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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

## VII

Candace sat on the edge of Les's bed while he paced. She'd gone back to her room to put on a robe, but she couldn't pull it closed all the way. Fat cleavage welled up under her chin, always in the edges of her view unless she looked up at the ceiling. It was better than sitting in her housemate's bedroom in nothing but a bra, if just barely.

"So, let me see if I've got this straight," Les said. "Your family has some kind of... *curse*. Where you feel pleasure when people think of you while they're... pleasuring themselves."

"That's what my mom told me."

"And that's how you've..."

"Grown ginormous boobs?"

Les nodded stiffly, his eyes looking everywhere except at her.

"It's the only explanation I have."

He paced a circuit across the room again, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I'd definitely call bullshit if I wasn't pretty sure I saw your O-face earlier."

"O-face? Gross."

"Am I wrong?"

Candace sighed. "No... But you're the one who was jerking off to my post!"

He had the good grace to look ashamed. Then he straightened his back. "Is it *my* fault you've been posting thirst traps and prancing around the house in your little yoga outfits?"

"I thought you were gay!" The words were out of her mouth before she could stop them.

Les looked at her, then. "Wow."

Candace covered her face with her hands. "I'm sorry. I know it's rude to assume." She looked up at him. "But you *do* have a boyfriend! How was I supposed to know you're bi?"

He sighed, slumping into his desk chair. "I prefer pan, if there has to be a label, but I guess that's fair. I just... I didn't know how to bring it up. We live together, for fuck's sake. In what world would that not have been awkward?"

She cocked an eyebrow. "As awkward as you fapping to me in the shower?"

Les's eyes widened, and his brows scrunched together. Then he relaxed and held up both hands in surrender. Silence hung in the room.

Unable to bear the discomfort, Candace said, "So..."

"So?"

"So..." She mentally tested several ways to say it, each sounding worse than the last. "You're into me."

He huffed a laugh that only sounded a little choked. "I guess you could say that. But, hey, I get that this is weird. 'Weird' isn't even a strong enough word for whatever this is. But I'm sorry. I promise not to do it anymore."

Whatever she'd been expecting Les to say, that wasn't it. Sure, she'd barged into his room in a fury—an apology was the obvious response. But was he just going to blow past the fact that he was into her? Not say any more about it? Not *do* any more about it? Did she want him to do something about it? Her body definitely did. A few minutes ago, he'd given her the most intense orgasm of her life—from across the room. Just the memory of it made her pussy ache. Fresh damp seeped into her panties. He had George, but things couldn't be going that well if he was getting release thinking about her. Maybe it was time to stop overthinking.

"Well..."

Les looked up. "Well?"

Candace tried out her best Mandy impression. "I didn't say *that*..."

Les froze. The proverbial deer in the headlights. He blinked several rapid blinks. "Wait, what?"

She rolled her hips, arching her lower back to puff out her chest. Her tits rose, and she felt the side of her inadequate robe part. Les's eyes went wide, his pupils blowing out as he gaped.

An unexpected feeling washed over Candace. Power. She wasn't that mousy girl burying her head under the pillow to muffle her sister's cries of pleasure. She wasn't that first-time cosplayer scared to show off the slightest bit of skin. This man, this generous, caring man, who kept a clean house and made the best food she'd ever eaten, wanted her. He could have anyone he wanted—man, woman, or neither—and she had his undi-fucking-vided attention.

She rose slowly to her feet, curling her toes in the thick carpet. Les's eyes were glued to her. She took a step toward him, then another. Each time her foot landed on the floor, she felt the tremor travel up her body, making her tits quake.

"I know my content is good," she said. Her voice was like a stranger's in her ears, low and raspy. Mandy could never. "But why settle for pics and vids when the real thing is right here?"

Candace loosened the knot at her waist, letting her robe fall open.

The impact was immediate. Les had pants on, yes, but they were his grey sweatpants, and they weren't tight. She hadn't gotten a good look at his equipment earlier, especially with his hands covering himself, but the tent he was pitching in those sweatpants wasn't disappointing in the least. The surprise was that she could *feel* his arousal. An echo of his pleasure tingled through her like goosebumps, making her core clench and her breasts grow warm.

A tiny voice in Candace's head said this wasn't how the curse was supposed to work. He wasn't coming; he was just turned on. Maybe this was how it always felt to feel pleasure from giving someone else pleasure. Either way, she ignored the voice. She was done second-guessing.

"Well?"

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Les's head was spinning. The most gorgeous woman he'd ever seen, with tits bigger than her head, stood within arm's reach. His cock ached, rock hard despite his release less than ten minutes ago. He'd never had such a short refractory period. It felt rude to stare, but she was so close. Her panties were simple white with a small heart right below her belly button. Her bra was the color of dried oregano—and filled to its absolute limit.

There was little ambiguity in what she was offering, and his body's vote was even clearer, but he had to be certain.

“Are you... sure?”

When Les met Candace's eyes, she stared down at him imperiously. Like a queen with her subject. It was an expression he'd never seen on her.

“Yes.”

The flush in her cheeks spoiled some of her confident manner, but he'd be a fool to refuse. More than a fool.

Les reached out his hands, letting his fingertips glide around her thin waist until he held her in a soft grip. He felt her body stiffen, and she took in a shuddering gasp. He ran his palms up and down her sides, reveling in the delicious sounds she made at his touch.

When he reached the bottom edge of her bra, he slowed to drink it in. If the sight of her bras hanging in his bathroom had been distracting, seeing one of those bras overflowing with all of... *her* was intoxication.

He traced his fingers along the lacey edges of her bra cups, feeling the soft swell of her overflowing the stiff material. Candace's gasps took on a plaintive cast. She wrapped her hands around his wrists and leaned back. With almost no effort at all, she pulled him to his feet. Needing no further encouragement, Les palmed her breasts with both hands, squeezing them together and kneading them up and down.

She took a step back.

For half a second, his hands felt cold for the loss, then he followed.

Again and again, Candace drew her incredible tits out of his grip, and his hands pulled him after them.

She backed them all the way to his bed, where she landed with a gentle grunt. He knelt on the carpet, and she spread her knees. He could smell her arousal, see the dark patch on her panties making them translucent. Les stroked up and down her thighs, working his way slowly higher and further inside, drawing out a fresh melangé of gasps and whines.

When Les cupped her sex with his palm, Candace cried out. He pressed, letting his fingers glide low as he moved his thumb in a slow circle, seeking her clit through her panties.

“Hmmm, Les!”

Candace’s back arched, her body shivered as she came. Les tasted her on his tongue, then drew back, meeting her eyes. Her back was arched, and she braced herself with both hands pressed into the mattress. Her pupils were wide as dinner plates, and the flush had spread from her cheeks down over her jaw. Her eyebrows were drawn down and together. She answered his questioning look with a single word.

“More.”

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Every moment of pleasure Candace had ever experienced paled next to this one. All the tingling she’d felt since she started posting content, those echoes of the people to whom she gave pleasure, had been like scratching an itch in just the right spot. If she could arrange all those moments in a line and somehow add up the total of how they’d felt, it wouldn’t match this feeling. The feel of Les’s tongue inside her, Les’s hands gripping her thighs, Les’s fingers tracing her edges and teasing her clit.

On top of all those sensations—as if she needed more—was the pleasure she somehow recognized as part of the “curse.” Les’s ministrations rippled out from her pussy while the resonance of *his* pleasure rippled from him. The two mixed and mingled, spreading from her core to make every inch of her body tingle and roar. From the tips of her toes to the cuticles in her fingers, to the roots of her hair. All of it, everywhere, but every ripple crashed and peaked in her breasts.

The first time she came, Candace screamed. When his tongue slid inside her, she'd come again with a moan. She'd lost count, filling the room with moans and gasps as she came, and came, and came.

If she hadn't been delirious with pleasure, Candace might have felt herself growing. If her vision wasn't blurry with starry flecks of light, she might have seen how she had more spillage by the second. If she weren't making so much noise, she might have heard her brand-new bra creaking in protest.

But Candace observed none of those signs. So when Les finally retreated, leaving her momentarily cold and hollow, she was as surprised as he looked to see how much she'd grown. Her boobs spilled out everywhere. From this angle, she couldn't see the cups at all. Her pale flesh pillowed up around the straps, like over-proofed bread.

Candace paused to consider whether she cared. She categorically did not.

"Get up here," she rasped.

Les rose to his feet, boxing her into the circle made by his arms on either side of her. She fell back onto the mattress, tracing her fingers across his bare chest.

Her breath came out in a whisper. "Inside me."

He moved to the nightstand drawer, unwrapping a condom and sliding it on. He stepped back to the foot of the bed, his hand vanished below her dominating cleavage, and she felt his head nuzzle at her entrance. "Are you sure?"

She nodded.

"Have you ever..."

"Virginity is a social construct."

His eyes softened, almost looking concerned.

"Les, if you don't fuck me right now, I'm going to lose it."

He slid inside her, slowly, gently. She felt herself stretch to take him in, and the rippling started again. Her breasts pulsed against their confines.

"Harder."

He withdrew almost completely, then thrust in again. Her vision flooded with stars. Her bra creaked in desperation.

“More!”

She was on the edge of a cliff. All it would take was a single step.

“Candace,” Les breathed. “I can’t...”

“Do it, Les,” she gasped. “Come for me.”

His rhythm increased, only slightly. Every time his head crossed that bundle of nerves inside her, Candace felt her breasts ache and swell. Then his body stiffened, his face screwing up as Les came. She felt the thrum of his climax, and it pushed her over the edge. Her pleasure crashed into the echoes of his, and the ripples became a tsunami.

*Shrrrip*

Candace’s bra shattered, scraps of fabric splayed wide as her breasts grew. As they came together, she swelled up and up and up. She grew all the way to Les’s chest, then felt the pressure as her tits pushed against him.

When Les slipped out of her and rolled onto his back, Candace slowly drifted back to reality. Her boobs dominated her body, weighing her into the mattress and filling the bottom of her vision. She poked and explored, relishing the tingling sensitivity of her skin.

She rolled her head to the side to find Les watching her. He looked utterly spent, but still wide-eyed.

“Is that... going to happen every time?”

“Bold of you to assume there’ll be a next time,” she said, trying to work her limp face into a smirk.

“I didn’t... I’m not...”

Candace flapped her hand to slap him weakly on the arm. “You’re too easy.” She tried to sit, but was no match for the fresh weight on her chest. “Help me up. I need a shower before round two. Or is it... three?”

Les got to his feet and took both her hands to heave her upright. "I'm not sure I have a third time in me," he said, looking abashed.

She twisted to the side, feeling her new center of gravity shift. She looked down to where he was already growing hard again. "Seems like 'Little Les' disagrees..."