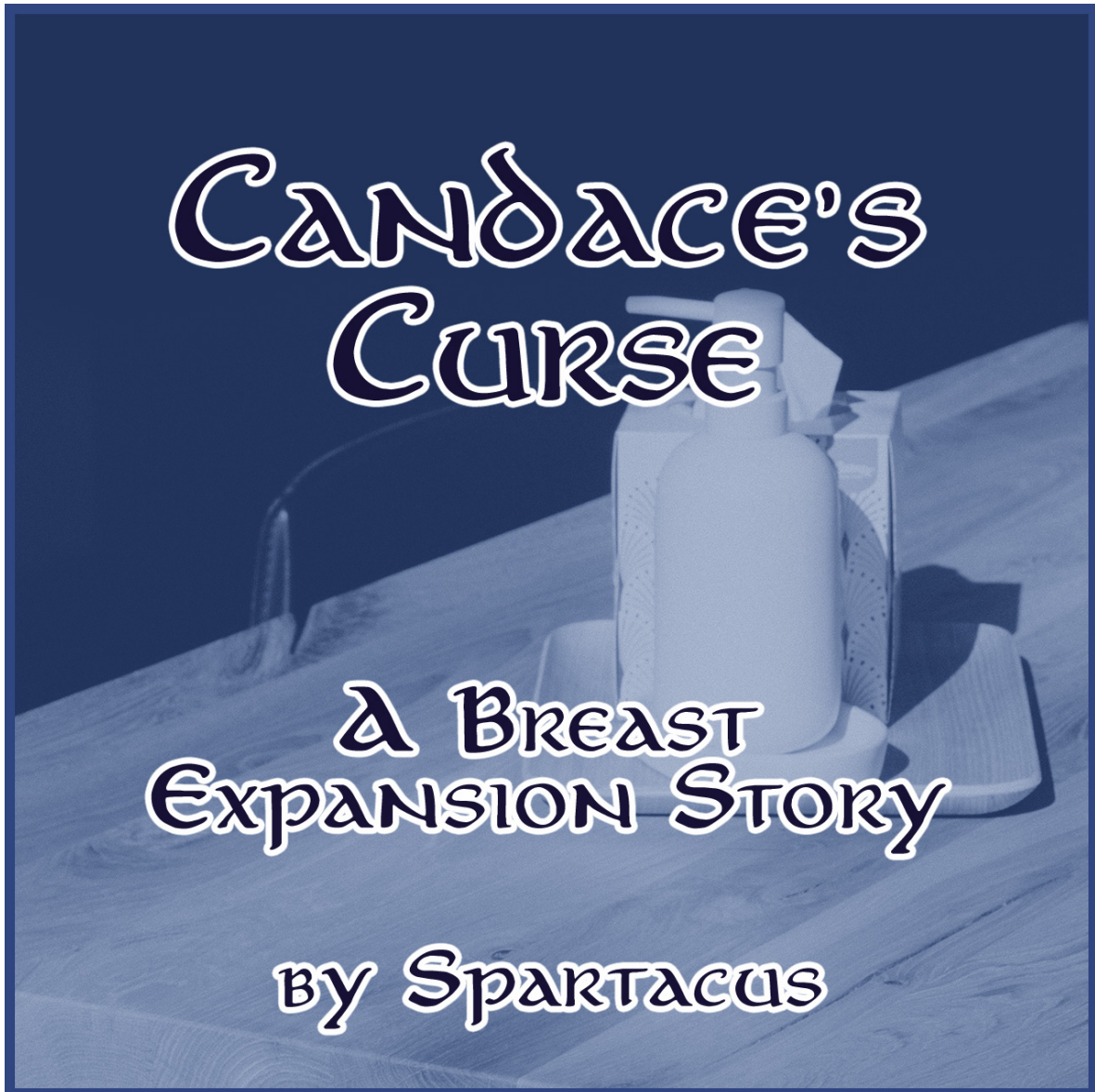




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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

VIII

"Can I ask a weird question?"

Candace felt Les's breath on her nape as his fingers teased the edges of her areola. His arm pressed into the side of her boob—he had to stretch a bit to reach all the way to their fronts. It wouldn't be long before he wouldn't be able to spoon her and play with her nipples at the same time.

"Of course," She said.

"If this... 'curse,' thing... runs in your family..."

She was pretty sure she knew where this was going, but she was definitely going to make him say it. "Yes?"

"So, um..." His fingers slowed, paused, then resumed their slow, delicious torture. "Your mom... and your sister, um..."

"Mandy."

"Yeah, Mandy. Are they... Do they..."

Okay, this was taking too long, and his touch was getting her too worked up for patience. "Are you asking if my mom and Mandy also have ginormous honkers?"

His hand slid off her to rest on the bed. "I guess so?"

Candace laughed, wiggling her bottom against him. She was rewarded with the feel of his returning arousal. "Nope, just me. Mom's a C-cup, and Mandy wears a bunch of padded, ultra push-up B's."

"Huh. Then why..."

She rolled her ass up and down his growing length, finding his wrist and moving his hand back to her boob. "No idea. I guess I'm just... unique."

Candace's encounter with Les had decimated her wardrobe. Her bottoms still fit fine, but every last bra, blouse, shirt, or bikini top was officially too small. All that remained was one comically large sleep shirt that she could still squeeze herself into. She was left with no choice but to go on a massive online shopping binge, then update her sizes and measurements with her various brand partners.

Whenever she wasn't attending online classes or doing homework, Candace poured herself into creating and promoting her online content. All her public social media posts that weren't brand collaborations became advertisements for her paid accounts, and her subscriber count grew even faster than her bust measurement.

She couldn't know for certain, of course, but Candace estimated the number of people pleasuring themselves to her photos and videos climbed into the thousands and then tens of thousands. The tingling pleasure she had once been able to feel only by touching herself became a constant. Every moment of every day, her body buzzed with the echoes of her fans' pleasure. It was like the LaCroix version of an orgasm from the instant her eyes fluttered open in the morning until her head hit the pillow each night.

After a few weeks of hooking up with Les, they had a long talk and decided to keep things casual. She continued to live in his house and pay her nominal rent. Neither was looking for a serious relationship, so they shared each other's company and enjoyed each other's bodies. Housemates with benefits. Les continued to date after an amicable breakup with George, and they both knew that, should either of them meet that special someone, their arrangement would end without any messy feelings involved.

While the explosive growth of her first time never repeated itself, Candace's breasts grew larger every time either of them made the other come. As the weeks and months went by, however, she found her bras lasting longer and longer. Partly because it simply took more and more mass to add one more cup size, but she started charting her progress and could watch the rate slowly dropping.

Three months into her situationship with Les, Candace could no longer reach all of herself unaided. Her breasts stayed high and firm, growing more forward than outward, and no amount of manhandling would let her arms reach her nipples. Les helped out whenever he could, but he still had to leave the house for classes and his own job. Candace knew exactly who to call.

"You want me to do what?"

Candace unlaced and re-laced her fingers over her chest. She was in her desk chair, her legs tucked under her, slouching so her breasts rested on her knees. If she sat up straight, they floated in front of her body like a pair of zeppelins, and her current posture was one of the many ways she'd found to give her back and shoulders a break.

Skylar sat on Candace's bed, brows furrowed more in confusion than astonishment. Candace said, "I want you to come work for me."

"Like, to come over and take pictures? You know you don't have to pay me for that."

"Well, no, I know. It's sort of... more than that."

"Okay..." Skylar drew out the word.

Candace fidgeted again. She stared at the floor. "I need some help with the... *logistics* of things."

"Like a manager? Aren't *you* the one taking business classes?"

"Yeah, but certain things are getting... impractical."

Skylar was silent for several moments. When Candace looked up, her eyes were unfocused but pointed in the direction of her outrageous chest.

The blonde seemed to shake herself from a trance. "You mean like... typing and stuff?"

Candace felt her face flush. "No, I've been managing that alright. It's more like... the outfits and stuff."

Skylar's body relaxed. "Oh! You want help getting costumes on? I mean... You don't have to pay me to do that, either..."

The ever-present tingling in Candace's body increased slightly, but she dismissed it, assuming some guy in the neighborhood was browsing her content. "Well, yes, that. But also, sort of, more than that?"

Her eyes were locked on the carpet again. That hideous orange shag that had somehow become a comfort, a sign of *her* place, her home. She heard the bed springs creak as Skylar shifted. She blew out a breath between her lips.

"You're being super vague right now. Could you, maybe, I don't know, say more?"

It was Candace's turn to sigh. "Look at these." She pressed a hand to each side of her lap-filling boobs. "They're getting too big for me to get around and do normal stuff like dress and wash myself. Les helps, but he's got his own shit to do."

When she dared a glance at Skylar, the blonde had pink in her own cheeks.

"So... you want me to quit my job and, what, move in here?"

The tingling rose again.

"No... Well, that's a conversation we'd have to have with Les, I suppose. There aren't any more bedrooms. I meant more like, come over while he's gone to... help me out with... stuff."

"To be your, um, what's it called... Lady's maid?"

"Ugh, this isn't Bridgerton, Sky."

"Your nurse?"

"That's even worse! How about 'assistant?' Or, better yet, business partner?"

"Business partner."

"Yeah! We'll be business partners. You'll help me make content like you've been doing, but also help with the other... day-to-day stuff."

Skylar was staring at her now, nonplussed. "That sounds more like 'partners' than 'business partners.' What does Les think about all this?"

"Oh, Les and I aren't together. It's more like a 'friends with benefits' thing," Candace said reflexively. Then, her brain caught up to what Skylar had said, and she realized that her tingling had gotten even more intense.

"Wait... are you...?"

Skylar met her gaze. "Well, I'm definitely into guys, unfortunately. But I suppose I'm a little... bi-curious?"

Candace was too stunned to reply. Now that she was paying attention, she could tell the tingles were coming from Skylar.

"Maybe I should say... boob-curious?" Skylar's grin split her face. She was entirely too pleased by her own "joke."

Candace kept her face flat, though her lips wanted desperately to curl into a smirk. "Seriously?"

"I mean, if you need someone to spread lotion on those girlies or give them a good scrub in the bath, I'd lowkey do that for free."

A montage of steamy scenes played in Candace's head. Skylar helping her dress, far more handsy than necessary. Skylar rubbing down her massive boobs before bed, both of them red-faced and panting. Skylar in the shower with her, running a soapy rag over them until they both came.

"Well, I still need to pay rent and shit," Skylar said. "But I'd take a pretty big pay cut if those... benefits are on the table."

Candace's face was on fire. Her eyes darted from Skylar's to the carpet and back.

"So... your face is saying yes, but I'm going to need some, like, verbal confirmation."

"O-okay..."

"Hell yeah. I'll give Linda my notice first thing tomorrow."

Candace set up a company just to make everything official, making Skylar her junior partner. Skylar came to the house most days to help out or simply hang out. Les kept the house clean, so she only had to pick up after Candace, as her size made squatting and bending down increasingly difficult.

Skylar did all the chore-like tasks with eager excitement, with the promise of far more pleasant tasks awaiting her. She helped Candace into and out of costumes for photos, videos, and live streams. She scrubbed everything Candace couldn't reach in the bath, paying special attention to her more sensitive parts. She massaged lotion into Candace's breasts twice daily to keep her skin soft and smooth.

Candace did a few more conventions after outgrowing the last of the alphabet, but when she started brushing against doorframes and had to fight her breasts for control of her steering wheel, she transitioned to online content exclusively.

As always, Skylar was there to help. They found costumes that worked particularly well from the boobs-up. They did subscriber-only livestreams with Skylar behind the camera, taking tips and donations. Candace's fans even started sending her fan art and a few fan stories that all three of them enjoyed on their own time.

Candace's brand partnerships became fewer and more specialized. Wigs and headgear for various costumes were unaffected by her unusual body shape, so she kept the few of those who were okay with her making adult content. Incredibly, there were multiple lingerie companies making bras in her size. Somewhere out there were enough impossibly-busty women to buy them. The bulk of her income, however, came from subscriptions and selling photo and video sets. She brought in more than enough to cover her expenses and pay Skylar more than she was making waiting tables.

The three of them were sitting down to a meal of Japanese-style beef curry with rice that Les had made, when Candace cleared her throat and said, "I have two announcements."

Les paused the TV, and Skylar set down her chopsticks. Candace's bowl was still on the table beside her—she'd need to set it on top of her lap-filling breasts to eat.

"First, it's been one year since Skylar became my business partner."

"Hey, congrats," Les said.

Skylar shrugged and gave a wicked smirk. "It was the logical next step in my career after working at *Headlights*."

The two of them shared a laugh, and Candace eventually joined in.

"What's the second thing?"

"Well," Candace rested a hand on each breast. They covered her legs to her knees, spilling over the armrests of her recliner. They still had very little sag, so that coverage was all mass, not gravity. "I think I've officially plateaued."

"Are you sure?" Skylar asked.

Candace nodded. "They've been the same size for almost two months."

"Heh, you know, mine have been the same size for *years*."

"Yeah, yeah. It's fine, really. They're so freaking heavy. If they got much bigger, I'd have to get one of those scooters."

The ever-present tingles in Candace's body gradually rose. She could feel the heat echoing from two nearby sources. She looked between Skylar and Les.

"Seriously, both of you?"

Skylar and Les shared a look, then shrugged.

"Pool our respective... *benefits*?" Skylar asked.

Les said, "I don't mind if you don't." To Candace, he added, "And you don't."

"You're such a big girl," Skylar purred. "Wouldn't it help to have a *third* set of hands?"

Candace's body was on fire. "Okay, fine. But after dinner. I'm not letting Les's curry get cold because you two can't keep it in your pants."