



Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: *Rapid Breast Expansion*

Shocking

Kiera was friends with Izzy long before she started dating her bestie. In fact, Kiera often took credit for setting up Izzy and Abby. Now, they were engaged, and Kiera sometimes felt like she was losing them both. She wasn't, of course. Even before they moved in together, Kiera hung out with them at least once a week. Abby and Kiera grew up together, and they'd been roommates before she moved in with Izzy, so when Izzy came over, Kiera was already there. And when Abby went to Izzy's, Kiera often tagged along, crashing on the couch after her good-natured complaints sent the couple to the bedroom for the "chill" part of their Netflix and chill.

When Izzy proposed to Abby, Kiera decided to give her friend an early wedding gift.

"Now that you're getting married, I'll tell you a secret," Kiera said. "Abby has me to thank for those girls you love so much."

Kiera cupped her hands in front of her modest chest to make her meaning clear.

"What? I don't—" Izzy sputtered.

"Don't try to deny it, bitch," Kiera laughed. "I've been in the room with you two fooling around too many times. You always go right for her yiddies."

Izzy's cheeks turned red as she pouted, but it only took a few seconds for her lips to curve into a lecherous smirk.

Kiera said, "Anyway, I know how to make them even bigger... if you want..."

"What?"

"All you've gotta do is give her a shock."

"What, like a jump scare?"

"No, no. A literal shock, like from static."

"Bullshit."

"It's true! I figured it out when we were teens. I always used to touch her when I got up from the couch. If there's a shock, she blows up. A good shock will bloat them like a whole inch sometimes."

Izzy cocked an eyebrow, voice dripping with sarcasm as she asked, "And that's why they're so big?"

“Well, the bloating isn’t permanent. But I did it enough times that she kept getting bigger over the past three years. They were only D-cups when we started college.”

“Come on, that can’t be right,” Izzy said. Abby was a 5’11 blonde with a perfect ass and a set of H-cups.

“She’s grown since you started dating. Don’t tell me you didn’t notice?”

Izzy shrugged. “I figured it was just hormones... or relationship weight, maybe.”

“Are you calling my bestie fat? Cause you’re one to talk.”

Keira poked her friend’s slightly rounded tummy. Izzy was a 5’2 Latina with jet-black curls. While she lacked Abby’s height, Keira was half a head taller than Izzy. Her own hair was naturally blonde, but Keira kept it in a constant and unpredictable series of dyes; the shoulder-length strands were currently blue.

Izzy swatted Keira’s hand away. “Stop! It’s hard sharing meals with that giant. Why do you think I’m wearing a suit for our wedding?”

“Sorry, sorry. Anyway, I can find some pics of Abby in college if you need proof.”

“I believe you,” Izzy said. “About her growing since we met, that is. I still don’t buy your ‘static’ theory.”

“Try it for yourself and see. The change is pretty obvious if you can get a good enough shock.”

“Hmm,” Izzy grunted. “We’ll see.”

A few weeks later, Keira was over for another dinner and hangout night. She watched Izzy walk back into the living room, running her arms all over her sweater. Keira wondered if it was one of Abby’s; the sleeves were rolled up around Izzy’s tiny hands, and it hung so far down that Keira wasn’t sure she was wearing bottoms.

By contrast, Abby wore baggy sweat shorts and a snug tank top. It wasn’t painted on or anything, but anything less than a small tent was at least a little tight across her bestie’s whopping tits. Izzy sat down oddly, rubbing her ass and back along the couch

as she slid in beside Abby. She reached a hand out to her fiancé and touched her index finger to Abby's bare shoulder.

It wasn't a huge shock. Keira had years of experience with static, but Izzy hadn't done too poorly—for her first attempt. Abby let out a little yelp of surprise, her body jolting and making her boobs jiggle.

Three seconds passed in silence while Izzy and Keira watched Abby's chest swell. They might not have noticed the change if they weren't staring at them; the only visible difference was a slight roundness above the cups of her bra. The undergarment went from perfectly sized to giving Abby enough spillage to show through her tight top.

"Holy shit..." Izzy breathed.

Keira wanted to shoot her friend an "I told you so" look, but Izzy's attention was locked on Abby. Or, rather, her tits. Keira also expected an accusation or at least a glare from Abby, but her cheeks were flushed, and she was staring at her fiancé.

Izzy slid across the couch away from Abby, rubbing her hands all over the sweater again. Keira waited for her friend to flinch away from Izzy's outstretched finger, but Abby sat frozen while Izzy touched her again.

The second shock was even weaker than the first, but the wrinkles in Abby's shirt shifted ever so slightly as she grew a tiny bit bigger. Izzy's eyes grew distant, and she ran an exploring finger along Abby's chest, tracing the divot made by the tops of her bra cups.

Keira tore her own eyes away from Abby's tits to see her friend's lips parted. She'd never reacted that way when Keira pranked her. Mostly, she just got annoyed or outright mad. Obviously, things were a little different when the shock came from her lover.

"Iz..." Abby breathed.

Izzy poked at the upper bulge of her fiancé's boob, and Abby's back arched, presenting her chest more fully into Izzy's space like an offering. Izzy laid her palm on Abby's breast and squeezed, eliciting a soft moan.

Keira cleared her throat, shattering the heated tension in the room. Abby and Izzy jumped apart, leaning back on the couch and glancing back and forth between Keira and each other.

“I think I’m gonna head home,” Keira said.

No one was paying attention to the TV, but this was usually the point where one of them would insist that Keira stay the night. Instead, Abby said, “You’re not getting off that easy. I can’t believe you told her!”

The glazed-over look in her eyes didn’t match the heat in her words, though, and Abby gave another soft squeak as Izzy tickled her side.

Keira grabbed her phone and stood, heading for the door. She paused to look back at her friends with a smirk. “You’re welcome.”

In the months leading up to their wedding, Keira could tell Izzy was making good use of the “secret” she’d shared with her. Every time she saw Abby, her friend’s chest looked a little bit fuller, a little bit rounder. Neither woman seemed to mind, so Keira and Izzy shared notes. Keira told her everything she knew about static electricity. Izzy stopped using fabric softener, put fuzzy knit wool blankets over their couches, switched the bed to flannel sheets, and started wearing flannel pajamas. By the time the Big Day arrived, Abby had grown to a full L-cup. From certain angles, they looked bigger than her head.

Keira stood behind her best friend, taking in the white gown with a wide skirt that reached just past her knees. Abby’s wedding dress was never going to be modest, but this one was cut low enough to show off nearly the entire top halves of her breasts. Keira’s eyebrows drew together as she looked Abby over.

“What?” Abby asked.

“I never thought I’d say this,” Keira said, plucking at the white satin material draped around Abby’s voluminous chest. “But is this a little... loose?”

Abby sighed. “Is it really that noticeable?”

“I mean, you wanna be showing them off a little, right? Making all the straight guys and lesbians jealous of Izzy?”

“What exactly do you think weddings are for?” Abby asked with a sardonic glare through the mirror.

“Anyway,” Keira went on, “It’s not *bad*, but I can tell the bodice here is too big.” Keira used a finger to tug at the hem around Abby’s exposed cleavage. The round flesh rose from the low neckline of her gown, but the stiff white material wasn’t quite hugging them as it should.

“I think Izzy got a little overexcited with how much I’ve grown since you told her about that weird shocking thing. She had the shop add several inches to my measurements, just in case.”

“And she overshot?”

“Yeah. I wonder if we have time to take it in a little...”

“I have a better idea.”

“I don’t like that look,” Abby said.

“Trust me.”

“That makes it even worse!”

Ignoring Abby’s protests, Keira ran to her backpack and rummaged through its many pockets and compartments. After a minute, she found what she was looking for.

“Aha!”

Keira returned carrying a black plastic rectangle slightly larger than a deck of cards.

“What is that? A phone charger?”

Keira grinned smugly. “It’s the taser my Uncle Gary gave me before college.”

Abby crossed her arms under her chest, pressing her tits upward until the dress almost looked like it fit. “No way. There’s no way I’m letting you tase me.”

“Relax, it’s got settings. My roommate and I tested level one on each other, and it’s like licking a nine-volt battery.”

Abby scowled at her. “Unlike you, I don’t lick batteries for fun.”

Keira rolled her eyes. "Here, I'll show you."

She pressed some buttons on the device, then lifted her skirt to press it against her thigh. She stiffened slightly while the device hummed, then dropped her dress.

"See? It's perfectly safe."

Abby quirked an eyebrow. "Why'd you do it down there?"

Keira said, "Well... sometimes it can leave a mark. This way, I'll only have to explain it once at most."

"Oh my god, you're the worst."

Before Abby could protest further, Keira grabbed her dress and dove for her thigh, holding the taser to her skin and pressing the button.

"Gah! You little bitch!"

Abby swatted her away, but Keira jumped back to watch. Her friend's breasts rose like bread dough proofing, filling the bodice of her gown and pulling it snug.

Keira pointed at the mirror. "See, isn't that better?"

Abby turned to appraise her reflection. The dress definitely looked better filled out as it was.

With Abby distracted, Keira squatted down and zapped her again.

"Aah! Keira!"

Abby reached for her again but froze as her cleavage started to swell larger. Filling every spare inch of her gown, the pale flesh stopped swelling just shy of spilling over, threads straining to contain the mass they held.

"I swear to god, if you rip this dress and ruin my wedding, I'm gonna kill you."

Keira held up both hands and backed away from Abby. "Fine, fine. I won't do it again. But just see how great you look."

Abby looked herself over again, a small smile playing across her lips.

Withdrawing from the room, Keira said, “Love you, bestie! See you out there!” Under her breath, she added, “I’m definitely getting Izzy one of these as a wedding present...”

“What was that?”

“Nothing!”

Keira handed Izzy a bottle of wine and pulled her friend into a hug. “Happy birthday, Iz!”

They walked together into the kitchen, where Abby was putting the finishing touches on dinner. In the past six months, Abby had barely grown at all. Maybe a cup size at most. Keira was disappointed that Izzy hadn’t used her wedding present more.

The three women ate, drank, and exchanged gossip for a couple of hours until Abby asked, “Present time?”

Izzy protested, “I said you didn’t have to get me anything!”

“Hush,” Keira said, “Even dudes know that’s a trap.”

Abby bought her wife an Airwrap, making both Izzy and Keria squeal in astonishment. Izzy had the good grace not to protest the expense—in front of Keira, anyway—and the couple shared a long hug.

Keira was practically bouncing in her seat as she pulled a small wrapped box from her bag. “Now mine, now mine!”

Izzy unwrapped the gift, pulling out a black collar with a small plastic box attached. The box had two short metal prongs extending toward the inside of the collar. The Latina tried without success to hide her confusion behind a pleasant smile as she lifted the attached tag.

“Adult novelty shock collar?”

Abby said, “Keira, what the fuck?”

Keira beamed, “It’s human-safe, see?”

"It does say that," Izzy said slowly, looking up at Keira.

Keira feigned a look of embarrassment. "It's... for both of you."

Izzy looked at Abby, who sat back in her chair as if the toy might bite her. "There's no way I'm wearing a freakin' dog collar!"

Izzy fished a small remote fob from the box and held it up. Keira said, "I bet it'll fit around your leg; you could hide it under your skirt!"

Abby looked between her friend and her partner; both women's expressions were a mix of lascivious pleading. She sighed. "Fine, give it here."

Keira bounced in her seat again, resisting the urge to clap excitedly as Abby shifted her long skirt up to fasten the collar around her thigh. She let the skirt slide back down, then started unbuttoning her flannel.

"Wait!" Keira said. "Leave it buttoned."

"Seriously? This is one of my favorite shirts."

"I'll mend it if it rips," Izzy said. She held the remote out to Keira. "You wanna try it first?"

"Ohmygod yes!"

Abby rolled her eyes. "You're such a freak."

Keira stuck her tongue out at her friend. "It's your own fault for having amazing tits."

Abby opened her mouth to reply, but Keira clicked the remote on its lowest setting and pressed the button. Abby's body went rigid, and the M-cup mounds under her flannel swelled.

Her fuzzy plaid shirt was obviously oversized. She had the sleeves rolled up to her elbows, and when she stood, it covered her whole ass. But it had been snug around her chest before Keira activated the collar. As her breasts swelled, the flannel pulled taut, small gaps opened between the buttons, and it went from tight to very tight as Abby's breathing grew rapid. The effect was even faster than it'd been on her wedding day, but just as hints of skin and bra appeared in the diamond-shaped gaps, Abby's growth slowed.

Air hissed through Abby's nose in sharp pulses, and her cheeks reddened. Izzy breathed, "Awesome..."

"For real," Keira agreed, then mashed the button again.

"Keiraaaaa!!" Abby's protest morphed into a high-pitched moan as electricity coursed through her body. Her flannel became tighter than a second skin. Even through the thick fabric, the spillage in her bra cups was apparent as her breasts tried to escape their plaid prison. Seams creaked and thread frayed. The button at the apex of Abby's chest broke free with a snap, the plastic circle sailing across the living room to skitter across the floor. Pale flesh rose from the opening like rising dough, and Keira pressed the button again.

Abby went rigid, her whole body clenching. The motion sent two more buttons flying above and below the first. Keira and Izzy could see the tops of Abby's bra cups, where her boobs spilled over like muffins made with too much batter. Slowly, they rose ever higher, stretching the sides of Abby's shirt farther apart as they expanded. Keira tore her eyes away to look at Izzy; her face was flushed, and her breathing was almost as ragged as Abby's. Her eyes were locked on her wife's tits as they continued to swell.

Keira clicked the remote up to the second level and hit the button again.

Abby's hips bucked, and her back arched from the chair, sending two more buttons flying. Her tits were almost entirely out in the open, and it looked like there was more flesh spilling out of her bra than inside the cups. Izzy lept from her chair, pouncing on Abby. She pulled the ruined halves of Abby's flannel apart, tearing the last button above her massive cleavage. Izzy wrapped her arms around her wife's tits, burying her face in twin watermelons bigger than her head. She was sitting in Abby's lap, grinding herself across her wife's thigh.

"Iz -*haa*- Izzy... not in front of Keira!" Abby said in a whisper that wasn't nearly quiet enough.

Izzy froze, her fingers clutching Abby's bra in the process of freeing her massive, swollen tits. She spared a glance at Keira, then climbed off of Abby, yanking on her arms to pull her to her feet. The smaller woman steered and pushed, guiding Abby to their bedroom with an urgency Keira could completely understand.

The door slammed behind them, but it wasn't very soundproof.

“Izzy... not so rough...”

-shrrrip- “Wow... best birthday ever...”

Izzy’s voice became muffled, and Keira had a pretty good idea where her friend’s mouth was. She mashed the button again.

“Ah-ahhhh!!” Abby’s cry was crystal clear through the hollow door.

The knob rattled, and Keira sat back in a vain attempt to look casual. Izzy rushed across the room, reaching out a hand.

“Gimme that.”

Keira smirked as she handed her Izzy the remote. “You’re welcome.”