

I woke up with a smile spreading upon my lips. My dreams were sweet and filled with boobs. I used to feel awkward, even ashamed about my obsession, but that was a long time ago. I learned to accept my preferences, I learned to accept who I was. It became really easy when I met Alice. I could still remember the thrill I felt the first time I saw her, the shivers running down my spine. We became friends immediately and now... we were so much more than that!

I rolled over to look at my gorgeous girlfriend and was shocked to find her side of the bed empty. I frowned. *What's going on? Alice never gets up before me.* With a yawn I stepped out of the bed. My hand clutched my stomach. It felt uncomfortably full from yesterday's midnight snack. It wasn't the only sensation I managed to ignore in my sleepiness, now starting to feel tingling on my chest. My eyes went wide and I rushed to the bathroom to take a look at my physique.

I pulled the top of my pajamas over my head and threw it on the ground, revealing my tiny frame. A smile spread across my face. Gentle at first, it slowly grew wider and wider, until a laughter bubbled out of my mouth. Before I knew it I laughed and laughed like a maniac, until tears started rolling down my face. "I've got boobs!" I cried out. "I've got fucking boobs!"

"Those little mosquito bites?" Alice asked, with a smirk, crossing her arms below her massive tits. "But they did grow, that's for certain."

I touched the small mounds that appeared during the night. They were tiny, not even as big as Alice's areolas were, but they were **mine!** For the first time in my life, I wasn't completely flat! Nothing could ruin my excitement. In my years I tried so many pills, so many creams and lotions that guaranteed breast growth, never once getting any result. *If only I knew I just needed to eat more...* "I know it must seem ridiculous to you," I wiped away the tears from my eyes, "but I've been waiting my whole life for this moment!"

Alice smiled. "I know and I get it. I've got a little surprise for you so come with me if you're done admiring yourself."

"I... Give me a minute." I smiled. "I'm not quite ready yet."

I'd love to say I heaved my breasts up, but there just wasn't enough flesh on my skinny torso to lift. Still for the first time in my life I was sure I could fill out the tiny bra I kept hidden in a drawer with my socks. My breasts were obviously still tiny, but they filled my heart with something I abandoned a long time ago. Hope. *I better put some clothes on.* I thought. For the first time in my life I could put on a training bra and not feel like a fraud. The fact this piece of garment was usually worn by much younger girls couldn't stain my glee.

"Did you rob a bakery?!" I exclaimed, when I saw what Alice wanted to show me.

"Happy Birthday! I don't think I said it properly yesterday, so robbing a bakery was the least I could do." Alice said with a grin. "Assuming you still want to try to... experiment a little."

"Hell yeah!" I cried out, rushing to her. "You're amazing, you know that?" I asked, pulling her so close that I started to sink into her bosom, and I planted a kiss on her soft lips.

Alice giggled once our lips parted. "Wait 'till you see what else I got for you! But let's start with breakfast, while it's fresh."

"I can't eat another bite!" I complained, leaning back in my chair.

"You barely ate anything!" Alice said, pushing a box of donuts towards me. "Come on, think of the results! Try to imagine how big and full your boobs could be!" Alice purred in a sultry voice, squeezing her own breasts.

I stared at her, lust filling every fiber of my being. I reached for her chest, instead of the donuts, but she leaned back, escaping my grasp.

"Not so fast." She smirked. "Eat your donuts and then you can get your prize!"

"But there's so many of them. And I'm full already!" I whined.

Alice scoffed. "And here I thought you wanted bigger boobs..."

"I do!"

"It doesn't seem that way! How can you expect to grow bigger if you're not willing to endure a little discomfort?"

I glared at Alice's gorgeous face, pouting my lips. "You can be a real pain in the ass, you know that?" I asked, taking a donut out of its box. "I hate you!"

"No, you don't." Alice grinned and took off her shirt. "Just imagine how it would feel having these strapped to your chest!"

I closed my eyes for a second and I could almost see it! Two gorgeous breasts, pulling me forward with their weight, so soft to the touch... I opened my eyes again, fixing my gaze to Alice's chest, eating with newfound enthusiasm. *It certainly helps to have a goal, right in front of my eyes.*

"I. Am. Stuffed!" I breathed out, placing my hands on my middle. My stomach, once completely flat, was bulging out with all the pastries I ingested. It wasn't a big difference, but I could see it with my own eyes, and I found that impressive.

"Good work! I wasn't sure if you had it in you." Alice smiled. "There's just one more thing."

"I can't eat another bite!" I exclaimed, horrified.

"Relax, you don't have to. I'll be right back."

I was so full, my mind was starting to slip. The only thing that held me conscious was worrying what kind of torture Alice had prepared for me.

Alice appeared again, grinning from ear to ear, carrying a large milkshake in her hand. "See? No eating required."

Oh lord! How am I supposed to stomach that thing?!

My middle was swelling with every slurp I made, and I felt the heavy liquid filling up every little space there was inside my stomach. The milkshake tasted wonderfully and considering just how filling it was, I wondered if perhaps it had more calories than the box of donuts I devoured before. Halfway through the shake I felt like I would burst if I drank any more, but the thought of the reward was too strong, and I didn't stop until even the last drop ended up inside my overtaxed stomach.

"I can't believe you emptied the entire glass!" Alice said, with her eyes wide open.

Neither could I. I tried to reply, but I couldn't. Instead, I felt something rising up my throat. *That's it, I'm gonna throw up!*

"Are you alright? You're green!"

I can't keep it down! Despite myself I opened my mouth and let out the loudest burp of my life. Instead of shame, I was filled with relief as I felt better immediately.

Alice looked shocked. She blinked a couple of times, trying to comprehend what just happened and started laughing. "I really thought you were gonna puke all over me!"

"So did I." I admitted. "I'm glad it didn't come to that."

Alice smirked. "So am I. Believe me." She shook her head. "I have to say, I never thought you'd be able to eat so much! This meal was bigger than you usually eat in the entire day! Your commitment is truly impressive!"

I looked at the half-eaten feast. "It's not that impressive... You still ate more than I did!"

"Of course I did, silly! I'm half a foot and 100 pounds bigger than you are!"

My gaze fell on her soft middle. A little over a year ago Alice might have been 'only' 100 pounds heavier than I was, but she definitely didn't avoid the freshman fifteen and if the first few weeks of sophomore year were any indicator, she won't be getting smaller any time soon. "You sure about those 100 pounds? Shouldn't you ask your little friend there?" I teased, touching her soft belly.

Alice gasped. "Did you just call me fat?!"

"Oh no, I wouldn't dare!" I giggled, giving her middle a little squeeze. "You look gorgeous. Well fed, but gorgeous." I said, bursting into laughter once again.

"You'll pay for that you skinny bitch!" Alice exclaimed, planting her considerable weight on me.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" I shouted just before my head disappeared underneath two soft orbs. *For all it's worth, there are much worse fates than being crushed by huge tits.*

Alice pulled up my shirt, tickling me with her dexterous fingers. "Oh, you're wearing a bra. It's so small! So cute!" Alice's voice went high pitched.

I blushed.

"You know, my first bra looked just like that! I didn't even get to wear it though. By the time I got it, I was already too big for it."

"How old were you?" I asked, even though I knew I didn't want to know the answer.

"About nine? I think? I don't really remember."

My cheeks turned crimson with embarrassment. *One thing is certain... I have a lot of catching up to do.*

I didn't even know how it happened, but I must have fallen asleep after stuffing myself silly. What woke me up again was once again connected to my chest. My breasts were on fire,

itching and hurting even more than they were last night. I could feel the skin stretching. I could swear my boobs were growing larger right in front of my eyes, gently pushing against the fabric of my tiny training bra. I whimpered in pain. *Why does growing have to hurt so much?!*

“Are you alright?” Alice asked, her face twisted with concern.

“My chest is growing!” I cried out, pulling my shirt up over my head.

“Holy shit! They **are** growing again! I’ve never seen anything like this!”

Another pulse ran through my chest and I moaned. Not in pain, but in pleasure this time. I tried to unclasp the bra, but I struggled, since I wasn’t used to wearing one. Instead, I pulled it up, just like I did with my shirt earlier. I brushed my fingers against my erected nipples and the sensation sent shivers down my spine, making me moan again. I was aroused like never before in my life. “Touch them! Oh for god’s sake just touch my breasts!” I demanded.

Alice laid her warm hands on top of my chest, grabbing my nipples with the confidence of someone who had done it many times before. Just the touch sent a wave of pleasure throughout my body, forcing another moan out of my mouth. Then she squeezed and my world exploded, lost in ecstasy.

“That was incredible.” I breathed out a few minutes later, gasping for breath.

Alice giggled. “I barely touched you.”

I blinked. “Really?!” I frowned. “They must be more sensitive than I thought!”

Alice nodded. “And they definitely outgrew that little bra you had. I bet you’re a proper A cup now.”

“Spoken like a true expert.” I giggled.

She smiled. “Of course I am. At my size you have to be, if you don’t want to be constantly in pain.”

I nodded. “Maybe you could help me pick up a proper bra sometime. And explain it to me too. My knowledge is unfortunately only theoretical.”

“Sure, I’ll help you. But I’m gonna need something in return.” Alice said, taking off her shirt and her huge bra. “Seeing how you were enjoying yourself kind of turned me on.” She admitted, pushing her ripe melons in front of my face. “Now I want you to suck the fuck out of my tits!”

“Fuck! This thing is so much tighter than I remember! Do you think I can still pull off this dress?” Alice asked self-consciously. We were preparing for the birthday party my mom threw for me and Alice certainly wanted to make an impression. She wasn’t a slob, but she definitely wasn’t a princessy type either. She could go for weeks with her hair tied into a ponytail, not bothering with washing her hair too often and she almost never wore make-up. Tonight she did wash her hair, reminding me just how beautiful she looked with a cascade of her black hair falling loosely below her shoulder blades. She also put on some uncharacteristically heavy make-up with dark eyeshadows. She even squeezed her body into a fancy looking black dress she wore at the gala night at the start of our first year here at the uni. Back then the dress fit her perfectly, but now, 20 odd pounds later, her boobs were spilling out of the neckline and her small belly was outlined by the fabric a little. She looked great back then, now she was scorching hot. My very own big tiddy goth girlfriend!

I could only stare at her with my mouth wide open.

“Do I look that good, huh?” Alice smiled.

I only nodded, knowing too well my words wouldn't give justice to just how very beautiful she looked.

To not be ashamed, I also wore the dress I had on at the gala. It was bright blue, and it felt just as loose as it did back then. *It'll take time to feel the real difference.* I told myself. *I can't expect miracles to happen overnight.* I thought I looked alright, but I felt outclassed by Alice.

“You look wonderful!” Alice exclaimed. She leaned forward and whispered in my ear. “I can't wait to get you out of that dress later tonight.”

I blushed, feeling better about my looks immediately. “Thanks. I really needed to hear that.” I giggled. “The first part I mean.” I took one last look at myself and let out a sigh. “Are you ready to go?”

We walked down the street, hand in hand, the clicking of high heels on concrete our only company. The restaurant where we were heading wasn't far, but I wasn't used to wearing heels and my feet were starting to hurt.

“So... I've got a few things I don't understand... You've got three sisters, right? How old are they?” Alice asked.

“Well, Amy is 22. She's the eldest.” *And bustiest.* “Annette is 20. Don't take it personally if she flirts with you. She flirts with everybody. And I mean **everybody!** The youngest is Alissa. She recently turned 18.”

“Your parents didn't waste any time, huh?” Alice chuckled.

“I guess... Anything else?”

“Yeah... How did your mom manage to book the entire restaurant in such a short notice?! That's insane!”

“You know, that's a question I stopped asking myself a long time ago. I don't know how she does it, but she always gets what she wants! Especially when it comes to throwing parties. It's like she's got a superpower or something!”

Alice nodded. “This is the place, right? Do we just go in, or...”

“I think we can head right in.” I said, reaching for the doorknob.

“Wait for me!” A shout came from behind.

We turned around and saw a girl running towards us. She ran effortlessly, cutting the distance with long strides of her strong legs. It took me a second to recognize it was Claire.

“Wow! You look... different.” I said, when she stopped next to us. I don't think I ever saw Claire wearing anything other than shorts and t-shirt, even in winter! She was one of those

people... It blew my mind to see her in a dress that hugged her curves perfectly, highlighting how toned her body was.

"And by different she means amazing. You look **fucking** amazing!" Alice cut in.

I blushed. "Yeah, that's what I meant!"

"So do you two!" Claire replied, eyeing Alice the entire time. "I mean Annabeth here," she said, glancing my way, "looks cute everyday. I didn't even know you could look this hot! I wasn't even sure if it really was you at first!"

"You're the one to talk... You even put on make-up! I didn't even know you knew how!" Alice giggled.

Claire blushed. "I don't." She admitted. "Leah did this for me. It looks good, doesn't it?"

"It looks great!" I assured her. "Is Leah coming as well?"

"She's not." Claire shook her head. "She said she's too tired to get up and she's stuffing her face in her bed."

"You did tell her there's gonna be food, right?" I asked, smirking.

"I did! She said it wasn't worth the effort." Claire shrugged. "Sorry."

"Too bad. It would have been fun to have her here as well, but..." I shrugged. "We won't change her."

"I'm still not done trying though!" Claire exclaimed. "She's impossible to live with!"

I nodded. "She's like your polar opposite. It's no surprise you're clashing at times."

"Shall we go inside?" Alice asked, cutting in. She never could stand bad-mouthing anyone. For someone like me, who was teased for the majority of her life, it was good enough to be one of the reasons why I fell for her.

"It depends... Are you ready to lose the title of the biggest boobs you ever saw?"

Alice scoffed, clearly still not believing how the rest of my family looked. "We'll see about that."

"You'll see." I smirked, opening the door wide open and stepping inside.

The door revealed a small room, with a counter where on normal occasions a hostess would be waiting, ready to show the way to an empty table. This was far from normal though, so the place was occupied by my dad.

My dad glanced up. "Hey Annabeth!" He shouted, standing up and walking towards us. He never made it to the buffet yesterday, so it was the first time we saw each other in a couple of weeks.

"Dad!" I yelped, rushing into his arms as fast as my heels allowed me. Out of my family, dad was the one I missed the most. He was the only one who never teased me, always there to listen, or provide a shoulder to cry on.

"I'm so glad to see you!" He said, once we let go of one another. "I want you to tell me everything!" He looked over my head. "But first, who are your friends?"

“The dirty blonde who looks like she spends all her free time in the gym is my friend Carol.”

“Ah, you must be the friend my wife mentioned. It’s nice to meet you!” My dad said, extending his hand.

“Nice to meet you too!” Carol stepped forward, shaking hands with my dad.

“And this is Alice, my roommate. She’s... actually more than a friend.”

“I see my daughter inherited my great taste.” Dad said with a smile. “I’m glad I can finally meet you. I heard a lot about you.”

“Nothing bad, I hope.” Alice smiled.

“Only the best, I assure you.”

“Oh my god!” Alice gasped. “Why didn’t you tell me your dad was such a looker?!” She whispered.

“Hey!” I elbowed her softly in the ribs.

“She’s not wrong, you know. He really is handsome!” Carol chimed in.

“Don’t you start as well!” I groaned, rolling my eyes. I was glad dad walked a couple steps ahead, so he didn’t hear the conversation.

Dad stopped at the door separating us from the main dining area. He gave me a reassuring smile. “Are you ready?”

I nodded, but it was a lie. I was never ready to see how insignificant I was next to my sisters. I took a deep breath and stepped through.

“Happy birthday!” Trio of voices shouted as soon as I stepped inside. Three pairs of gigantic bosoms jiggled my way in order to envelop my small body entirely. They all seemed so happy to see me, as if we didn’t see each other the day before. I didn’t really understand why, but the sentiment touched me deep in my heart and I had trouble not to start crying. After I was released from the squishy prison cell, I glanced at Alice and almost started laughing. The look of disbelief plastered on her face was worth every feeling of envy I had to endure tonight. I grinned at her. “Told ya!”

Alice shook her head. “I really thought you were kidding.” She said, her voice filled with sadness.

I hugged her, leaning heavily against her chest. “Your tits are still my favorite!” I whispered.

“That’s a weird ass reassurance... But I’ll take it!” She giggled. I was glad to see her frown turn into a smile so quickly.

“Come, let me introduce you to my family.” I said, grabbing her hand, unwilling to let go before this all was behind us.

“Girls, I want you to meet someone special. This is Alice, my girlfriend.” *Girlfriend! Oh, how lovely it was that I could call her that!* “Alice, this is my mom.”

“Amelia.” My mom said, pulling Alice into a soft hug.

"The busty one," I said with a smirk, "is Amy, my eldest sister."

"Hi." Amy greeted, with a little wave.

"This is Annette." I announced. "She's the pretty one." Annette and I said in unison. I, of course, added a dramatic eye roll that the situation required.

"Hey! You're ruining my style!" Annette groaned and the rest of us giggled.

"And this... Uh, where's Alissa?"

"She's in the back." My mom said. "She's-

"Stuffing her face." Annette cut in. "As if she's not big enough already!"

Mom glared at Annette.

"What?! It's the truth! It's no wonder she couldn't fit in her dress anymore..."

"She doesn't want to be here in sweatpants, while we all are dressed up." Amy explained, turning to me.

I nodded. *That makes sense, I wouldn't want that either.* "I'm gonna at least go say hi then."

"Hurry up! I'm starving!" Annette whined.

I decided to ignore her completely. "Wanna meet the baby of our family?" I asked Alice instead.

"Uh, sure. I'm right behind you."

We had entered a dim-lit room, the only sound I heard was the sound of chewing. It took my eyes a second to adjust after leaving the brightly lit dining room, but then I saw her. *Oh my god, she's visibly bigger than yesterday! She might be as big as Amy now!* "Hey sis, I'd like to introduce you to someone."

Alissa raised her head.

"This is Alice, my girlfriend. Alice, this is Alissa, soon to be the bustiest of the family."

"The bustiest in the world is more likely." Alice added. "It's nice to meet you."

"It's nice to meet you too!" Alissa replied, after swallowing the content of her mouth."

"So... are you gonna join us in the dining room? It feels weird without you."

Alissa shook her head.

"Hey, I know you feel bad about not having a dress, but god knows when we're gonna see each other again. Besides, it's my birthday party today. Please do it for me." I pleaded.

"But it's so embarrassing! I'm gonna stand out like a sore thumb!"

"That's my job. If I can deal with always being the tiniest around, then you can handle one night as the worst dressed, right?" I leaned forward, switching into a conspiratorial whisper. "There's more food out there anyway."

Alissa frowned, but nodded after a moment of consideration. "Go ahead. I'll be there in a moment."

"Thanks Alissa. It really means a lot."

The feast that ensued afterwards, went on for hours and by its end, even my previously loose dress felt tight around my middle. It took a lot of my willpower to keep eating past the point of fullness, but the gusto with which Alissa destroyed everything within her reach made me go on. *I'll be damned if I'm not at least a B cup after today!*

"Fuck's sake! I don't think I've ever eaten so much cake!" Alice sighed next to me, her dress looking like it could burst at seams at any moment.

Out of the corner of my eye I spotted Annette sneaking away with Carol. Carol met my eye and gave me a wink, before disappearing. *All in all, this was an amazing night.*

The next day came in a flash and it was time to say goodbye to my family. I was in a good mood, beaming even, despite being sad to see them go. During the night I experienced another growth spurt and now I was a proud owner of a pair of Bs. I turned around the corner, reaching the parking spot next to the hotel and was greeted by a very familiar image. My sisters bickering.

"You sat in the front on the way here!" Annette complained.

"Of course I did! I'm the biggest! There's not enough room in the back!" Amy argued.

"My ass is bigger than yours!" Annette countered and I rolled my eyes. I had seen this exact argument a million times before and I didn't need to hear another reprise.

"Girls, stop arguing, or I am gonna be sitting in the front and you can both sit in the back!" Mom intervened.

"But moom!" Annette whined.

"Enough!" Mom concluded the discussion. Then she looked around. "Where is Alissa? We're supposed to be going."

"She had some trouble fitting in her clothes. I even had to lend her one of my shirts. She should be here soon." Amy said, shrugging.

"I think your shirt shrunk in the wash or something." Alissa said, walking out of the hotel, wearing a shirt that was clearly too small for her.

"Girls, I think we have a new front seater." I chuckled, watching as my elder sisters watched Alissa in disbelief.

Mom pulled me into a hug so hard that if her breasts weren't so soft, she would certainly crush me. Since they were so soft, I was only suffocating. "Take care of yourself! And hold on to Alice. She seems like a really sweet girl!"

She let me go and I could breathe again. "I will." I croaked, the lack of oxygen taking its toll. "Safe travels. If you can actually fit in that car." I said pointing. Dad's car wasn't small, but Amy with Annette managed to fill out the entire back seat just between the two of them. I couldn't imagine how mom was supposed to fit there with them.

“We’ll manage. Girls will have to give me a little space.”

“Dad, we need a bigger car!” Annette cried out and for once, it wasn’t just her being selfish.
“Mom, Amy is pushing me with her tits!” *Classic Annette.*

“I can’t really put them anywhere else!” Amy growled.

Mom rolled her eyes. “They really are like small children, aren’t they?” She sighed and turned towards the car. “Let me go to the middle. I’m **not** going to listen to your bickering the entire trip back home.” She demanded. “I’m the smallest one anyway.” She breathed out. It was quite insane. As big as mom was, she did look kinda small when compared to my sisters. It was especially noticeable when she disappeared entirely behind Amy’s profile. But she was wrong in one thing. I was the smallest. At that moment I made a promise to myself. *This time next year her words are going to be the truth!*