

## **The Weekend After**

"Oh my gosh, what did you do to yourself?!" Naomi shrieked, addressing the massive mammaries more than the woman attached to them.

"Girls night got a little crazier than usual this time!" The buxom beauty's trademark adorable giggle failed to add any levity to the situation.

"Oh gee, do you think?!"

"Oh man, you oughtta see how huge Marie got too!" She stretched her arms straight out, beginning to mime a dome shape before quickly colliding with her own shelf, grinning at how far away the outer curve still was. "And compared to your sister I'm-"

"Linda?! I'm gonna kill her. I'm going to freaking kill her." Naomi paced back and forth across the lawn, barely registering the mud ruining her new fuzzy slippers. Just one more thing to be angry about tonight. She closed her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose, taking a deep breath, "This was her idea, wasn't it? Alright, go ahead Ana, tell me how my little sis screwed everything up this time!"

She winced, the words cutting like knives. Even through the inebriated haze she knew it had been reckless, but could the person whose opinion matters most really think so little of her now? "...L-Linda- WE thought it'd be fun to go to a Booster Bar. Y'know, like the drunker you get the more you grow," she gave a hollow chuckle, once again unsuccessfully attempting to defuse the tension. "It was stupid," her gaze moved downward, intending to stare at the ground only to be met with a colossal canyon of cleavage instead. "Anyway, compared to your sister I'm...small," her voice shrinking to match the sentiment.

They'd always been an unlikely pair since the beginning: Nerdy Naomi and Annie Alcohol, the campus party queen. From the outside, even physically, they seemed like total opposites.

Naomi was the tall, pear-shaped straight-A student, smooth rusty red hair flowing to the small of her back contrasting sharply against skin as pale as a ghost and radiant blue eyes. While not the most social she could regularly be found curled up with a romance novel under an out of the way tree or in a discreet corner, wearing stylish, if a bit overly modest, dresses.

In contrast, Ana always carried a little extra weight. Most of it went to her incredible curves: D cups and a booty that would have put most fitness influencers to shame in the old days, with the rest simply contributing to a sturdy appearance that helped keep some of the "less inhibited" admirers at bay. Add to this her favorite combo of skimpy tops and miniskirts, as

well as wavy charcoal brown hair with a seemingly permanent blonde balayage cascading down to her shoulder blades, and she always turned heads.

Yet somehow when they finally started getting to know each other during a group project everything just clicked. When they got together everyone told Naomi she was making a mistake. When they got married a few years after college no one thought they'd last. Now, after over a decade of bliss later, Ana's eyes bounced between the expanse of tanned flesh before her and the icy glare of her lover and wondered if this might be the beginning of the end.

"Did you even think how this would affect you?! How are you going to do anything?! What about your job?!" Naomi suddenly froze as the lights in adjacent houses began to wink into life. Here she was screaming in the middle of night, clothed in a silky silver nightgown barely long enough to keep her decent, cool breeze making her bralessness crystal clear, and topless wife in full view. She hated the idea of being labeled "that neighbor" because of this. "Come on, we better get you inside," the mortified matron grumbled. "Can you even fit through the door anymore?"

Ana simply shifted her weight, feeling her knees brush against the lower swells of her stupendous spheres. Under better circumstances this would have been a major turn-on, but now there was only embarrassment. A firm hand on her back guided the somber siren to the backyard and, more importantly, the sliding glass door. She could almost feel the disappointment radiating from her partner, no doubt currently discovering her use of the Doubler and the resulting twin pumpkins fully bared by overtaxed underwear stretched into little more than a thong.

Between her bubble butt in back and obscene orbs up front it was a struggle to get through even this larger clearing, Naomi pushing with all her might outside while Ana pulled as best she could with her limited reach and breathing space. Not to mention the stimulation of the cold surface against her sensitive beer mug-sized nipples along with the mild discomfort of each boob being squeezed so tightly occasionally causing her to go weak at the knees fighting a building orgasm. In spite of the pleasure the last 10 minutes spent in this position were a stark reminder of the consequences of her choice. Even the most minor task would be a challenge now and the thought of being so dependent on someone else for basic functioning was more than a little unsettling, especially given her new caretaker's reaction.

"Oof! Mmmngh!" Ana moaned as she finally popped chest-first onto the kitchen floor, panting heavily as the climax washed over her. For a moment, cushioned atop that ridiculous rack and filled with some of the most wonderful sensations of her life, the woeful situation faded away.

"Let's go, get up," Naomi commanded through gritted teeth, using all her strength to hoist the startlingly heavy load. She watched as the tipsy titan stumbled across the tile floor and through the living room, every surface cleared, end-table toppled, and knick knack shattered sounding like a thunderous reminder of the constant messes she'd need to clean up in the future.

As they climbed the stairs the rankled redhead took in the true enormity of the humongous honkers ahead of her: one pressed tightly against the wall and the other causing the railing to creak from pressure, tops squished so high they had to be nearly level with their owner's nose yet still low enough that with each step her shins bounced off their quivering bottoms.

Ana breathed a sigh of relief upon reaching the second floor, brushing a sweaty brunette strand out of her face and turning to face the double doors to the bedroom. She remembered how they used to laugh at the ridiculousness of such an overly grand entranceway. Tonight it had become the bare minimum, her bust grazing the outer frame before, at last, flopping into bed, albeit on the wrong side.

Switching sides really wasn't a big deal and it was evident why this had to become a permanent arrangement: there was simply not enough space between the bed and the wall on her usual half to fit the dual bean bag chairs hanging off the side of the mattress. Still, Naomi wanted to be furious at yet another inconvenience brought about by this absurdity thrust into her life, but found herself too exhausted to do anything other than crawl under the covers and fall asleep.

Cold silence filled the room.

"Naomi, I'm sorry."

## **Chapter 2: Naomi's Nightmare**

The world changed when that stuff hit the shelves in freshman year. It started fairly modest: a bit of new cleavage here, a little boost there. Sure, some women went for more dramatic results, generally up to G cups, but nothing beyond what you'd have seen from a plastic surgeon; however, being so ridiculously affordable rendered implants virtually obsolete and enabled anyone who wanted a fuller bust for any reason to join in. You might be surprised how many ladies were in this crowd, I sure was.

Before long these new sizes became normalized, which is when the problems began. Not coincidentally the neckline of even the most basic top began to plunge and increased body confidence drove fashion towards more revealing outfits. Now this isn't bad, don't get me wrong, I love a hot chick as much as the next girl, but when Gs are the new average...well, no one wants to be average when such an easy fix is available.

The craze really exploded at that point. My college instituted a maximum allowable bust measurement for staff (a frankly absurd 1.5 foot diameter) and I watched as my professors practically (and sometimes literally) burst out of their clothes, chafing at the limit and desperately bending the rule as far as it would go. My favorite one actually got fired because of this. We kept in touch for a few years. In our last conversation she told me she'd just outgrown her house. I wonder what she's up to now...

Of course, men were all too happy to accommodate the new feminine figure: double doors as the new standard, modified vehicles for convenient transportation, and don't even get me started on office culture. Eventually we all got upgraded to standing desks, which is great for staying healthy, but that's not why they did it. My coworkers were ballooning so huge that they physically could not do the work sitting down anymore! Can you believe that?! Like knockers from floor to freaking shoulder level! Then they created the work from home program when employees stopped fitting into the office at all. Holy crap, some of those virtual meetings were insane! You think you know some people...

Anyway, there were a good few years where the prevailing attitude was simply "the bigger the better." This is so embarrassing to admit, but my mom was one of those obsessives. After we inherited grandma's ranch she moved out there to take advantage of all the open land. Naturally, practicality became an issue (when each breast is 10 feet across there's only so much science can do for mobility) and the fad died down. A solid majority of my generation and up still require standing desks at minimum, though. Mom managed to calm herself, but not before filling every square acre of the property. I really should visit her again soon.

At least throughout it all we had each other. Neither of us ever used. We didn't need that junk! Nothing against those who did, we were just happy with our bodies and didn't feel we had to alter ourselves to meet the new beauty standards. That didn't use to be a radical concept, but the amount of natural women who don't intend to augment themselves is shockingly minuscule.

Last night my world changed again. Among the "new growers," the name coined by the media for the group that came after those size addicts, Ana's actually pretty in-line with the average, not that it's much comfort. Why did she do that to herself? To me?!

### **Chapter 3: Saturday**

"HELP! HELP!"

Naomi shot bolt upright and hopped out of bed without a second thought, bruising her knee on the wall in the process.

"Please, I'm stuck!"

She peered over the side of the mattress to find Ana floundering face down in her own behemoth bosom, trying to overturn herself and get up. "Ugh, it wasn't a nightmaaaare!" The beleaguered beauty groaned as she trudged around the room to aid her stranded companion.

The rest of the morning felt just as futile to the luscious Latina, her every action remarked upon with disdain.

Putting on a robe to have any sort of covering, however inadequate

"Wow, you're going to need a brand-new wardrobe! How much is that going to cost us? And say goodbye to all those cute crop tops you adore!"

Struggling to find a workable position at the table and accidentally dropping her plate of pancakes, shattering the dish and coating herself in warm, sticky syrup:

"You're really helpless, aren't you? Guess I'm going to have to start doing everything around here."

The absolute humiliation of being hosed off in the backyard, naked for the world to see, because she couldn't possibly fit in the bathroom anymore:

"We're going to need to widen all the doorways, probably renovate the whole house too. No idea how we'll afford that."

A sweaty Naomi collapsed onto the couch in utter exhaustion, the morning basics having somehow stretched into the early afternoon. She wheezed, a great weight filling her lap and much of her vision as Ana attempted to snuggle closer. "Oh, that's right. You're probably going to have to call your job on Monday, let them know what you did to yourself."

"Stop it."

The rude redhead paused momentarily, only half registering her partner's meager protest. "You're miles past what the state allows for a kindergarten teacher-"

"I said STOP IT!"

Naomi merely blinked in shock. She could count on her hands the number of times Ana had ever raised her voice like that.

"I got drunk and made a stupid mistake and ruined my life, alright?! Is that what you want to hear? You don't need to keep punishing me for it! I know you have a problem with enhanced women, but for goodness sake you're my wife! I thought if anyone would be understanding it'd be you! Instead, you're so disgusted you can barely even look at me!"

For a second it felt like time stopped, the careless caretaker becoming acutely aware of her cruelty since the prior night as she watched tears stream down the face of the woman who meant more to her than anything. "Babe, no, it's not-" she let out a frustrated sigh, struggling to find the words, "I love you." She placed her thin arm around Ana and pulled her in for a tender kiss on the forehead, smothering them both in soft flesh. "Sorry isn't enough for how selfish and awful I've been to you and there's no excuse. You didn't- you don't deserve that." Their watery eyes met, the brunette's continuing to overflow, "We're going to figure this out. Together." A gentle smile began to appear as the crying faded into sniffles.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Naomi squirmed in her pillowy prison. A familiar giggle came from beside her. Another knock. "Coming!" She yelled, finally freeing herself.

"Stan! Um...it's nice to see you." Her neighbor, an older man who had immigrated from Eastern Europe several years ago, stood politely on her doorstep holding multiple pamphlets.

"Good afternoon, Naomi! Would it be okay if I come in? There's something I'd like to discuss with you and your wife." His thick accent still required extra effort to comprehend.

"Ah, sorry," she smiled politely, "it's really not a good time."

The balding gentleman relaxed his posture, stuffing the wrinkled brochures into his pocket. "I understand. When Sasha first used the, uh...how do you say it, Bust Booster? Life was not easy for us."

The skeptical homeowner raised an eyebrow.

"It's part of the reason we came to America. Our homeland does not have much in the way of aid for such women, but here, here it is easy!"

She involuntarily snorted a laugh, recalling how the morning had been anything but easy.

"If you will let me my wish is to give you both some advice and, erm..." his eyes drifted up, once again searching for the correct term, "resources to help. Maybe help with setting up your house to make daily tasks go smoother too, yes?"

Naomi moved to the side, relief and thankfulness washing over at the prospect of not having to go through this alone, "Please, come in. Honey!" Her unexpected shout startling the visitor, "Stan is here! We'll be in the living room!"

A loud clatter emanated from the kitchen, "Just cleaning up! I'll be right there!" A few minutes and noisy thumps later she waddled into view, her puffy red eyes betraying their hope of hiding recent events. "H-hello Stan," she stammered, blushing at her own nudity and unsure of what to do with her hands.

He simply stood up, marched over to her side, and gave a hearty handshake before bursting into a cheery grin. "Oh my, Naomi, why did you not tell me your wife has gotten so beautiful? Sasha is going to be jealous!"

That was the first time her new physique had been called beautiful. Ana nearly teared up again as she returned to her spot on the couch alongside her spouse.

Stan stayed for hours, detailing every modern convenience and financial assistance opportunity available to the couple. Apparently, a whole industry had sprung up to support the enormously endowed and with some new tools and practice anyone could live comfortably and independently even at proportions far exceeding those dominating the current conversation. He also revealed himself to be a carpenter by trade and offered to talk to some of his buddies so that the house could be completely renovated as soon as possible and within budget.

Both women felt a massive burden lift off their shoulders, at one point devolving into a laughing fit from the sheer release of tension

The man was even sweet enough to show them how to fashion the dull grey flannel bedsheets stored away for winter into a makeshift tube top for Ana. What once covered a queen size bed now scarcely managed to hide areolae on par with her rump.

Shame flooded both hostesses as they remembered the nasty jokes they used to make about "the blimps next door," Sasha's dynamic duo each bigger than her entire body

Farewells and hugs were shared. The instant the door shut behind the unbelievably generous neighbor Naomi spun around, eyes already welling up.

"What's wrong?" The curvy cutie questioned, confused by the swift change in mood.

"You have to know I love you, right?" She fell atop her mate's chest, arms clasped behind her neck in a desperate embrace. "Not because Stan made dealing with all this sound way less difficult or anything; because you're amazing and still the person I want to spend the rest of my life with. Can you ever forgive me for acting like such an idiot?"



Ana guided the pale chin upwards to meet her gaze, tears of joy forming as they shared a passionate kiss. "That's all I really wanted to hear," she cooed.

Naomi slid back until she was kneeling on the floor, head level with the peaks of those monolithic melons, "And you definitely never disgusted me. You know I'm a boob-lady," she purred, tracing teasing circles on her lover's skin, "and these," her finger began to drift downward, "might just be the sexiest ones I've ever seen," her hand dove beneath the fabric to latch onto a nipple too wide to fit around.

The aroused educator yelped with pleasure and surprise, aching for what was to come, but forced it down to address a more pressing matter. "So then why did you treat me like that?"

The fondling and stroking quickly tapered off, the towering temptress rising and settling into the loveseat opposite the coffee table, a hurt expression returning to her face, "Well like I said, there's no excuse.

Ana nodded.

"But you made a life-altering decision without even telling me! We're supposed to be partners! And those," she spread her arms in a crude pantomime of the preposterous pair dwarfing her darling, "they sort of felt like a betrayal. I thought we were in this together," she pouted. "So yeah, I was pretty pissed."

"Look, you've always had a bit of a temper, that's part of your charm," thick arms rose up from behind the fulsome figures, crossed defensively and pressing lightly into the upper swells, "but your behavior was way out of line. I don't want to hear you talk to me like that again, EVER. Are we clear?"

Any trace of indignance vanished from Naomi's demeanor, nodding solemnly at the deathly serious visage staring back.

"That being said, you're right. This didn't only affect me and we probably should have spoken about it first. If the roles were reversed I'd have been angry too. I'm sorry; HOWEVER," she emphasized the last word in order to cut off her beloved, whose mouth had opened to interject, "this is ultimately my body. If I wanted to blow up like your mom that would be my choice, not yours or anybody else's. Oh, and I have no idea what the heck you think we're supposed to be 'in' on together. Our vows didn't include anything about the size of our bust."

An awkward silence permeated the room as the two processed their reconciliation. Eventually Naomi shifted in place, her voice cautious and timid, "H-hey, earlier you said that, um...what you did-"

"Growing these babies," the larger lady chuckled, patting the tops of her breasts.

"Yeah, that. You called it a mistake. Do you really not like your body?"

Ana's cheeks went red, eyes traveling to the gigantic jugs engulfing her plump thighs and spilling over the edge of the cushions, "Well, you didn't exactly make me feel all warm and fuzzy about them, but honestly...they're fantastic. All the new sensations, how they look, being in constant contact with them and able to feel every little movement, plus..." She jumped up, wobbling as her balance wavered yet beaming with excitement, "I'm going to ask Marie to take me shopping tomorrow and sweetie, if you thought I showed a lot of skin before! You're not going to be able to keep your hands off me with the outfits I've got in mind."

"Is that a promise?" Naomi growled seductively as she made her way towards the kitchen. "It's getting late and tonight we're going to celebrate this new chapter of our lives with crab cakes!"

"My favorite!" The stacked soulmate cheered.

"Oh, I know, but maybe we ought to have dessert first," she winked playfully, slowly unbuttoning her blouse while making an abrupt turn and sashaying up the stairs.

## **Chapter 4: Sunday**

Naomi leaned back in her chair, a contented smile spreading across her face. It was only midday and all the renovations were scheduled, quality of life gadgets ordered, and household chores completed. Best of all, she had some alone time to unwind after the emotional rollercoaster of the previous day.

She laughed quietly to herself, remembering Marie's appearance at the door this morning. As her view traveled down to meet the vertically challenged vixen she saw the usual platinum blonde faux-hawk and thick-rimmed black glasses framing striking emerald eyes. A small gasp escaped her lips upon discovering the main attraction: new knockers, each roughly the size of her torso, wrapped in an uncharacteristic pastel yellow bedsheet tube top and bracketed by a tattered denim vest littered with patches for various bands. Perhaps even more striking was what lie beneath, or at least the glimpses peeking out from behind those ample assets. Her hips stretched well past shoulder-width, covered by athletic shorts practically at the point of bursting, likely borrowed from her boyfriend. Scattered across these colossal curves were tattoos warped and stretched into mesmerizing patterns like inky monuments to her growth.

Naomi wondered how the shy gal would handle all the attention she was no doubt receiving at the store with Ana. She shrugged, simply thankful their secret exchange had gone unnoticed.

The desk drawer opened with a mechanical click, revealing a plastic baggy containing three chocolate chip cookies: Marie's specialty. Following the directions given to her the bookish belle removed two of them, the lone remainder a darker shade made from a slightly modified recipe. She rotated them back and forth, examining each closely and contemplating what she was about to do.

With a heavy exhale both delicious disks quickly disappeared in a few bites. Naomi's eyes bulged, throwing her head back in a howl of ecstasy brought on by increasingly powerful orgasms. Mustering all her strength she glanced downward, vision clouding from the overwhelming pleasure, watching with a mixture of delight and trepidation as the tastefully low-cut top of her sleeveless navy-blue floral print midi dress began to fill for the first time in her life. In a matter of seconds a creamy canyon of captivating cleavage began to blossom. A hand tentatively raised to investigate these fruitful findings, nervousness giving way to the allure of the glistening globes inflating like balloons, each fast approaching cantaloupes with no signs of slowing. The contact sent an electric jolt of pure bliss coursing through her, instantly gripping and rhythmically kneading the masses rising like dough, consciousness fading as the rapturous

sensations became too much to handle. The last thing she remembered was the swelling coming to a slow and stopping with two fleshy volleyballs straining madly against their confines, nipples like shot glasses threatening to pierce the fabric and straps screaming for release. Below, the flowy material tore apart as cheeks like beach balls spilled over the sides of a seat she'd never again fit upon.

The sound of a car door awoke the sleeping beauty with a jiggly jump, groggily lifting herself off the ground. "Mmm, what happened?" Naomi moaned, the residual sensitivity making her keenly aware of every fiber of the beige carpet caressing more of her than ever before. Rising to a sitting position the desk seemed oddly lower than she remembered...and the armrests were suspiciously squishy. "WHOA!" Her shout echoing through the empty workspace as she discovered the source of the softness. Dual yoga balls comfortably supported her weight, leading up to hips identical to Marie's and down towards two flawless milky white thunder thighs competing for space. As much as she wanted to explore every inch of these fetching frontiers there was no chance of even getting close to reaching their ends. She hoped the sweet voice emanating from the kitchen would be willing to embark on the expedition.

"Honey, I'm hooome!" Ana sang, cautiously closing the particleboard double doors behind her. Stan had come by in the morning to replace the sliding glass with this temporary fix. "Marie went home, poor girl was so stressed by all the staring. She'll get used to it." The shapely shopper continued her recap while maneuvering through the more spacious living room and approaching the office that could never contain her, "The ladies at the shop took my measurements too: 37.5 inches, EACH, up front and a foot and a half per cheek!" She squealed joyfully at the thought of her own dimensions before her jaw dropped along with her bags.

This awe-inspiring model of femininity couldn't have been her wife and yet here she stood, bulging bosom visible even from behind and dominating derriere hovering just above the floor, obscuring any view of those luscious legs

"Surprise!" Naomi awkwardly turned around, still flush from arousal. The dress had become an obscene parody of its once modest purpose: seams popped along the chest, billowing bust pouring out of every opening, with virtually nothing left to the imagination by the ripped remnants underneath. The shocked pause as her partner processed the stunning sight gave the tall temptress time to drink in the figure filling the entranceway, immediately recognizing the exaggerated imitation of the outfit that always drove her wild.

Those perfectly tanned twins nestled themselves snugly within a hot pink halter top, the scandalous amount of sideboob on display showing almost as much skin as her entire nearly naked body clad in an unseen matching wavy miniskirt likely providing similarly scant coverage. "Hot dang girl," Naomi enthused, a hungry look in her eyes, "you weren't kidding yesterday! I can't wait to tear that top off of you!"

As her beloved pounced, the little clothing that was left exploding off her body from the rapid movement, brain function at last returned to Ana, "H-hold on! How did-? What did-? Babe, you're massive!"

"Heck yeah I am," the ravenous redhead purred, pressing as deeply as possible into her darling's delectable duo, skillfully untying the knot concealed by gorgeous golden-brown locks and simultaneously pinning her precious prey against the hallway wall. The impact rattled the house, sending a nearby photograph tumbling to the ground. "I told you we're in this together," her voice lowering to a husky tone, "and besides, did you really think I'd let you have all the fun? Now why don't we head upstairs and see if you can guess my measurements?" She comically attempted to dash away, calves bouncing against the bottom of her booty with each step, sending ripples throughout its immense expanse and propelling her into an unstable wobble. The couch screeched across the hardwood from a collision and reaching the second floor halted most of the momentum while she dealt with the same challenges she mocked only a day earlier.

The bed groaned ominously under the gargantuan girth of both supersized sirens. Naomi had crawled atop her lover's bare pair, gradually sinking between from the waist up until she rested with their faces mere inches apart, "Hey sexy, I was thinking..."

"Y-yeah," Ana hazily responded, eyes glazing over. The feeling of her seductive sweetheart wriggling between her heavenly hooters, aware of every minute motion of her form, breasts squeezed up to her chin and pearlescent wrecking balls looming overhead; they hadn't even begun and already she was moments away from climaxing.

"A-ha!" the scrumptious schemer cried in victory, her slender arm popping free to reveal the final cookie. She twirled the delicious dessert teasingly between her fingers. "With the renovations happening soon and all those handy tools on their way to help curvy girls like us get around, what do you think about going even bigger?" She snapped the morsel in two with a devilish grin, "If we each eat half we'll get twice as huge! In theory, at least."

"In theory?" the bombshell brunette panted, effortlessly pushed over the edge at the suggestion.

"Well, this batch is kind of experimental. I had Marie bake in two doses," she gently pushed the delicacy into the waiting mouth below, "so we're either about to double...or quadruple."