

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

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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Wonder

All throughout high school, Cassie had to deal with people asking if she was gay. Or suspecting she was gay. Or merely assuming she was gay, not bothering to even ask her friends. At five-nothing weighing ninety pounds soaking wet, Cassie's retro hipster aesthetic didn't help matters much. Add to that an undercut bob, a flat chest, and a dating history with a pattern that nearly screamed her preferred type—pudgy and varying degrees of effeminate guys—and Cassie felt like she was defending her heterosexuality on a weekly basis.

Enter college life. The time when even staunchly straight women have a lesbian or bi-curious "experimental phase." Cassie was determined not to be one of those women. She had every intention not to pursue romance or even casual hook-ups, declaring her intention to focus on her studies and degree to anyone who asked.

But around six weeks into her first semester, Cassie's roommate insisted she come along to a party at the Zeta Omega Epsilon house. The group of women collectively referred to as "the Zoey's." Cassie had never seen so many gorgeous women in her life. In real life, anyway. First was a blonde who was the spitting image of her second boyfriend, Kyle. Only the girl had longer hair, better makeup, and real boobs instead of "man boobs," even if they were a little smaller than Kyle's.

Filling her red solo cup at the keg in an attempt to avoid both her social anxiety and looming sexual identity crisis, Cassie saw another Zoey, who was a hotter version of her fifth boyfriend, Chris. He once let Cassie put a full face of makeup on him and put him in her sister's clothes, and the sorority girl was a dead match for Chris in "drag."

Chugging her beer in several large gulps, nearly choking herself in the process, Cassie rushed back into the ZOE house. Coming to this party had been a mistake. She didn't even *like* beer.

Cassie weaved through the crowd, spotting beautiful woman after beautiful woman. Here, a redhead with "childbearing" hips and a freckle-spattered set of tits spilling out of a too-small ZOE shirt, the letters warped over her chest. There, a black-haired version of Sabrina Carpenter, with perfect "influencer" features and a top so tight Cassie could see every part of her oversized bra.

She started nudging people out of her way as she tried to flee the house, but pausing to apologize every time made her progress even slower. Cassie began simply shoving them, squeezing through the tightly packed bodies to get to the main entrance. Clearing enough people to finally spot the exit, Cassie sped nearly to a run.

Before she achieved her freedom, however, Cassie collided with someone. The other person fell to the floor, and their flailing limbs tripped Cassie, bearing her down face-first on top of them.

Cassie's hands felt something soft and warm, and her face was buried in squishy body. Whoever she'd run into must be very overweight, and why did that, too, turn her on?

She pressed her hands against the malleable flesh, lifting herself off the other person's body. When her face separated from them, she realized she hadn't landed on a belly at all.

They were tits.

The biggest tits Cassie had ever seen.

The girl was technically overweight, but half that extra weight was packed into a ZOE shirt that had at least one X on the tag.

One glance at her face was enough for Cassie as well. The woman looked like a young Scarlett Johanson but with boobs bigger than her head.

Boobs that were in her hands.

Cassie stared, marveling at their heft, their elasticity. The sheer size of this pair of true mommy milkers. The wonder of them made her heart stop.

“Hey there, cutie...”

Even the woman's *voice* was fucking hot. Like the world's most popular spicy audiobook narrator drizzled with Southern twang. Cassie met the woman's eyes; then her own eyes dropped down to her lips. They sought her wondrous cleavage again, and when she forced them back upward, they paused at her lips again.

“Fuck's sake...” Cassie muttered before squeezing the woman's massive tits again as she leaned down to kiss her.