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Contains: *Hyper Breast Expansion*

Island Spring

Doctor James Vandersmith's face remained stoic and calm, even as excitement and anticipation swirled within him. After nearly a decade of sidelong glances and mutterings from his peers about how a geologist with a focus on Nissology wasn't a real doctor, he was finally about to make a discovery. He was sure of it. New geologic discoveries were so rare in the twenty-first century, but after satellite imagery showed a small island increasing in mass, with no evidence of volcanic or tectonic activity to explain it, James knew he was about to find something new. The island was so far from its archipelago it could almost be considered a standalone. Just over half a square kilometer, it was too small to support animal life, let alone native humans. James hadn't been able to secure a grant for a team to take out to the island and had to nearly drain his trust fund. He rented a small yacht with an inflatable dinghy and went on his expedition alone.

"The island is coming into sight now," Doctor Vandersmith said into his portable recorder. *"The topology is quite unique. Previous surveys indicated low hills and dense foliage, but it now appears to be a single hill, with sheer edges near the waterline, ascending upward in a gentle slope to be near hemispherical at the peak. It looks like some kind of stone, possibly lime or quartz, but I'll have to get closer to verify."*

Doctor Vandersmith snapped a few photos as the boat drew near to the island. When the water level grew shallow enough to risk the hull, he dropped both anchors. He climbed into the dinghy and used the rope and pulleys to lower himself into the water. It took three determined yanks on the pull starter to get the dinghy's outboard motor going, and as it roared to life, he slowly made his way to shore. The sheer rock formation extended to the ocean in most places, but he found a bit of beach and

guided the dinghy up onto the sand. He climbed out of the small craft and pulled it completely out of the water, tilting the motor forward so its blade didn't dig into the sand. He took a few more photos, then fished his recorder out of a pocket.

"The new formation seems to be all of a solid piece—as if an enormous boulder had floated onto the island. This hypothesis is not supported for several reasons. First, terrestrial rocks do not float. Secondly, a meteorite of this size would have decimated the island on impact. And finally, the readings have shown the island's mass increasing gradually over the past year, not appearing suddenly. This sandy coastline extends for several meters along the edge of the rock formation, so I will explore the edge as far as I can."

Doctor Vandersmith tied the dinghy to a large rock and walked along the sand. What he'd taken to be a massive stone was actually two, and he spotted a cleft where a triangular cave led between them. He snapped more photos and made another note. *"The geologic formation is split at this point. I estimate the two formations are roughly equal in size. I'm going to see how far this cave leads and gather some samples."*

He pulled a headlamp from his pack and fastened it on. The dark cave was cooler than the sun-baked beach but still quite humid and warmer than he expected. Standing in the middle of the cave, James' outstretched arms couldn't reach both walls. From the beam of light from his headlamp, he estimated the roof formed by the two formations coming together to be about a meter above his head. He put a hand on one wall and let out a soft gasp when his hand sunk into the surface. He switched on his recorder.

"The formation is neither limestone nor quartz—it doesn't seem to be stone at all. The cave is warmer than it should be, and the formation has a soft, springy density, like a thick forest moss. But the surface is firm and smooth. I'll need to gather more data to form a viable theory."

As Doctor Vandersmith walked, the cave grew steadily smaller. After about a dozen meters, he had to brush both shoulders against the sides to fit through. The cave was still much more spacious than a natural formation made by water moving through stone.

"The cave floor seems to be the original surface of the island. There is little living foliage, and most have broken stems—likely flattened by the formation. Otherwise, nothing but a thick layer of moss covers the ground."

The cave continued to narrow, and James squeezed his way through. An odd thought occurred to him. An impossible thought. The geologic formation pressed against his arms had all the characteristics of flesh. But it lacked the tough skin of larger mammals like elephants or hippopotamuses. Neither did it have the scales and blubber of any kind of aquatic mammal. The size of the formation was larger than any recorded blue whale, anyway. James pressed on, and the cave gradually grew narrower. Eventually, he had to turn sideways and shuffle deeper between the two formations until one was pressed against his back and the other against his chest. It was still wider at the bottom, however, and his boots crunched on thick moss and dead grass.

"If my estimates are correct, I should be getting close to the opposite shore. The formations are much closer together here, and the cave may not be open all the way across the island, as I'd first hypothesized."

As Doctor Vandersmith squeezed his way through the soft, yielding space, a glow of sunlight crept in from above. He switched off his headlamp experimentally and, finding the ambient light sufficient, continued his slow progress. The cave was still incredibly tight against him, but the growing light suggested he was nearing the downward slope of the opposite side of the strange formation.

Shuffling a few more sideways steps, James' head emerged from the cave into the bright tropical sun. He turned his body forward, and he found himself face to face with the most unlikely of discoveries: a young woman.

She was gorgeous. Without a hint of makeup, her cheekbones were high and pink; her blue eyes glittered in the sun. Her skin was faintly tanned, and a mane of loose blonde curls framed her face. In the small space between herself and James, she held a stalk of bamboo, one end driven into the ground and the other held in her mouth. When she saw him, her eyes widened, and she let the makeshift tube drop from her lips.

"Oh my gosh, hi! I thought you were some kind of animal."

James stammered, "Erm, hello, er..."

The evidence he'd been gathering for the past hour came crashing down onto Doctor Vandersmith's psyche. The geologic formations weren't rock, of course, but his wild hare of an idea turned out to be true. They *were* flesh. Not just flesh—but the breasts of one enormous woman. Well, her breasts were enormous; the rest of her was

quite petite. Judging by her height, standing within arm's reach, James estimated she was no more than 160cm tall. She had broad hips and a soft waist but could not have weighed more than sixty kilograms apart from her breasts. Breasts he was currently standing between, pressed against his own shoulders and hips. Propriety dictated that he should not be touching a woman he'd only just met. In fact, they hadn't met at all yet. But James could not figure out a way to extricate himself from between this woman's cleavage without touching her even more.

"I'm Ainsley," the woman said.

He answered by rote, "Doctor James Vandersmith, at your service."

"Nice to meet you, Doctor," Ainsley said before putting her full, perfectly-pink lips back on the bamboo tube and sucking some kind of liquid from it.

"Um, pardon me, miss..." James took a step closer, and Ainsley's eyes widened. He ducked his head, carefully crab-stepping under the flesh attached to her chest to shimmy his way out of her embrace. He could have stabilized himself by putting a hand on her exposed waist or leg, but proper manners prevented him from doing so.

"Oh," Ainsley said, taking another drink from her bamboo straw.

Once his body was no longer in contact with the woman, James took a moment to survey his surroundings. They were standing on the original stone of the island, and a small stretch of sandy beach lay behind them. Ainsley continued to slurp from her straw as James took in the sheer magnitude of her chest rising before her. As he'd previously observed, their surfaces were nearly sheer slopes as they rose up and away from Ainsley's otherwise diminutive frame. From where he stood, James could barely see the curvature where they must slope inward a few meters from the ground.

"I, erm, have some questions, if you don't mind, Miss Ainsley."

"You can just call me Ainsley, Doctor," she said.

"Alright, well, how did you come to be here, Ainsley?"

"I guess you'd call it a shipwreck."

"A shipwreck?"

"I was out on my boat." Her perfect lips turned down sadly. "I had just gotten it all fixed up. I only took it out two times before that. Then this big storm came, and my batteries died, so I lost my GPS, and I couldn't radio for help. I washed up here."

"How long ago was this?"

Her blonde brows furrowed thoughtfully. "I counted the days for a while... I guess it was over a year ago."

That lined up with the records of the island's increasing mass. "And, erm, what is that you're drinking?"

Ainsley tilted the bamboo stalk toward him. "It's some kind of spring water. Want to try some?"

James eyed the tube. Because of the way it was positioned between Ainsley's breasts, he'd have to get inappropriately close to take her up on her offer. "No, thank you."

She shrugged, taking another long gulp from the tube. "It's really good. Kind of like coconut water mixed with horchata."

"I see... and is that what caused you to... erm..."

"To grow such ginormous tits?"

"Hmm, yes."

"I guess so," Ainsley said with a wide grin.

Her teeth, like the rest of her, were perfect. Gleaming white and perfectly straight. James had been fighting an erection since he first laid eyes on the gorgeous blonde, and her smile sent him to full mast.

"I couldn't find any other food here except some berries I tried the first day or so. But they made me sick."

"Likely poisonous to humans," James mused.

"Mhmm!" Ainsley took another drink. "Anyway, then I found this spring. It was so tasty, and after I drank it, I didn't feel hungry anymore."

"That's quite fortunate."

“Yeah. But after a while, my bikini top started getting super tight. I couldn’t starve, though, so I took it off and drank spring water every day to stay alive.”

“I... see...”

“My boobs got bigger and bigger, but there was nothing else to eat, so I just kept drinking it.”

She took another long pull on her bamboo straw, and James felt the island beneath his feet rumble. From where he was standing, he couldn’t prove it, but he hypothesized that Ainsley’s mountainous breasts had just grown slightly larger.

“And no ships have come by in all this time?”

“Nope! You’re the first person I’ve seen in over a year, Doctor.”

“Please, call me James.”

Her smile grew lascivious, and she eyed him up and down. When her gaze lingered on his hips, James grew self-conscious. Ainsley met his eyes again. “I’m glad you’re so handsome, James...”

James sputtered; the denial that escaped his lips barely intelligible.

She took another drink. “When I first felt something touching me, I thought it was an animal. It kinda tickled. But when you got closer, squeezing between them, it felt *real* good...”

He coughed. “Is... erm... is that so?”

Ainsley nodded, and the look she gave him held an unmistakable heat. “I said you were the first person I’ve seen in a long time. But you’re the first man who’s touched me in even longer...”

“Ah. I see...” James stared at the stony ground at his feet. “Sorry about that...”

“Oh, don’t apologize,” she said. “I enjoyed it.”

He met her eyes again. She said, “I don’t mind if you touch me some more... if you want...”

He glanced down at her lips. Plush, kissable lips that made a pouty bow. “I... erm...”

“You do want to, don’t you, James?” The pout deepened. He glanced at the literal mountains of breast stretching from Ainsley’s chest to cover nearly the entire island. His erection throbbed against the zipper of his pants.

James leaned over Ainsley’s breast to press his lips to hers. She put his hand on her waist and guided him back into her improbable cleavage. He decided his grand scientific discovery wasn’t all that important after all.