through the doorway and held the door for him. Without a clue of what was going on, he entered the house. He had spent almost half of his young life there, but it had never felt so foreboding as this. He felt like he was in trouble and about to answer for whatever he'd done. His mind was racing as he walked to the den by muscle memory alone.

*What did she mean by that? Was she in some kind of accident?*

He tried not to imagine his best friend's hypothetical injuries and followed Mrs. Thomas into the den. He took a seat on the couch to wait for Bridget to come down, and Catherine left to get them something to drink when a teenage girl he didn't recognize entered the room an instant later. She was wearing a silvery button-up blouse that was noticeably strained at the chest. A few of the upper buttons were struggling to hold the stretched fabric closed, and he could tell at first sight she was even bigger than Bridget's mom. He thought she must have been one of her cousins here for a visit or something, but then he noticed she was wearing jeans that didn't match her blouse. Uniquely damaged and stained jeans that he recognized. He forced himself to look above her chest and saw a thick tangle of bright red, curly hair.

"Bridget?"

His voice betrayed his surprise, but Bridget remained outwardly unphased. She crossed the room and sat in one of the chairs beside the couch. Her mom had spent the last week training her to maintain her posture with the new weight pulling at her back and shoulders. She wanted nothing more than to slump forward to try to hide the size of her chest, but she'd been told about a thousand times that doing so would only leave her muscles weak and make her back hurt. Instead, she kept her back straight and her shoulders squared. Her chest felt like it was pushed out ludicrously far in that position, but she held it all the same. She forced herself to ignore the dark shadows creeping into the lower edges of her vision and looked Aidan in the eyes.

"Hey," she said with a weak grin and a half-hearted wave. "How've you been?"

He stared at her without responding for a few seconds and then glimpsed Mrs. Thomas pouring drinks through the kitchen doorway. He remembered her earlier comment about trying not to stare and looked towards the floor. He cleared his throat and tried to act like nothing was different as he answered her question.

"I was spending a lot of time playing video games with my brother," he muttered. "But he got his hands on some fireworks around the 4th and blew up some lady's mailbox. He's grounded, like, forever."

Bridget, who had never liked Aidan's older brother much, couldn't suppress a derisive snigger. She saw Aidan look at her and grin, and things almost felt normal between them. Then she felt how much her chest bounced when she laughed and became self-conscious all over again. Catherine reentered the den with a tray loaded down with three tall glasses of iced

tea that had already started to sweat. She set it down on the coffee table in front of Aidan, then handed him a glass.

“Thanks,” he said, taking a sip to wet his dry mouth.

She handed another to Bridget and sat down on another chair opposite her daughter with her own glass in hand. She took a short sip and crossed her legs as she leaned back.

“So,” Catherine began. “Aidan, I’m sure you’ve been wondering where Bridget has been lately. She wanted to invite you over to explain. I’m only here to keep an eye on the two of you and answer any questions that come up.”

“Mom...”

Bridget started fidgeting with the rim of her glass, her eyes planted firmly on her knees. Her posture shifted from straight and proper to a pronounced slouch as her shoulders started to slump with embarrassment. She wasn’t sure she was ready to do this now.

“I mean, it’s alright,” Aidan said, feeling more awkward than he ever had in his life. “You were just sick for a while, and then you were busy with make-up work from school, right?”

“That’s not—” Bridget began, but then she cut herself off, unsure how to go on. “I mean, I wasn’t. Not really.”

Aidan looked confused as she trailed off. She twisted a lock of her hair around her finger, still staring down towards her lap. Most of it was blocked by the bulging front of her mom’s old blouse.

“Well then, what was up?” He asked. “Do you just not want to hang out with me anymore?”

He remembered how she had acted the last few times they had gone out for their usual bike rides. She had been short and peevish with him, and he had worried he was annoying her somehow. Then excuses had started pouring in. She had practically disappeared from his life, and now that he saw her again, she even looked different. *Really* different.

“No! It’s nothing like that. I just...”

She floundered and looked to her mom for help. Catherine leapt into the conversation.

“You must have noticed that Bridget is maturing into a young lady,” she told Aidan, putting it as delicately as she could.

Aidan’s eyes widened. His face went red as he realized what she was referring to. He didn’t feel ready to have a conversation like this.

“I, uh...”

"It's okay," Catherine assured him. "She's starting to look different, and that's normal."

Aidan felt overwhelmed. This was all weird and uncomfortable, but he wanted to be there for Bridget. He looked over to her and saw she was still avoiding his eyes and seemed to be chewing on her lip and pulling her hair now. She looked miserable as Catherine continued her explanation.

"What's not so normal is how fast this is happening to her. Normally girls take months to change as much as Bridget has, but she has a rare condition that's making things happen a lot faster. Does that make sense?"

"Yes, ma'am," Aidan said. "I think so."

Catherine had watched his face closely as she spoke and smiled at him. He had done well so far. She wasn't sure he would be able to handle this sort of conversation with an adult, but he was sticking it out. Still, she didn't think she was helping as much as she'd hoped she might. It seemed to her like the best option was to let the kids sort it out themselves from there. She got up, glass still in hand, and moved towards the kitchen again.

"I think I should let you two talk for a little while," she said. "I'll be right in here if you need me, but just try to get along like you always have, okay? Nothing is really all that different here."

So saying, she left the room, and a long, pregnant silence filled the air between boy and girl. Desperate for something to take his mind off of how awkward he felt, Aidan sipped his tea and really focused on the flavor. The amber liquid was a little bitter and a little sweet, with a hint of lemon in the aftertaste. He remembered Mrs. Thomas telling his mom how she made it at a barbeque the previous summer. Something about simple syrup and lemon zest, whatever those were. Suddenly, Bridget interrupted his wandering thoughts.

"That was weird, wasn't it?" She asked, chewing the end of her thumbnail. "Sorry. I don't know how I let her talk me into this."

Aidan could tell she was getting agitated. He wasn't sure how to put her mind at ease, but decided to try anyway.

"No, it was alright," he said. "I mean, it was a little weird, yeah, but grown ups are always weird."

Bridget finally looked up at him again with a grateful gleam in her eyes.

"Oh my god, yes," she wheezed. "I've been dying all summer without someone else to talk to."

"Then why didn't you come out and talk to me all those times I came over?"

Bridget looked troubled by his question, but she looked back up at him and shook her head.

"I don't know. I was being silly, I guess."

"Well, yeah, Bridge," Aidan told her. "You're a girl."

All discomfort and awkwardness were forgotten as Aidan's teasing took her mind straight back to the old days.

"You're such a jerk," she snapped, sitting up in her chair and glaring at him.

She was acting more like herself then, and Aidan noticed. He smiled at her as they started up their old game of teasing and name calling.

"And you're a butthead," he shot back.

"Chauvinist," said Bridget with a satisfied smirk. "Sorry, do you even know what that is?"

Aidan laughed and sipped his tea. He was starting to feel comfortable again. Then Bridget started laughing too, and her chest pressed out against the tight fabric of the blouse as it shook with her giggles. Aidan watched her, his eyes naturally drawn to the movement. Then instinct took over, and he found himself unable to look away. Bridget noticed and stopped laughing. He realized he had been staring again and looked into her face in horror.

"Aidan..." She mumbled. "You..."

"I'm sorry, I..."

He had nothing to say for himself. He had been warned she was feeling sensitive about things lately, and he had still managed to screw things up. He knew she had been short-tempered and emotional from when they were still hanging out just before summer started. He should have known better. He braced himself for the end.

"You..*PERV!*"

He felt a pillow hit him in the head and spilled iced tea down his front as he almost toppled over from the sudden blow. It hadn't really hurt, but it took him off guard. He spun his head back around to see Bridget's squinted eyes burning into his wide open ones. She had raised another pillow and had it cocked back over one shoulder. Then he realized she was smiling at him through the faux-anger, and he was so relieved he failed to react as the second pillow flew towards his face.

"Ow!" He groaned, rubbing his left temple where a zipper had struck it. "That one really hurt, Bridge!"

"Quit staring then, *perv!*"

She put a nasty emphasis on the last word, and he really hoped that wouldn't be a name that stuck going forward. Still, he was relieved it had all worked out as it did. If she hadn't chosen to take the high road, their friendship, already shaken by months without contact, might never have recovered.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Honest. I'm gonna have to get used to some things."

Bridget scoffed and shook her head. A hot flush crept into her face, but she tried not to let it bother her. Aidan was doing his best, and she knew she had to do the same. Her mom had told her that the best way to get used to her new body was to spend time around other people until it felt normal again. It wasn't going to be easy, but Aidan was a good start.

"Do you want to come over to hang out some more?" She asked him, trying to hide her blush by looking out a window. "I'm not sure I want to go outside anytime soon, but maybe we could stay in and play videogames or something."

"Sure," Aidan said. "If that's what you want, let's do it. But can I get a towel or something? I spilled tea all over myself."

Catherine, who had been listening carefully the whole time, brought him a large washcloth. While Aidan was occupied, she gave Bridget a proud smile and nodded. She nodded in return, calm and collected despite how much her heart was racing. She wanted to trust her mom, but she wasn't sure Aidan hanging around and leering at her was ever going to make things feel normal again.

*I hope I don't regret this.*



Within a few days of their little meeting, Bridget was sorry she had wasted so much of her vacation shutting herself away. Now that she looked back, she wasn't sure why she had made such a big deal out of everything. She still felt it was weird that she had grown so much all at once, but as long as Aidan was around to reassure her, she didn't mind. On top of that, her growth seemed to have slowed or even stopped. Catherine thought the medication Dr. Fielding prescribed may have finally taken effect.

Bridget knew she was huge, especially for a girl her age, but she thought the worst was over. Aidan didn't seem to care that her boobs had gotten bigger than her head. They stayed inside a lot more, and she wasn't sure she'd ever figure out how to find her balance on her bike again, but he still treated her like his old friend. She had caught him looking at them sometimes, but her mom had warned her it was just what boys did. It wasn't worth getting worked up about it unless someone tried to touch her. She really didn't mind. Some small part of her that she tried to ignore even got a little excited when he looked at her.

The final weekend of summer vacation came all too quickly. School was going to start up in just three days, and they had to go out to the mall for some new outfits. She was still nervous about being seen as she was now, but she knew she would have to get used to it with school looming just ahead. Since Catherine's clothes wouldn't fit her well enough to go out in public, they stuffed her into one of her dad's button-downs. It was loose and baggy and didn't look great, but it was also the only thing they could find that was big enough to fit without making her look like a poster child for parental neglect.

"We're probably going to have to stick to the women's department," Catherine told her as they pulled into the parking lot twenty minutes later. "And I'm pretty sure only the lingerie shops will carry anything close to your size, but we can see what the department stores have first, I guess."

Bridget nodded. She had expected something like that. Most of her wardrobe had come from the boys' department over the last several years. Now, even if she looked for the largest shirts available, the odds were not good that anything there would fit her anymore. The girly stuff—with all its bright colors and sparkly frills—had always made her want to vomit, but she knew she probably wouldn't have much of a choice. Her dad's shirt was already proving that men's clothes weren't going to have the kind of fit she needed. Her best hope was that grown women weren't as limited in their choices as their daughters.

"I'm proud of how you've been coping with everything lately, sweetheart," Catherine told her. "I mean it."

"Mom..." Bridget rolled her eyes and tried not to look as embarrassed as she felt. "I get it, okay?"

"It's important, though. I want to encourage you to hang tough like you have been."

"I know, Mom."

"Do you want me to let you out at the doors? I can catch up to you after I find a parking spot."

"No, I'll be alright."

In truth, Bridget didn't want to make that sort of trek in her condition. Lugging around all the extra weight on her chest wasn't exactly easy, but she also didn't want to be left alone for people to stare at and whisper about while she waited for her mother to catch up. As they turned down a lane to find a parking space, Bridget started to feel a fresh wave of anxiety building. Butterflies fluttered madly in her stomach. The hair at the back of her neck stood up, and her heart began racing as they moved towards the first available spot. It was far enough away from the doors that it would require a short hike over the asphalt in the scorching August heat. The few times Bridget had gone out to the backyard for some sun, at her mother's request, of course, she had become all too well acquainted with boob sweat. Lacking a bra, she

didn't want to think about what the shirt was going to look like by the time she got to the doors.

"Ready?" Catherine asked as she stopped the car and got a look at Bridget's face. "We can wait a minute if you want."

She left the car running as she retrieved her purse from the backseat and awaited her daughter's reply. Bridget swallowed hard, dreading the imminent shopping experience more than she thought she would. Now that she was actually here, it felt much more real and intimidating.

"No. Let's get it over with."

She grabbed the door handle and stepped out into the oven heat of the parking lot. Catherine got out of the car as well and led her towards the front doors of the food court. It took longer than it should have, even if Bridget was having trouble carrying the weight of her breasts, which she really wasn't. She felt like her legs were betraying her. They kept trying to turn her back towards the car, but she knew she had to do this.

"Just remember, honey," her mother said over one shoulder. "No one is judging you; they're just curious."

Bridget nodded, gulping down her anxious thoughts. She focused on putting one foot in front of the other, and they were inside the mall before she knew it. A cool, air-conditioned breeze washed over her and relieved the worst of her physical stress. Her mind was racing as she saw the huge crowds of people wandering the food court like zombies, however. They had entered the center point of the mall. People of every kind rushed around, loaded down with trays of food, bags full of brand new toys, fashionable clothes, and trendy gadgets. She stared in horror at the sight, then noticed her mom was trying to catch her attention.

"Huh?" She mumbled. "What is it?"

"I said, 'Where do you want to start?'" Her mom asked. "Formal clothes or casual?"

"Um, I guess let's just go casual for now. It might be a little easier to find something that'll fit."

Catherine nodded and pointed to the left of the food court.

"Let's go that way then," she said. "Lansen's always has the best sales this time of year."

Bridget followed her mom along the path towards the big department store at the end of the western wing of the massive building. She tried to ignore the hordes of people they passed, but couldn't help catching a few of them—men and women—staring at her. Their expressions ran the gamut from confusion to disgust and everything in between. A few looked concerned, others seemed to pity her, and she hated all of it.

*Of course they're staring at you, a cynical voice in her head told her. You're barely five feet tall, about ninety pounds soaking wet, and you have a forty inch bust.*

That wasn't helpful, and she knew it, but those thoughts came to her sometimes. It was a small, unhappy side of herself that she couldn't quite lock away. She watched her mom walk ahead of her, always so confident with her own curves. She expected people to look. She might have even welcomed it. She *owned* her good looks, and everyone could tell. Bridget, on the other hand, felt ugly and misshapen. She didn't have two decades of confidence to rely on.

*They're just curious.*

She tried to fall back on her mom's advice. She repeated it over and over again like a mantra, but it didn't seem to help much other than to stop her from looking around at everyone leering at her. She saw her mom stop just ahead of her, and she ground to a halt behind her. Catherine was looking to her left at a shopfront on the other side of a raised flower bed. Bridget couldn't see over the elephant ears and colorful lilies growing out of it, but her mom motioned for her to follow and cut between the bed and a seating area beside it. She crossed in front of a group of high school girls wearing trashy outfits, all of whom openly stared at Bridget as she rushed past them to catch up to her mother. She heard one of the girls in the group shout to her friends, who started murmuring to each other.

"Holy shit! Did I really just see that?"

Bridget tried not to let it bother her, but it didn't work. She felt like she was about to cry. They all had normal bodies and were confident enough to show them off. She couldn't stop herself from comparing her freakish proportions to their perfect, girlish figures. She was so preoccupied with her misery that she almost bumped into her mom as she entered the shop.

"Mom, what the hell?" Bridget snapped, her irritation bringing out the kind of language her mother didn't like her using. "Why are we here?"

She hadn't even noticed the name of the shop. The high schoolers had distracted her too much. She looked around and saw clothing racks hung with all sorts of blouses, dresses, skirts, and pants. The walls to either side were covered with cube shelves with neatly folded graphic tees and jeans of every style and color on the right, while the left displayed bras and panties of every kind. Full-bodied mannequins stood on displays, modeling outfits, while their headless, armless, and legless cousins hung from brackets above the shelves on the left wall, showing off all kinds of underwear and lingerie. The mannequins had unusual proportions, as she soon realized. Some were thicker around the middle than the ones Bridget was used to. Some had big, wide hips, like her mom; others were well-endowed, like herself; and a few had it all.

"Whoa..."

"Hi, there!" A bubbly female voice called out from somewhere towards the back of the shop. "Be with you in just a second!"

A girl that looked barely out of high school stepped through a curtained doorway under a sign that read *Dressing Rooms*. She'd pulled her black hair into a spiky sort of bun at the top of her head and wore dark lipstick, heavy eyeliner, a purple measuring tape draped around her neck, and what looked like three pounds of shining steel jewelry in her ears, nose, and right eyebrow. As she stepped out from behind a rack of clothes, Bridget saw that she matched a few of the mannequins just a few feet behind her. She had a full chest, flat belly, and a trim waistline, which she showed off with the help of a pair of low-rider jeans and a tight shirt that ended just above her belly button. Despite her otherwise thin build, Bridget's eyes widened when she saw how her hips flared out even wider than her mom's.

"Welcome to Kurvaceous!" She greeted them. "My name is Kylie. What can I do for you ladies?"

The girl had looked at Bridget without batting an eye, and she wasn't sure if she felt good about it or just confused. Catherine put one hand on her hip and glanced around the store.

"I've never noticed this store before," she said. "Did you just open up recently?"

"Just last month," Kylie said with a grin.

"So is this supposed to be a specialty shop for the more well-endowed?"

"Mostly, yes," she said. "But we carry as many different sizes as we can. All-inclusive sizing is the goal."

"That's a lucky break," Catherine said, turning to Bridget with a smile. "Isn't that right, honey?"

"Um, yeah," Bridget mumbled. "I guess."

"My daughter only recently started developing," Catherine said as she pointed to Bridget, who went red and stared at the floor. "But she's already outgrown even my wardrobe. Do you think you'd have anything for her?"

"I think we can find something," Kylie told them. "How are you doing today?"

Bridget looked up and tried to meet the curvy girl's eyes, but she couldn't manage it. She was too mortified about everything going on. She felt like everything was spiraling out of control. She couldn't get used to one thing she had never experienced before she had to jump headlong into another. Kylie walked over and bent forward to look at her.

"Aw, I know it's tough. Can you tell me your name at least?"

Bridget was sure the older girl didn't mean to sound as condescending as she did. She supposed she just meant to be friendly. She was obviously trying to be nice. She *tried* to convince herself that all of that was true, but she failed.

"I'm not a little kid," Bridget snapped. "So don't talk to me like that. And my name's Bridget."

Kylie looked surprised, then let out a snort of a laugh and stood up with her hands on her hips.

"Little firecracker, ain'tcha?" She chuckled. "Well, I like your spirit, Bridget. Sorry if I offended you. Start over?"

She held out a hand, smiling down at her, and Bridget suddenly realized how tall Kylie was as she shook it. Her mom was tall for a woman, but Kylie was at least a head taller. She had to be almost as tall as her dad. Kylie nodded at her and went over to the left wall.

"Do you know your bra size?" She asked.

Bridget was too busy watching her enormous butt wobble and shake with every step to pay attention. She hadn't heard the question, so when she realized her mistake, it was already too late. Fortunately, her mom jumped in for her.

"I measured her as a 30J," she said. "But you might want to check my work. It's been a long time since I did a real bra fitting, and I suppose things may have changed since my day."

"Eh, the sizes are still pretty stupid and inaccurate, really," Kylie chuckled, pulling the long purple measuring tape off of her shoulders. "But we make do with what we have. Arms up, Bridget!"

Bridget looked at her mom, unsure how she felt about a person she barely knew touching her chest, but Catherine smiled and nodded. She obediently lifted her arms out to her sides, and Kylie moved in, wrapping the tape around her back and making sure it was straight before pulling it tighter around her boobs. She cinched it a bit and made sure that it was around the fullest part of her bust, then checked the numbers.

"Forty-point-five!" She announced, bouncing a loose fist off of Bridget's shoulder. "Not bad, kiddo!"

The newly minted teen didn't think that measurement was anything to celebrate. Hearing it said out loud made her notice the bulk hanging from her chest all over again and made her feel even more self-conscious about her freakish proportions. Kylie noticed Bridget's expression and seemed to realize her misstep. She put a hand to her back and led her towards the bras on display.

"Don't let it worry you," she told her. "We definitely have some cute stuff over here that'll fit you."

"I don't want cute," Bridget murmured, more to her own chest than the shopkeeper. "Just something that fits me."

Kylie glanced up at Catherine, who shrugged.

"She's a little bit of a tomboy," she told Kylie.

"I definitely get that," Kylie said, tapping her chin and nodding. "There was a time when I'd rather die than wear a dress. But there's no shame in embracing a little bit of your femininity. Guys go crazy for a cute girl with a boyish side. Especially curvier girls like us."

She nudged Bridget with one elbow, winked at her, and then hustled her over to the underwear. She gave the younger girl a few words of encouragement and steered her towards the best choices for her shape and size. Catherine was impressed and happy to stand back and let her work. Within half an hour, Kylie's infectious cheeriness had drawn Bridget out of her shell, and they were talking almost like a big sister teaching a younger one about the finer points of womanhood.

"Nah, you don't want to go with demis at your size," she explained when Bridget held up a model with wide, shallow cups. "Not yet anyway. Those are gonna lift your boobs and hold them towards the center of your chest, and that'll just make them look even bigger. They also tend to get pretty uncomfortable if you aren't used to them. You want to stick to full coverage and underwires. Let me show you."

"Hm, you know, at your size you might want a minimizer for when you want to reign the girls in a little. Those are over there by the sports bras."

"As big as you are, the strapless bra is your mortal enemy. Keep that in mind for stuff like tube tops, too. Got it?"

Bridget soaked up all of her advice like a sponge. Once she was more comfortable with Kylie, she even started to ask questions. Catherine felt comfortable enough to go off and see about a new pair of jeans for herself. After Bridget had picked out half a dozen bras, they moved on to panties. She noticed some of the mannequins modeling lingerie and asked why anyone would want to wear a string up their butt all day.

"Well," Kylie said, screwing up her face and rocking her head from side to side as she thought about how to put it to an inexperienced teen. "When you're wearing tight pants, skirts, or dresses, especially ones made out of thinner fabrics, they're good for hiding your pantyline."

She checked to make sure Catherine wasn't paying too close attention to them and leaned in to whisper in Bridget's ear.

"Personally, that's about all I wear nowadays," she said with a giggle as she patted herself on the butt. "With this booty, almost everything winds up in there anyway. Plus, most guys think they're super hot. Remember that for when you're a little older."

Bridget went pink, but nodded, and Kylie punched her arm again. With her underwear problems sorted out, they spent the next hour picking out various outfits. Bridget tried on each

and every one to get Catherine's approval and found she even liked some of the skirts and dresses once she had put them on. She also found that the new bra Kylie let her put on for the process was a huge relief. It fit like it had been made for her and offered perfect support. The weight of her breasts was still very much there, but having something to take some of the pressure off of her back was so much better than what she had suffered over the past few weeks.

When they finally checked out, Bridget cringed as Kylie told them their total, but Catherine handed over a credit card without batting an eye. Kylie thanked her for their business and told them to come by anytime. Catherine gathered up the bags, sincerely thanked her for her help, and went for the door. Bridget started to follow her out, but Kylie caught her before she took more than a few steps.

"You're alright, kiddo," she said. "If you happen to grow out of any of that stuff, come by and see me again sometime, yeah? Keep your chin up."

"Sure," Bridget said.

She had planned to leave it at that and catch up with her mom, but then she was talking again before she could stop herself.

"And thanks. For helping me out and not freaking out about how I look, I mean..."

"Don't sweat it," Kylie grinned. "When you look a little different, especially the way we do, you tend to draw the eye. Some people get mean about it, but I think they're mostly jealous. Try to enjoy your gifts, okay?"

Bridget wasn't sure she'd ever think of her breasts as "gifts," but she nodded and tried to smile up at Kylie. She hoped that if the older girl could be happy in spite of her unusual height and huge butt, she could eventually feel more comfortable in her own skin too. It gave her a little more hope for her future, if nothing else.



Armed with a new wardrobe, a little bit of newfound confidence, and a carefully chosen arsenal of bras for almost every occasion, Bridget went to sleep early the following Sunday night. She slept better than she had in months. None of the nightmares that had plagued her lately disturbed her in any way.

Then she woke up the next morning with a hard lump of terror lodged deep in her throat. It was the first day of school, and she was going to die. The outfit she had picked out had seemed perfect the night before, but now she found herself second-guessing every prior decision. The shirt was too tight. The bright colors were going to draw attention to her. Her new jeans were *too* new.

As she sat there, paralyzed by indecision, her mom burst into her room to make sure she was awake. Then she rushed her into the shower, telling her she needed to get a move on or they'd be late. Then she rushed her back out of it after what felt like two minutes but turned out to have been almost twenty. Bridget finished toweling herself off, grabbed her new bra, struggled to fasten the hooks behind her back and then caught sight of herself in the mirror.

*Is my hair really that bushy? She asked herself as she tried to smooth it down. And why am I so pasty?*

She wished she had some makeup to cover her freckles and give herself some color. Then she realized she didn't even know how to use makeup. She had always sworn to never touch the stuff, but now she didn't want to go out looking white as a sheet. She thought about Kylie's makeup at the store. Her even, creamy skin tone had contrasted perfectly with her dark lips and winged eyeliner. It had looked kind of cool to Bridget. She tried to picture how she might look if she adopted a similar style.

*Maybe I should ask Mom about it...*

No sooner had she formed that thought than she heard her mother call her name up the stairs.

"Bridget! Get dressed and come down for breakfast!" She shouted. "You have ten minutes!"

She fumbled with her bra straps, managed to get at least a few of the six hooks to catch this time, and sprinted to her room. Rather than the outfit she had picked out, she threw on a plain black T-shirt they had picked up and paired it with a pair of older jeans. The shirt hung from her chest like a curtain, and it had the opposite effect of the slimming one she had hoped for. Still, it was at least harder to tell just how big she was. Without any time to think up an alternative, she just went for it. Her mom noticed straightaway as she entered the kitchen.

"You don't want to show off some of the new clothes we got?" She asked.

"Don't wanna stand out," Bridget replied, her voice clipped and almost robotic. "Maybe later in the year."

"Alright," Catherine sighed, serving two slices of French toast and a few strips of bacon onto her plate. "Eat fast. Mr. Finch wants to talk to us in his office before first period so we can't be late."

Bridget froze with a piece of toast halfway to her mouth.

"Why?"

Her voice sounded raspy and high to her own ears.

“Because he wants to be sure we’re all on the same page about your condition. Although now that you seem to have slowed down, I think that conversation should be a lot simpler. *Eat.*”

Bridget took a few bites of the toast and bacon, chewed, and forced herself to swallow it down past that same lump of fear rising once again in her throat. She didn’t even want to think about what awaited her at school if she showed up and all the other kids saw her go straight to the principal’s office.

She wondered if they would recognize her. She’d changed a lot over the summer, or at least her boobs had. She mostly looked like the same scrawny ginger tomboy, otherwise.

It was pretty much her last hope.



“Did you see Bridget Thomas?”

“Oh my gosh! Bridget Thomas...”

“Bridget Thomas...”

“You know! That red-headed girl that always hung around with the boys?”

*Everyone* recognized her.

She could hear the hissing and droning whispers of dozens of middle schoolers trying and failing to keep their voices low as she followed her mom through the main hall. Seventh graders, her fellow eighth graders—even some sixth graders that couldn’t possibly have known her yet—her name was on everyone’s lips. She kept her eyes forward on her mother’s back and tried not to blush or show any other signs of weakness. It was going to be a long, hard day, but if she hung tough, everyone would lose interest.

Eventually.

“Good morning, ladies!”

Mr. Finch, a balding and round-faced man who always wore eccentrically colored suits, greeted them when they entered his office. He wore an eye-searing electric blue paired with an indigo tie that day.

“I hope your day is going well so far.”

“A little hectic,” Catherine told him with a disarming smile. “But we made it. How are you, Mr. Finch?”

“Oh, just fine, and how are you, Ms. Bridget?” He asked, offering a glass dish full of hard candy. “Would you like one?”

Bridget was doing her best to hide behind her mother’s broad hips like she had when she was younger. It didn’t work nearly so well now.

“N-no thank you,” she mumbled.

“Please, have a seat.”

He indicated the two ladder-back chairs that were always in front of his desk. They were made out of metal with thin and uncomfortable cushions on the seats as opposed to the plush leather affair on his side. Catherine took the right chair, leaving her daughter exposed, and nodded suggestively at the left one when Bridget remained frozen in place. She moved stiffly as if she were made of wood and sat down. She slouched forward and tried to let her chest sink in, but there was too much there to disguise it all, and she knew it.

“Look up and don’t slouch.”

Catherine perfectly disguised her whispered order with the aid of the hissing air spring in Mr. Finch’s chair as he sank into it. Bridget sat up, all too conscious of the bulging t-shirt in her peripherals.

“I know this is unusual,” he told them, taking on his more serious principal voice. “But I want to assure you and your mother that we’re going to make sure you have a normal school year in spite of everything, Ms. Bridget.”

“Okay…”

Bridget squirmed in her seat. Her face was hot with shame, and she was uncomfortable with the subject—or rather *subjects*—of the conversation.

“So what’s the plan?” Catherine asked. “I think we both know how middle school kids, especially girls, like to gossip and spread rumors.”

“My first inclination is to make an announcement to the students,” he said.

Catherine raised an eyebrow at him and uncrossed her legs as if she were about to get up. Mr. Finch read her body language and held up a hand to head off her imminent argument.

“But I’ve already been advised that it would be a rather ineffective way of stomping out the problem. Children often do the opposite of what they’re told, I suppose.”

Catherine leaned back in the chair again, crossing her thick legs like a pair of coiled springs. Finch could see that she remained fully prepared to fight to protect her daughter.

“No, instead I think we should see how things play out this morning and meet up again at lunch to discuss it. If we need to take a few corrective actions, we can do so then.”

Bridget had been working herself up to speak and finally decided it was time to say what was on her mind. She couldn't let things go too far, or the other kids would never let her live it down.

"I don't want anyone to get in trouble because of me," she said.

Her voice was weak, and it broke a few times as she tried to get the words out, but both the principal and her mother heard her all the same.

"Honey, you don't need to worry about that," Catherine told her. "You won't be getting anyone in trouble. They'd be doing it to themselves."

"But if they think I went whining to Mr. Finch, they'll kill me."

Catherine got up from her chair and kneeled in front of Bridget. She put one hand on the girl's knee and the other to her cheek. Her voice was soft but firm as she spoke.

"Sweetheart, you've got to stop worrying about everything or you're going to have a stroke before you're twenty. Let me handle this, okay?"

Bridget choked back her tears for what felt like the hundredth time that morning and looked into her mother's face. She had always heard people say her mom was pretty, but she saw for the first time that wasn't quite true. Her mom was *beautiful*. She was like a guardian angel, or a good fairy from some old story. She believed what she said. She was going to make everything okay.

"Go ahead and get to class," she said. "I'm going to stay here and talk with Mr. Finch for a little while longer. I'll see you again at lunchtime, alright?"

Bridget nodded and did as she was told. She went to the door and opened it. Just before she shut the door, she felt like she had to say one last thing.

"Thanks, Mom."

She saw her mother lean over Mr. Finch's office, towering over the man in his chair and dominating the room with her impressive physique. Bridget shut the door with a click and knew that everything was going to work out. Even if it didn't, she at least knew that it wasn't because no one tried.

She found the school counselor and the nurse clearing up jumbled copies of class schedules at a folding table in the main hall. Once she got one for her grade and knew where she was going, she jogged off to her homeroom at the end of the south hall. She quit trying halfway down it when she felt how much her boobs bounced with every step. It was the first time she had tried running with them, and it gave her a new appreciation for all of her mom's and Kylie's advice about sports bras.

Her homeroom teacher turned out to be Mr. Gardner, one of the youngest teachers in the school and one of the few that most of the students thought was cool. He wore big square glasses and had a neatly trimmed beard and a long mane of wavy brown hair that he usually kept combed back out of his face. She always thought he was cute, but she would have died before she ever admitted it to another living soul.

Aidan sat in the back row and waved to get her attention when she stumbled into the room. Everyone went silent and, nearly in unison, turned their heads to look at her. Even Mr. Gardner had stopped halfway through whatever joke he was telling a group of students at the front of the class. His smiling face turned towards her, and his mouth went slack for a few seconds, then he cleared his throat and put his smile back on as he greeted her.

“Morning, Ms. Thomas,” he said. “I think Mr. Crosse said he was saving you a seat.”

Bridget looked back to Aidan, who pointed to an empty desk to the left of his own. It was the corner seat in the very back of the classroom—the most inconspicuous seat in the house. Bridget felt like she could have kissed him if she weren’t already half-dead from embarrassment. She felt all eyes on her as she shifted towards the back of the room, then Mr. Gardner checked his watch and decided to get started a little ahead of schedule for her benefit.

“Alright, we’re all here now, I think,” he said. “Eyes front. Speak up when you hear your name. You know the drill.”

Most of the students took their eyes off of the wobbling masses attached to their classmate and looked forward as instructed, but a few craned their necks or turned in their seats to watch her. Mr. Gardner clapped his hands to bring their attention back to him, but even then a few tried to sneak a look back at her every now and then.

“What’d Mr. Finch want you for?” Aidan hissed to her as she sat down. “Everyone saw you go into his office first thing. I tried to tell them it was because you missed a few weeks last year and needed to turn in summer work, but I don’t know if anyone fell for it.”

“Thanks for trying,” Bridget sighed as she collapsed into her desk.

She felt her boobs squash up towards her chin as she sat in the cramped desk chair. That was going to be a problem. Still, not wanting to start the year with a complaint, she shifted a little and tried to make herself fit. It wasn’t exactly comfortable, but she thought she could live with it. The last thing she wanted was to get any special treatment from the school, and a new desk just for her would definitely be seen as such by her peers. They didn’t have the same sympathy for girls with big boobs that they had for kids in wheelchairs. It would be seen as favoritism.

“You alright in there?” Aidan said, smirking at her.

“Shut up, nerd,” she said, trying to find somewhere other than the top of her desk to put them. “Ugh! These things are such a pain!”

“Aidan Crosse!” Mr. Gardner called from the front of the classroom. “I know you’re here, but I still need you to speak up!”

“Sorry!” Aidan said, wincing as he threw his hand up. “Here!”

“So you are,” Mr. Gardner said dryly as he made a check on his list and moved on with roll-call.

“Busted,” Bridget sniggered.

“Look who’s talking,” Aidan shot back.

Bridget stopped laughing and looked at him, wide-eyed. She didn’t think Aidan knew the term, then she remembered she had used it when she had complained to him about how annoying bra fitting was. She couldn’t help but smile at him.

“That...was almost clever.”

Once roll call was over, Mr. Gardner started to hand out the textbooks for his history class.

“Take one and pass the stack,” he told them. “And sign your name on the line inside the front cover so we know who to come to if you misplace it.”

He gave each of the kids at the front of the class a stack of books and turned around to write something on the board. Somehow, in the half-minute since he first handed them out, Bridget’s shiny new textbook had already been defaced. There was something scrawled in barely legible chicken scratch inside of it. The words “Titty Monster” occupied the line where she was supposed to write her name. She stared at the letters, each written in thick black marker, almost impressed with the cruelty and cunning it took to attack her so quickly. The insult was so childish, and yet it somehow hit upon all of her insecurities in one blow.

“What’s wrong?” Aidan asked, catching the odd expression on her face.

“Nothing,” she said, snapping the book shut. “I just realized I don’t have a pen.”

“Here,” Aidan said, retrieving an extra one from his backpack and handing it to her. “Anyway, you never told me what Mr. Finch wanted.”

Bridget was still distracted. She was looking out at the other students and wondering who had written in her book. She realized Aidan must have said something when she sensed him staring at her. She turned to see him holding his hands up in an expression of curious frustration.

“Sorry, what?”

“What. Did. Finch. Want?” He said it as if he were speaking to someone with highly diminished mental capacity.

“He wanted to talk to my mom, mostly,” Bridget lied. “She filled him in on what’s...you know...going on with me...”

“Yeah, I guess that makes sense.”

“Alright, class,” Mr. Gardner called out to his students. “As much as I hate to interrupt, the school year has officially begun.”

There was a collective groan from the majority of the class, and the teacher chuckled, pretending to revel in their pain like they gave him energy.

“That’s the stuff,” he quipped, chuckling at them. “That’s what gives us teachers life. For those of you that don’t know me from last year—or forgot—I can be just as fun or just as mean as you are. Your choice...”

Bridget let her teacher’s words wash over her as she sat there, stuffed in an uncomfortably cramped desk and feeling totally out of place. She waited until she was sure no one was paying attention and squashed her boobs into a slightly less awful position. The underwire in her bra was digging into her. It almost felt like her bra was too tight again, but she knew that couldn’t be. She just needed to find a comfortable way to sit at the desk.



With Aidan’s help, Bridget kept up the same basic tactic in her following classes. They kept to the back of every room so it wouldn’t be as easy for the other students to ogle her without the teachers being aware of it. She thought that the one good thing about her peers was that they were very much creatures of habit. Once seats were established on day one, no one would argue about their place in each classroom. Some might get annoyed that they were always sitting in the back of every class, but as long as she or Aidan got there before anyone, it was first come, first served. When someone passed back her English and biology books in second and third periods, she checked the stickers inside the front covers, but no one had tried to duplicate their earlier feat. Even though their constant glances in her direction were wearing down her patience, that gave her a bit of hope that whoever it was had gotten it out of their system.

She went on suffering with the confining desks, squirming and shifting around every few minutes. She kept making minor adjustments to her bra, but they only brought temporary relief. Every time she had to shift her weight around, it felt like the fit was all wrong. She had to try not to draw attention to herself while she pulled her boobs up and stuffed them back into the cups when they worked their way beneath the underwire. She tried to adjust her straps because they seemed to need slack now that she had to contort herself to fit in such a small space. By the middle of third period, she felt like even the band was pulled too tight around her ribcage, so she unfastened a couple of the hooks to loosen it up a bit. It was then she decided to ask her mom if she was wearing it right at their lunchtime meeting with the principal. Until then, she just let them sit on top of the desk. She had just enough room to take notes if she

reached around them. It wasn't perfect, and a lot of the boys in particular seemed fascinated by them in that position, but it kept her from drawing the sort of negative attention that complaining would bring on.

With the first three classes out of the way, she knew they were inching closer to lunch. She was nervous about the free-for-all of teasing and questioning that would probably turn into, but she really wanted to talk to her mom about her bra problems. She was also just plain hungry. Her appetite had really gone into hyperdrive since she started growing, and this was the first day she hadn't had 24-hour access to snacks. Her stomach was grumbling as she entered her introductory algebra classroom. The teacher, Mrs. Carter, was a strict old lady with no patience for anyone or anything that distracted from her lectures. Bridget could only imagine what would happen if she noticed all the other students sneaking glances at her as they had over the last several hours. She supposed she'd be in as much trouble as the rubbernecks.

To her surprise, though, Mrs. Carter did her best to avoid directing any extra attention her way. If she caught someone looking towards the back of the class, she just snapped at them to pay attention and left it at that. Bridget tried to reciprocate that kindness by paying attention to her introductory lesson on variables, but it was hard to focus. Her bra just wouldn't conform to her body in any seated position she tried. The underwire was digging into her flesh again. Nothing she tried made it any better.

When the lunch bell finally rang, Bridget sprang up before anyone else. Her back was killing her from the twisted position she'd maintained for the last ten minutes of class.

"I have to go meet my mom for lunch, Aidan," she told him. "I don't know how long this is gonna take."

"Want me to hold onto your books and stuff?" He asked.

Bridget almost took him up on the offer, then she remembered the name scrawled in her textbook. She needed to ask her mom about that one.

"No thanks," she said, trying to sound casual. "I'll take them to my locker once I finish up."

"Alright," he said with a shrug. "See you later."

Bridget waited for most of the other students to leave and trailed behind them. She hoped she could sneak towards Mr. Finch's office without anyone noticing, but a few of the girls in her class noticed her.

"Hey, Bridget!" Shouted Eva, one of two blondes and the tallest member of the group. "Aren't you coming to lunch?"

“Yeah, walk with us!” Said Lily, another blonde who was pretty but a bit on the heavier side.

“We don’t bite!” Said Erin, the lone brunette of their trio, who Bridget had never seen without a fake smile plastered over her face.

Bridget smiled back at them but shook her head. She knew a trap when she saw one. These girls were the worst gossips in the school. They had spread all kinds of rumors about a girl the year before because she mentioned she liked a boy Erin had a crush on at the time.

“Sorry,” she said. “My mom is bringing me something. I have to go meet her.”

“Aw, that’s too bad,” Eva said with an exaggerated pout. “We’ve been waiting for a chance to talk to you. You should come find us during our next break, alright?”

“Um, sure,” Bridget said, uncertain how to get away.

She caught Lily staring directly at her boobs with a strange look on her face, but decided to ignore it and started to walk by them. Her plan to sneak off was already shot, so she thought it would be best to head for the front doors. Then Erin grabbed her by the arm.

“Seriously though,” she whispered. “Where did you even find a bra that size?”

“Do you really think you can get away with stuffing *that* monstrosity?” Lily hissed.

Bridget was stunned. She looked at her, trying to ignore the blush creeping into her cheeks. She hadn’t even considered that anyone would think she was trying to fake growing giant boobs over the summer. It was such a crazy thing to do just for attention. She was thrown off balance, and her voice sounded weak and thin again when she finally managed to speak at all.

“What are you talking about?” She asked.

“Oh, come on,” Eva sneered. “We all know you’re just trying to get attention. Did you really think anyone would actually fall for those?”

“B-but—”

Bridget tried to interject, but the three-headed monster in front of her just went on. They formed a semicircle around her, pushing her back against a wall. Having blocked off her escape route, they were now closing in on her. Their sickly sweet tone of voice stayed the same, but everything they said got nastier as they went on.

“If you were going to stuff, you should have started small and worked your way up.”

“Seriously. It still would have been totally obvious, but at least the boys might have fallen for it. You look so ridiculous.”

*Do you honestly think I would put myself through this kind of thing on purpose?*

That was what she wanted to say, but all that came out was a strangled grunting noise that died in her throat. She tried again, but only managed two words.

“They’re real...”

“Oh my god!” Eva said as if something had just occurred to her. “I bet that Aidan kid fell for it!”

“What a dumbass. He doesn’t know, does he?”

“Maybe we should tell him. I would wanna know if *my* girlfriend was a lying skank.”

Bridget only felt empty as they went on insulting her to her face. She didn’t really care what they said. It wasn’t until they mentioned Aidan that she really lost her temper. She wasn’t sure if it was because they called him stupid or because they called her his girlfriend. All she knew was that she was furious.

“Shut the fuck up! They’re not fake!”

She shouted loud enough for her words to echo through the crowded halls. The thunderous chatter of the students walking ahead fizzled out as they turned to see who was shooting obscenities at school. As if they had a sixth sense for drama, Eva, Lily, and Erin split apart and backed away from Bridget just before she shouted at them. Before anyone turned to see them tormenting her, they had already moved far enough away to pretend to look back at her in confusion, asking with everyone else. All eyes were on Bridget now. She stood there against the wall, shouting to herself as far as they knew.

“What’s wrong with her?” Erin giggled, ostensibly to her friends, but loud enough for those around them to hear. “Is she, like, crazy or something?”

Bridget stared out at the crowd as they started to mutter to each other, most likely about her. She was wide-eyed as panic began to set in. Mrs. Carter stood in the doorway to her classroom, looking shocked at Bridget’s language. The school counselor, Mr. Sellers, was standing in the center of the crowd of students and looking directly at her over their heads. He looked concerned but also angry.

The sheer brilliant cruelty of Eva’s little coven settled into her brain. They had goaded her into making a scene. She now realized it had been their intention from the start. Even though she had seen a trap coming, she had played right into their hands. With a thrill, Bridget remembered that Lily had been sitting a few seats in front of her in Mr. Gardner’s class. She must have written in her book. They wanted to ostracize her on day one, and now nothing she said could possibly turn it around. She just had to remain calm and leave with whatever shreds of her dignity she had left.

Aidan pushed to the front of the crowd as the other students lost interest and turned to go to lunch. He saw Bridget moving in his direction, her face twisted in rage.

“What the hell, Bridge?” He asked as she blew past him.

“Leave me alone,” she snapped, her eyes reddening as they welled up.

Aidan stopped running after her and watched her go. He saw her walk by Mr. Sellers, ignore his order for her to come with him to see Mr. Finch, and disappear through the front doors. He heard a group of girls giggling and watched Eva’s group walking up the hall towards the cafeteria. He knew them and remembered that Bridget had butted heads with Lily a few times back in grade school. His suspicion mounted, and he thought he understood what had happened. He knew then that he shouldn’t have let her go off on her own. She was a prime target for people like them. He gritted his teeth and whispered a curse of frustration to himself, powerless to do anything to help his friend.

“You *bitches*.”



“Bridget!”

She woke from her sleep with a squeak and looked up into Aidan’s face. His hazel eyes were wide with concern, and she felt his hands on her shoulder. He must have been trying to shake her awake.

“Are you alright?” He asked.

“I’m fine,” she said as she sat up and held her head. “What happened?”

“You were moaning and thrashing around. I thought you were having a fit at first, but I guess it was just a nightmare, huh?”

Bridget could feel the residual adrenaline fading away along with all memory of what she had just experienced in her dreams.

“It’s fuzzy,” she said.

She tried to remember what made her so upset, but it slipped away like sand through a fishnet.

“I was scared and angry about something someone did to me. I think I was having one of my ‘dreamories’ again.”

“A bad one, I guess,” Aidan said. “You sounded like you were about to cry.”

“Really?”

Bridget grimaced and sucked air through her teeth as she looked at him. She hated when he saw her in a vulnerable state like that, even though she knew it was stupid. Considering her inability to move on her own, she was pretty much always vulnerable. Even so, she didn't like to act all weepy and emotional around him. He had seen more than enough of that side of her when they were younger.

"Yeah, but don't sweat it," he said, grinning at her like an idiot. "You girls have to get it all out somehow."

She gave a mocking laugh, rocking her head from side to side as she squinched up her face. Then, without warning, she punched him in the arm.

"Ow! Bridge!" He yelped, clutching a well-frogged bicep.

"You had it coming, you big baby," she told him.

"Oh, it's on, now!"

He launched himself forward, put his fingertips to her ribs, and started tickling her.

"No!" She squealed, letting out a shrill giggle as soon as his fingers touched her side. "Anything but that!"

Bridget was, and always had been, extraordinarily ticklish, and she still looked back on the day Aidan first discovered this weakness with abject horror. Now that she wasn't able to get away from him like she used to, he usually didn't resort to such tactics. It was a low blow.

"Stop!" she screamed through her howls of laughter. "STOP!"

"Why should I?" Aidan asked, stopping to let her answer.

"So I can kill you!"

"What kind of incentive is that?"

He cackled like a mad genius who'd just completed his life's work as he started tickling her again, and Bridget did her best not to wet herself as she suffered under his playful yet sadistic treatment. When he finally stopped, she felt like she would never catch her breath again.

"You...are...such...an *asshole*..."

She had to pause to suck in a breath between every word, and it felt like her lungs were on fire. Her muscles were tense and

"Is that any way to talk to such a loving and helpful boyfriend?"

"Eat...my ass..." she puffed.

“Again?”

She flipped him off, and he barked a laugh as he got up from the floor. Bridget collected herself for a moment and then shifted around to stand up. Her stomach roared, and she remembered she hadn't had anything to eat since the croissant he brought with her coffee that morning.

“Hey, Dickhead,” she called out to him. “I need to eat. What's for lunch?”

Aidan laughed to himself as he picked up a few snack wrappers and the bag of sex toys that needed to be cleaned.

“I guess I could make something for us if you want, but they had me baking bread all morning, so I was thinking of getting some takeout. Chinese or pizza, probably.”

Bridget weighed her options as she stood up and stretched. She saw Aidan staring at her butt again. She stripped off her leggings to stand before him in nothing more than a pair of panties that left little to the imagination and barely covered two-thirds of each cheek. She twisted her head around to flip her flaming curls over one shoulder and give him a sultry look.

“Pizza,” she said, biting her index finger and squashing her full lower lip. “But...maybe you should have it delivered.”

“Ok...”

He was frozen in place, one loose fist holding onto the bag of toys as he stared at her. Bridget watched his face go blank as he stared at her body and stifled a giggle. Then she dropped the sex-kitten act and started laughing at him.

“You're so easy!” she giggled.

Aidan turned pink, and he flashed a bashful smile as he scratched one side of his head.

“I mean, yeah. But can you blame me? You're pretty much perfect.”

She stopped laughing and stared at him. Their eyes met, and she knew he was being serious for a change. Then she felt awkward and put one hand to the wall of flesh before her as she tried to see them the way he did. She still wasn't comfortable with the lovey-dovey stuff. Sex was one thing, but deeper affection and earnestness didn't come as naturally to her. There were still times when she hardly believed she could be so intimate with a childhood friend.

“Pretty sure I would at least be able to move if I were perfect.” She told him.

“I think you're great,” Aidan insisted. “I also think your boobs are amazing, if it makes you feel any better.”

He dropped everything in his hands to the floor and moved in close to her, wrapping his arms around her waist and gripping her hips as he pressed into her back. She felt his erection poke her as his crotch settled against the soft flesh of her ass.

"They're just giant bags of fat," Bridget retorted, bending forward and propping herself up on them. "There's nothing sexy about them."

"How could you say something like that?"

Aidan put some mock emotion in his voice, pretending it hurt him to hear her say such a thing. He slipped his hands up her stomach, dragging his fingers over her soft skin, and she let out a muffled moan. She reflexively wiggled her ass against his now-throbbing erection. Having reached his target, Aidan grabbed the roots of her gargantuan tits and squeezed the sensitive flesh. They were the only parts of both breasts he could stimulate at the same time, and the effect was instantaneous. Bridget let out a sigh of pleasure as her legs started to shake. Pure bliss spread outward from his touch like ripples in a pond. A pleasant tingling sensation spread like an electric charge from his fingertips all the way out to her nipples. She gasped and arched her back.

"How do you have anything left in the tank?" She asked. "My pussy's *still* sore from earlier, you animal."

"We can stop if you want."

Bridget was pretty sure he didn't really mean for her to take him up on the offer, but she looked at him with an exaggerated smile that showed every one of her teeth.

"At least order the pizza first!"

He let out a disappointed grunt and pulled his hands away.

"Seriously?"

"I'm hungry!"

They looked at each other for a long time and then started laughing. When the moment passed, she swallowed her pride and tried to be honest with him.

"Seriously though, Aidan, I don't want everything to be sex all the time."

"I know that, Bridge. I don't want that to be all of it either."

"Thank you."

"I mean, I want it to be a lot of it, but not all."

"You jerk!"

She seized the first thing she could find that was in reach and threw her discarded leggings at him. Her aim was true, and the leggings hit him in the face. The legs wrapped around his neck, and he laughed as he untwisted them and gathered up all the things he had dropped earlier.

“Bring me some fresh panties and a pair of shorts!” She barked, stripping her underwear off and throwing that at him as well. “And get this blanket off of me. I’m hot.”

“Yes, Princess Bridget, ma’am,” he said in his most over-the-top posh British accent. “And what would Her Highness like on the pizza?”

“Your dick, sliced thin.”

“Well, that’s hardly reasonable,” he replied, still in character. “Would pepperoni suffice?”

“Shut up, idiot!”

She couldn’t hide her smile as he walked away, carrying the dirty clothes and assorted garbage to the laundry hamper and garbage cans pushed to one side of the warehouse floor. For all the teasing and endless shit they gave each other, Bridget couldn’t imagine trying to get through her life, such as it was, without her best friend.