

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*

Walk a Mile in Her Bra

Willow straightened the buttons on Peyton's new dress shirt. She brushed a few wrinkles away, causing her friend's massive mammaries to wobble in their custom-made bra.

"Well?" Peyton asked.

"You look amazing, of course," Willow scowled. She pressed her palms into the sides of Peyton's boobs, making the firm flesh rise from the taller woman's neckline and straining the buttons she'd just done up.

"Should I test it?" Peyton asked.

Willow grinned. "Let me take cover first!"

Peyton laughed. "They're not bullets, you goon."

Willow ducked behind the kitchen wall where Jeanie was burning something. Peyton stepped to her practice pole and went through one of her routines. She turned and twirled, bent and straightened. When she crawled on the floor, huge tits dragging even with her arms fully extended, Willow worried the carpet would undo the buttons early, but they held.

Jeanie dumped her smoking pan in the sink and came over to watch. Peyton grabbed the pole with both hands behind her flawless—but relatively small—rump. Her platform-heeled toes held together at the base of the pole, she slowly leaned forward. As a pair of tits that made up over half the tall woman's weight projected forward, her shirt grew tighter and tighter. The puckering buttons made windows in

her shirt that spread into narrow slits until, finally, the line of plastic circles scattered across Peyton's living room like the spray of an unusually harmless—and sexy—machine gun.

Jeanie clapped with delight, and Willow wore a self-satisfied smirk. She gathered up a few of the buttons and snapped them back onto Peyton's shirt. "And they go right back on, see? No sewing required."

"That's pretty awesome, Babe."

"Jace'll probably bitch about the mess, but I bet you'll get even more tips with a few more tops like this."

"What if she can't find the buttons?" Jeanie asked.

"Oh, I got a bulk bag of them online. This shirt has eight, but we only used six, so a two-hundred pack should last at least a week or so."

Peyton wore a flat stare as she rebuttoned her top. "Hilarious."

Willow sighed. "Why do you always do that?"

"Do what?"

"Act like it's a hardship to have the most perfect body known to stripper-dom?"

"It's not all sunshine and rainbows, Babe. You should try walking a mile in my bras."

Jeanie bounced on her heels, clutching her hands in balled-up fists in front of her own impressive—relatively speaking—bosom. "Does this mean you'll finally let me do it!?"

Peyton groaned.

"Do what?" Willow asked.

"It's a long story."

"Can I? Can I?"

"Whatever she wants to do, I'm in."

Peyton sighed. "You know what? Fine. But just give her mine for a day. I could use a break anyway."

Jeanie's grin split her face, and she snapped her fingers. In a matter of moments, Peyton's memories shifted. The shadows of her original life returned, with the addition of meeting a diminutive Asian with tits bigger than her head, who'd only grown more busty over the course of their friendship.

Standing across from her, Willow transformed. She grew no taller, but she now carried every ounce of tit Peyton once sported. At almost a foot shorter, they looked enormous on Willow's frame. She staggered and almost fell forward, wrapping her thin arms around their bulk before Jeanie strengthened her back muscles to compensate.

Willow's eyes lit with delight. "This. Is. Awesome!"

She twisted and spun, experimenting with her new center of gravity. She bounced on her heels and watched her massive tits bob long after each hop. Striding to the door, she used both hands to steady their mad wobbling. "I'm going to the club right now. Gotta take these beauties for a test run!"

Before Peyton could stop her, Willow squeezed herself out the door. Peyton sighed with relief, but as she ran her hands over the empty plane of her chest, she was surprised by how hollow it felt. Her body had been half tit for months now, and despite the daily inconveniences and annoyances—narrow doorways, expensive clothes, wolf whistles, and ogling wherever she went—she'd come to accept her giant boobs as part of her. A part that was now missing.

Peyton slumped into her recliner, annoyed at herself for arcing her back to compensate for the bulk that wasn't there. "I hope she's alright..."

"Want me to follow her? I can stay hidden."

"Nah. She's a big girl."

"Hell yeah, she is."

"Perv..."

Less than twenty minutes later, a series of thumps and soft crashes came from the hallway. Willow crashed through the door, falling tit-first to the carpet before struggling to her feet and dusting off as much of herself as she could reach.

"How do you live with these things!?"

"That was quick," Jeanie smirked.

Peyton jumped out of her chair, her feet briefly leaving the floor as she overcompensated.

"Everyone kept staring! I could barely squeeze into the Uber! And how the hell do you get down stairs when you can't see your feet!?"

"Turns out the grass isn't greener, is it?" Peyton said.

-thump thump- "Are you guys alright? I heard crashing!"

"Shit, it's Katelyn. I don't wanna have to explain all this to her."

"Are you done borrowing Peyton's boobs?" Jeanie asked.

"God, yes. I take it all back."

With a snap of Jeanie's fingers, they were back to normal. Willow made a few small hops, grinning at the return of her spry form. Peyton luxuriated in the familiar weight on her chest, rolling her shoulders with a grin. The door burst open as Katelyn got tired of waiting.

"We're fine," Jeanie said. "Your girl just knocked over some furniture... again."

Katelyn rushed to Peyton's side, pawing and prodding her body. "Ohmygod, are you okay?"

"I'm fine, Katey..."

Katelyn sighed with relief. "That's good. Well, as long as I'm here, you girls want some food? It smells like Jeanie made charcoal again."

"Hey!"

"I could eat," Willow said.

"I'll order something," Katelyn offered. "And some extra for my poor, clumsy girl..."