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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

Wrath of the Goddess

I

“Flat is Justice” may as well have been Trent’s motto. Whenever he was on break at work, alone in his apartment, or on his phone in the bathroom, Trent occupied himself by trawling through Discord and Reddit. His few real friends and his many more internet acquaintances all seemed to be obsessed with boobs. Trent could not have cared less. Rather, he cared a great deal, but his feelings ran counter to nearly everyone he knew.

Some of Trent’s friends liked to watch those Japanese cartoons, posting screenshots and gifs of bouncing, rubbery tits that bore no resemblance to reality. Trent reacted with disgusted emojis or upside-down faces, occasionally adding his favorite comment, “Flat is Justice.”

The rest of them were obsessed with various egirls, which Trent derisively referred to as “thots.” Some had mouth-wateringly snatched bodies spoiled by unnaturally large lumps of fat hanging from their chests. Others were clearly “butter faces,” their admirers blinded by cleavage almost as disgusting as their makeup-caked faces. Worst of all, in Trent’s opinion, were the ones guys called “curvy” or “thick” simply because they spent more time eating burgers than going to the gym and had bigger tits than any guy could handle. Never mind that without creative camera angles, they were literally obese. At least once a week, whenever he saw photos or videos of these “content creators” get shared, Trent replied, “Flat is Justice.”

One morning, Trent woke up feeling profoundly uneasy. Most days, he felt like an outsider, an alien who couldn't find an ally. But that day, it was worse. Instead of merely feeling like no one shared his preferences or tastes, Trent felt like the whole world was... broken. The water in the shower wouldn't get hot. It reached lukewarm and then went cold as soon as he was covered in soap. He found a tear in his favorite pair of jeans. One of his laces even broke while he was tying his shoes. Silently cursing the world, Trent left for work.

In the hall outside his apartment, Trent ran into his neighbor. Ayla was one of Trent's favorite people, a bubbly blonde whose massive boobs didn't bother him because she was big all over. Since he had no interest in her as a potential partner, Trent found Ayla very easy to talk with. One of his guy friends once joked that Trent should ask out "that whale across the hall." Trent nearly punched him, but even he wasn't sure why.

"Morning, Trent!" Ayla said.

"Oh, hey, 'morning," Trent mumbled.

"Cheer up, Buttercup; it's Friday!"

"Sorry, I'm having a weird morning."

"Maybe you jumped timelines in your sleep."

"Huh?"

"You know, like the Mandela effect... or that movie about The Beatles."

"Oh." Trent mulled that over while they waited for the elevator. "Well, everything feels off, so maybe you're right."

Trent asked if she'd seen the latest episode of a niche streaming series she'd turned him on to. She had, and they talked about it on the ride down.

"Can you believe her assistant betrayed her?"

"Totally," Trent said, "I never trusted him."

Ayla chuckled, "You don't trust anyone."

"Come on, that's not true!"

She laughed again. "I'm just messing with you. Hope your Friday gets better!"

"Thanks."

Trent worked in retail, so his normal days were far from delightful. That day, it was worse. Every second or third customer was a "Karen" who seemed to think Trent was personally responsible for her coupons being expired or that the machine rejected her card. If it wasn't that, it was some skank in a tight shirt showing off her gross boobs. To make matters worse, most of them were far cuter than the store's usual clientele. Just a steady stream of girls who would have been eights or nines if they'd had nice A-cups instead of massive grapefruits or cantaloupes stuck to their chests.

When his lunch break finally came, Trent retreated to the break room to overhear two of his female coworkers talking about how their bras were suddenly pinching.

"Yeah, my shoulders have been killing me all morning."

"Shoot, girl, same. I feel super bloated, and it's not even my cycle for like two more weeks."

Trent fled to the employee bathroom with his lunch. Eating in there was preferable to losing his appetite. Sandwich in one hand and his phone in the other, Trent got on Discord to hopefully find some memes or something to give him some relief from his shitty morning.

[Did you guys see Tracy's new TikTok post?]

[No, is it hot?]

[Yeah, dude, it's a whole try-on haul because her boobs grew]

[Shit, really? I gotta see this...]

A video filled the channel's screen.

[About a minute in she says she had to order 30Hs]

[🤔]

Trent flipped from channel to channel, then to another server, but it was all the same. Everyone he knew was talking about some girl's tits getting bigger. His lunch turned to wet concrete in his mouth, and he closed the app. Sticking his earbuds in, he

switched to a music video channel on YouTube to try and forget the personal hell he was living in and get a blessed twenty minutes of peace.

In a room made of white marble pillars, an impossibly beautiful woman reclined on a divan upholstered in thread of gold. Titania's eyes were unfocused from the space around her as she watched Trent. Her fingers worked deftly in her lap as she tugged on the threads of mortal lives.

"How's this for justice, Trent?" Titania spat the man's name as if it were a curse.

Back at his register, Trent put on his customer service smile and prayed for the hours to pass quickly. Five minutes before the end of his shift, he finally got a customer with whom he genuinely wanted to interact.

Light brown hair in a ponytail, five-six or maybe five-seven, she was the hottest girl he'd ever rang up. She wore denim shorts that barely covered her tight little ass and a tank top that fell almost straight down. The store was mostly empty at 8:55 PM, and she loitered at the counter after Trent handed her her receipt.

"Hey, Trent?"

He was caught off-guard, so distracted with checking out this walking goddess that he'd forgotten he was wearing a nametag.

"Oh, um, hmm?"

"I'm Kyra."

"Nice to meet you."

"I'm from out of town; do you know where I can find some good nightlife around here?"

Trent noticed Kyra's top was covering a little more curve than he first thought. She had at least B-cups under there, but he could compromise that much. "Oh, well, let's see... There's the BlueJay. It's a music venue, so depending on what kind of music

you're into, it's usually a good time."

"Where do you usually go?"

Kyra held the bag with her purchases in both hands in front of her waist, making a crease where her breasts pushed together. They were probably closer to C-cup, and Trent was getting less interested in this conversation. "Sometimes my friends go to The Library, but it's more of a 'locals' bar. Three Brothers is good if you want more of a dance club vibe."

She shifted her posture again, and there was some definite jiggling. Trent's blood ran cold. Not only did this girl not have a perfectly small chest, she was just as big as the parade of sluts he'd been dealing with all day. How could he have missed it?

Kyra played with her hair, smiling at him. "Would you maybe want to show me some of your favorite spots later?"

A shiver ran through Trent; his body was getting turned on even as his mind recoiled. He'd never been hit on so brazenly, and if Kyra had been as flat-chested as he first thought, he would have taken her up on her offer in a heartbeat. But he glanced down and saw a pair of melons stretching her thin tank top to capacity.

Trent blinked and looked again. He couldn't have been that blind; this girl was huge! Her whole flat stomach was bare, and Trent was sure it covered her to her shorts when she walked up to the counter.

Kyra asked, "So... can I give you my number?"

Trent wanted to scream, "What the hell is going on with your boobs?" Cleavage was pouring out of her shirt; it looked more like a tube top, clinging like a second skin to a pair of disgusting fat melons.

Kyra swung her bag around behind her back, thrusting her enormous tits forward as she tilted her head to the side. "...Trent?"

Before Trent could respond, one of the straps on Kyra's top ripped. She gasped a cute little squeak and hunched over, wrapping her arms around herself. The girl's thin limbs could barely contain the masses of flesh dangling from her body.

Mercifully, Trent was spared any further interaction with the disgusting girl because she ran out of the store. He clocked out and went home. He was going to get hammered tonight; maybe tomorrow, the world would be back to normal.

II

After getting home, showering, and digging through his kitchen, Trent found only half a shot's worth of rum and a single beer in his fridge. He could have gone to the liquor store to restock, but something told him he should go out instead. All that talk with Kyra about local bars had Trent thinking he hadn't hit the town in a while. Who knows, maybe he'd even find a nice girl to go home with. He figured he was due some good luck after the weird as fuck day he'd had.

Trent stood against the wall at Jake's, sipping rum & coke and fuming. The bar was full of people—and more than a few attractive girls—but every last one was stacked as fuck. It was like being at a Hooters, though the one time Trent let his friends drag him into one of those, they spent half the time bitching about how small the tits were. Trent hadn't thought they were particularly small; most were too big for his taste, anyway. That night at Jake's, though, the most flat-chested girl Trent saw was as big as the bustiest waitress at Hooters. It isn't fair, Trent thought as he dumped the last of his cocktail down his throat; what did I ever do to deserve this?

On his way back from the bar with a fresh drink, Trent decided he should either take a shot or go home. The bizarre events of the day had him horny and desperate enough to relax his standards a little bit, so he scanned the dimly lit space for the flattest girl he could find. The one benefit to being the only person in the room with a preference for small-breasted women was that the girl he spotted was sitting by herself—he had no competition.

Millie had B-cups. Under normal circumstances, Trent would have looked right past her. But in a room full of G to I-cup monstrosities, a girl with palmfuls was the closest Trent could get to flat. She seemed to appreciate his attention, and before he knew it, Trent was being led back to her place.

After two more drinks, poured much heavier than the ones he'd gotten at Jake's, their hands were all over each other. Once again, Trent must have underestimated her size because the fat lumps in his palms were a handful and then some. Millie grabbed his shirt and led them toward the bed, shedding clothes with each step.

He focussed his attention everywhere but on her tits, peppering kisses up her & neck, palming her tight ass, and locking his gaze on her face. When she shed her bra, Trent saw that he'd severely misjudged Millie's size. Her bra must have been squeezing them down or something because they were at least as big as grapefruits. Trent shook it off. He could "take one for the team," and Millie was cute and cool enough otherwise to overlook an unfortunate set of big tits. Besides that, he was kind of committed at that point.

They kissed and touched and rolled together in her bed, legs tangling in the sheets. As things heated up, however, the situation got worse for Trent. Millie seemed to want him to pay special attention to her chest. She frequently guided his hands to her nipples or pushed his head down to kiss and lick them. Every time he interacted with Millie's breasts, they seemed bigger than before. The first couple of times, he shrugged it off. Trent didn't like boobs, so it made sense that he had misjudged her size. But no amount of disinterest could explain away mistaking cantaloupes for B-cups.

As he let Millie guide him to her entrance, Trent pushed up with both hands to look down at her and saw a pair of melons bigger than Kyra's. Bigger than her head, each fat sack spread over Millie's chest and covered half of her goddamned arms!

Trent's erection went limp immediately. Cold panic washed over him as adrenaline flooded his veins. He blurted the first words that formed in his brain. "What the fuck happened to your boobs?"

Millie grinned up at him, groping a fat lump in each hand. "Isn't it great? I've always wanted nice big ones..."

Trent rolled off Millie and climbed out of bed. "I... I have to go."

"What the hell?"

Trent didn't answer as he stumbled back across Millie's apartment, tripping over his own feet as he gathered his scattered clothes.

"You're leaving? Now??"

"I'm sorry..." Trent mumbled as he slipped out the door, wearing only one shoe.

Millie's voice followed him out. "Fuck you, asshole!"

Gazing down from her divan on the tragic scene, Titania scowled. "Sorry about that, Millie. At least you got a major upgrade out of the evening."

She watched Trent trip over his untied shoe into the bushes. "Asshole indeed..."

III

Trent woke with a splitting headache. For a moment, he didn't know where he was, but then he spotted a familiar crack in the ceiling near the smoke alarm. He was in his apartment, but not the bedroom. He tried to sit up, but a lightning bolt of pain through his skull made him drop back down.

What the hell am I doing on the couch? How did I even get here?

After a few minutes lying there, in too much pain to fall back asleep, he experimentally lifted his head. When the room didn't spin, and his head failed to split open, Trent sat up very slowly. The coffee table beside him held a large bottle of water and a handwritten note. He grabbed the water first.

As the cool water slid down his throat, Trent felt like his whole body was a sponge soaking up the blessed hydration. The throbbing in his head eased, and he sighed with relief. Then he reached for the note. Big, rounded letters read:

T~

You tripped coming up the stoop last night. I don't think you have a concussion, but you might want to get checked out, depending on how you feel. You were pretty out of it.

I left a breakfast burrito in your fridge. I always crave them when I'm hungover.

I'll be home all day, so if you need anything, just knock.

~A

PS: I forgive you for grabbing my boob last night

She'd drawn a smiley face and a heart after the last line.

Shame and confusion swirled in Trent's aching head. He tried to process all the new information in Ayla's note, but his thoughts were too muddled. He rose slowly to his feet and shuffled into the kitchen.

True to her word, there was a big, foil-wrapped burrito in the fridge. Trent unwrapped the burrito and dropped it on a mostly clean plate in the microwave. As his breakfast rotated slowly behind the glass door, Trent replayed Ayla's note in his mind. He must have been more drunk than he thought when he ran away from Millie's place.

The cool air on his legs made Trent realize he was in nothing but his boxers and undershirt. He couldn't remember much from the disastrous scene at Millie's apartment. Had Ayla stripped his clothes off, or had he crossed downtown half-naked?

Heat rose in Trent's cheeks at the thought of his neighbor undressing him. But why should that matter? Ayla was just a friend, wasn't she? He definitely wasn't interested in her "that way;" he barely thought of her as a woman.

Somehow, that made it worse. Ayla wasn't some random customer like Kyra. She wasn't a desperate hookup like Millie. She was part of his life. Someone he saw almost every day. They talked and laughed. In a way, Trent felt closer to Ayla than any of his guy friends, let alone the guys he only knew over Discord.

The microwave dinged, briefly interrupting Trent's musing. He carried his plate back to the couch and opened YouTube on the TV. Thinking about Ayla made his headache worse, and he needed a break.

While he ate, Trent checked his Discord notifications. The conversations were mostly back to normal. Games, bitching about work or politics, and sharing photos and vids of egirls. There was no chat about suddenly growing breasts unless he scrolled up to the previous day.

Whatever yesterday's hell was, it seemed to be over. Trent slumped back in his seat, feeling better with each bite of eggs, sausage, and potato chunks.

After a solid day of napping to recover from his bad decisions and trying—with middling success—to avoid thinking about how he felt about his neighbor, Trent finally had to leave the apartment. He had work the next day, and his fridge was empty. He stepped into the hallway, trying so hard to seem normal that he could not have looked more awkward. He made it two steps toward the elevator before he heard Ayla come out of her apartment behind him.

“Hey!” She called sweetly.

A flock of butterflies took wing in his middle as Trent turned to his neighbor. How old was he to get so worked up over a girl?

Ayla wore a bright yellow sundress that reached her knees, leaving her arms bare and showing just a hint of cleavage. A modest outfit by anyone’s definition, but it hugged every slope and curve in a way that made Trent’s mouth go dry. Waves of blonde hair framed her face, and she was gorgeous. How had he never noticed?

“Hey.”

He waited for her to lock her door and catch up with him, and they walked together to the elevator.

“How’s your head?”

Trent grimaced wryly. “It’s fine. Nothing a weekend of sleep and hydration can’t fix.”

“That’s good.”

Trent gulped in an attempt to quash his nerves. “Thanks for helping me the other night, and sorry.”

“Of course,” she demurred. “Lucky I was taking my trash out at the time. You were pretty out of it.”

“Fuckin’ embarrassing,” Trent mumbled.

“Oh, hush. What happened, anyway? Was it someone’s birthday or something?”

Trent shook his head, pressing the button to call the elevator. “It’s a whole thing. Just a shit end to a very shit day.”

Ayla touched his shoulder lightly. “I’m just glad you’re alright.”

Even at their polite distance, Trent was keenly aware of her. The swishing of her skirt as she walked, the subtle hints of strawberry and vanilla from her shampoo, and the panoply of jiggles her body made with every movement.

His body reacted, but his mind was confused. Ayla was at least twice the size of the women he usually preferred. Or thought he did. He liked thin, flat women, didn't he?

All of Trent's hours of fighting with his friends and being disgusted by busty women suddenly felt incredibly childish. He'd been so focused on looks he hadn't seen Ayla as a woman. She was just another person he wasn't interested in. And that indifference let her worm her way into his heart. Because he realized, with surprise, that he loved her.

Of course, he did. He'd been an idiot not to see it before now. Seeing her was the best part of his day. She was funny, sweet, kind—she'd carried his drunk ass all the way to his apartment, for fuck's sake!

The elevator dinged, and the doors slid open. As they stepped inside, Trent said, "Sorry, too, for... the other thing..."

Ayla chuckled. Unlike her usual playful laughs and giggles when they talked about media, this one was low and husky, tingling the short hair at Trent's nape. "It's fine, really. I've been in this dry spell for so long; it was nice to get *some* action."

Trent thought she must be joking, but when he met her eyes, they held an unmistakable heat. She took a step closer, eyes flickering between his lips and his eyes. He could feel the heat of her body. When she spoke, so low he almost couldn't hear, her warm breath tickled his neck. "You could do it again... if you want..."

Trent's body leaned toward Ayla as if she were magnetic, and her eyelids fluttered closed. Her soft lips parted, and they kissed. He reached for her, his hands and arms filling with soft, warm flesh. When their mouths separated, Trent was staring down into Ayla's massive breasts, which overflowed his hands. He was rock-hard.

He didn't hate them.

How could he? They were part of *her*.

Trent took in Ayla's gorgeous face. "I'm an idiot."

The elevator dinged at that exact moment. Ayla put a finger to his lips. "Hush."

As the doors slid open, she quickly pressed two buttons: the one for their floor and the one to close the doors. When they started moving back up, Ayla rose on her toes and pressed her soft body against him.

Trent kissed her again, then buried his face in her tits. Maybe he was a boob man, after all. At least, for her boobs, he was.

Titania threw up her hands. "A redemption arc, seriously?"

"Looks like your little prank backfired," Fulla said.

"Whatever. I'm gonna go see what Freya's up to."