



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

<https://linktr.ee/spartacuswrites>

Contains: *Breast Expansion*

## VI

Candace watched the YouTube video on her phone, following the instructor's movements. She put the foot of her bent leg behind the knee of her extended leg, holding her knee with her elbow in a seated twist. Her breasts mashed into her bent knee, making the position awkward, but she held the pose as her muscles burned. Rolling onto her hands and knees, she shifted into child's pose, pressing her chest into the mat. She thrust her butt into the air as the instructor demonstrated downward-facing dog. Fighting against her athletic bra, her cleavage dropped toward her chin. As steady as she could, she glided into upward-facing dog, trying to ignore the wobbling as her tits projected forward.

After her yoga session, Candace stood in the shower, basking. The near-scalding water pattered into her chest, sending a spray in all directions. Rivulets of water coursed down her sides and over her hips, leaving her pelvis merely damp. The sensation amplified the constant tingling in her breasts, and she ran her hands over them. She hefted them up and let them drop, fascinated by how little they drooped despite their size. She slid her thumbs over her nipples, sending electric shocks down to her pussy. As she reached for her body wash bottle, a stronger wave of pleasure washed over her. Candace gasped, slapping a hand to the shower wall to steady herself. She detached the sprayer, spinning it to the pulse setting and aiming it between her legs. Her tits were on fire, but Les was home, so she forced her mouth to stay closed as she came.

\*\*\*

Back at Headlights, Candace was working the lunch shift. After taking a table's order, she spun on her heels. Her boobs smacked a busser right in the face, and the poor girl fell onto her ass, spilling her bin full of dirty dishes everywhere.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry!"

Candace squatted to help her clean up, but her chest bumped the bin away every time she reached to put something in it.

"It's fine, it's fine," the girl said. "I'll do it."

Her ears flushed red, Candace scurried to the computer to punch in the order. When she looked up, Linda was watching.

"I need to see you in my office."

Candace wanted to melt into the linoleum floor, but she followed. Linda pointed silently at the chair opposite her desk, so Candace sat with shaky knees. Linda took her own seat, then pinched the bridge of her nose.

"I'm really, really sorry—"

Linda held up a hand to shush her, then sighed. "This is the worst part of this job."

Candace opened her mouth, but Linda's expression made her close it again.

"It's the third time this month, Candace."

"I know..."

"I really like you. You're a hard worker, good with the customers... I don't know what's going on with you—it's none of my business—but I think even you know this can't go on."

"Sorry..."

Linda sighed. "You can finish out your shift. You might as well keep your uniform, too—not like anyone else wears a 2X..." The older woman's cheeks flushed as she realized she'd spoken the last aloud. She recovered with a forced cough. "I'll file all the paperwork with corporate to make sure you get the full severance package."

Candace stared at the floor, plump cleavage dominating her view. "Thanks."

\*\*\*

While Candace was at her computer, searching for remote jobs, her phone buzzed.

Skylar (7:48 p.m.): Linda fired you? WTF

Candace (7:49 p.m.): 🙄

Candace (7:49 p.m.): I knocked down a busser again.

Skylar (7:50 p.m.): Was it Myla? That bish has been dragging you since her first day

Candace (7:51 p.m.): It didn't matter. Linda saw the whole thing.

Skylar (7:51 p.m.): 🙄

Candace (7:53 p.m.): It's fine. She's right, I can't wait tables like this. All the yoga in the world won't make up for how big the girls are getting.

Three dots appeared and disappeared.

Skylar (7:56 p.m.): What are you going to do?

Candace hit back on her browser and let out a deep sigh.

Candace (7:58 p.m.): Tell me more about that paid site thing.

\*\*\*

Les slid minced garlic from a cutting board into a skillet sizzling with onion. He stirred the mixture, letting the flavors mix, and opened a can of tomato sauce.

Candace pranced into the kitchen. "What are you making? It smells incredible."

"It's just spaghetti—" Les's brain lost the ability to form words. "—sauce."

Candace wore a cornflower shirt that had to be at least a men's extra-large. Possibly 2XL. It should have looked like a flour sack on his short roommate, but it was skin-tight across her chest. Her boobs were so big that the front of the shirt rode up like a French tuck, showing off her bare stomach and bright pink booty shorts. She wasn't wearing a bra, and Les could see the plump indents her nipples made in the fabric as her tits wobbled toward him.

"Mmm, carbs. My favorite."

Les chuckled, tearing his eyes away and pouring the sauce into his pan. "Well, I used turkey for the meatballs, so it's... sort of healthy?"

She grinned. "I'm going to go do another round of yoga, just to be safe. Call me when it's ready?"

"Sure." Les's neck decided to turn his head to watch her go. All that yoga was doing wonders for her ass, but his eyes were glued to the side boob that peeked around one side and then the other. They were so big now that he could see them from behind!

Les shook himself and stirred his sauce. Candace had gotten more comfortable around the house over time, but going around braless was new. He wondered if she'd outgrown all the ones she had. The last one he'd seen drying in the bathroom was a 30L.

*It doesn't matter. She's your roommate.*

Les carried two plates piled with pasta, glistening sauce, and meatballs the size of golf balls. Stepping out of the kitchen, he saw Candace still doing yoga poses. Her giant shirt had been replaced with a sports bra that clearly wasn't up to the task. He watched the line of her body curve and shift, pale flesh spilling over painted-on lycra. Despite the appetizing aroma drifting around him, Les's mouth was a desert.

"Ooh, yes!" Candace bounced onto her feet, sending her boobs caroming up and out and jostling. She wobbled up to him and took a proffered plate, flopping onto the couch with even more wobbling. "What are we watching?"

\*\*\*

Shortly after losing her job at Headlights, Candace switched all her business classes to remote. It was getting impractical to use the classroom desks, and she was tired of being ogled in public. Most of all, she was terrified someone at LVCC would recognize her.

Just like her socials, it took a few months for Candace's paid account to take off. Between her rabid fans and Skylar, she had no shortage of ideas for more... spicy cosplays. She also made plenty of lingerie content and "progress updates" to pad out her posting schedule. Still clinging to the belief that she was better than her sister,

Candace never did anything more risqué than hand bras shots, to the outrage of many entitled “fans,” but as summer approached, her income slowly crept back up to her service industry days.

Candace read over the caption on her newest post, a photo of herself from the waist up, wearing a pale green bra. Both the bra and her girls looked enormous.

[New bra fits great! From Sapphire’s Capricorn collection, this is their Demi Lightly-Lined in Meadow. I’m sure you all want to know the size, don’t you? 🙄 Well, this was a special order, and it’s a 30 S-cup! If the girls don’t slow down soon, I’m going to run out of letters!! 🙄🙄🙄]

Candace clicked Publish and rolled her chair back from her desk. She pressed her knuckles into her aching lower back, pulling her new bra tight around herself as the material creaked. Her breasts had stayed unusually tight and firm as they grew—she barely needed a bra now that she rarely went anywhere. But she couldn’t have *no* bras that fit, and they always gave her an engagement boost.

She pulled herself back to her computer and rested the girls on her desk. It was a little early for sleep, so she scrolled through the list of anime she hadn’t finished. Her chest started tingling, and her body grew warm. It often happened soon after she posted new content, and Candace was beginning to suspect why.

Candace replayed a conversation she had with her mother in what felt like another lifetime. *Whenever it happens to someone while they’re thinking of us, we can experience a little echo of it.*

When someone thought of her while coming, she felt it. The thought would have sickened Past Candace. Instead, she felt... connected. Like being at a con, sharing something with other people spread out across the world.

All those people.

Thinking about her.

Adoring her.

She adored them back.

And the part her mother hadn’t warned her about, maybe because it didn’t happen for her or Mandy: The echoes made her grow.

Candace palmed one of her tits and traced a finger over herself through her panties. She was already soaked. Her people helped her grow, and the bigger she grew, the more people she reached. Connections spreading out like a web, creating an endless feedback loop of ecstasy. As she massaged her tingling breast, the echo suddenly intensified.

Her body was on fire. She pulled her hands off herself as if from a hot stove. Her breasts tingled so hard they vibrated. She was moments away from coming, and she wasn't even doing anything.

This happened often, too. And Candace had a theory. The first time had been while Les was in the shower. He wasn't showering now, but she had a pretty good idea what he *was* doing.

It had taken a while to notice it. He thought he hid it well, but she could tell he got awkward whenever she walked around braless or got too close to him. One evening, she overheard George call him a "disaster bisexual," and the pieces clicked into place.

"Hnnng ah!"

Her breasts quivered and blazed. Her new bra creaked. She'd come once and was already racing toward another. Candace pushed back from her desk and stormed out of her room.

She stood outside Les's door, aching to touch herself. She clenched her hands into fists at her sides. Through her lust-addled brain, whispers of reason spoke and were ignored. This was crossing a line. This could get her kicked out. This could mean going back to beans and rice for every meal.

She grabbed the doorknob. Twisted. It wasn't locked.

Les sat on his bed, phone in one hand and the other on his cock, glistening with precum. He looked up at Candace's entrance, dropping his phone to the floor and covering himself with both hands.

"Hey! What are you—" His eyes roamed over her body, pupils blowing wide. "—Oh fuck... You're still wearing it..."

Heat coursed through Candace's body. Her pussy gushed as her tits clenched. Les's head rolled back, and viscous white fluid seeped out between his fingers. An orgasm that rocked through Candace, almost bringing her to her knees. Bolts of lightning shot from her core out to the tips of her nipples, and her breasts pulsed. Aching and stretching, she could *feel* them grow, swelling even larger as she came again.

\*\*\*

Les had a mess on his hands, literally. He'd been crushing on his roommate for almost a year, as her tits grew bigger and bigger, and she'd just burst in on him jacking off to her picture. Any outrage at her intrusion was smothered in a blanket of shame.

"Sorry..."

When he looked up at her, however, she didn't seem angry. Her mouth was open as she panted, but her lips curled up in a drunken grin. "Well," she gasped. "That explains that."

Confused, Les let his eyes wander. His roommate's boobs looked... bigger? It wasn't much, but a tiny bit of flesh spilled over the cups of her bra. He was certain it'd been a perfect fit in her post. "Wait... did..."

Still trying to keep himself covered, Les stood enough to grab his phone off the floor. He looked from Candace to her photo and back. If he hadn't spent the last ten months watching her boobs grow and grow, he could have brushed it off. An optical illusion. But the evidence was undeniable. "Did you just... grow?"

Candace poked at her cleavage. "Huh. I guess so."

"But... what... how?"

She sighed. "Get cleaned up and put your pants on. We need to talk."