



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

<https://linktr.ee/spartacuswrites>

Contains: *Breast Expansion*

Karaoke

“Bad news,” my buddy says, “Someone did *Creep* earlier. You’ll have to pick something else.”

I don’t want to sing karaoke at all. We only came here to cheer my buddy on. But under the pressure of my peers, I’d agreed to do one of my few standards. Now that that option is off the table—I have a legitimate excuse for not embarrassing myself. My only other successful karaoke pick is *Empire State of Mind*, and this just doesn’t seem like the venue for it. I’ve only been to this particular gay bar once—back before I moved away—and I’m more than a little uneasy with the idea of being the middle-aged straight white guy attempting a Jay-Z rap. I’m exaggerating a little bit. Few would call thirty-seven “middle-aged,” and there are more than a few patrons who look my age or older at karaoke night. I stew with indecision for a while, then remember a song I once sang embarrassingly well on *Rock Band* a few years ago. I pick up the tablet at our table to search for it.

As I wait for my turn to come, I sip on some liquid courage and glance around the dark bar. A trio of young women sit at the table beside ours, and I have a good angle at a pretty redhead in glasses, but I try not to ogle. Once upon a time, chilling at my favorite bars in this college town was a regular pastime for me. But I’ve been gone almost a decade now, and though my friends and I agreed to come to cheer our friend on at karaoke, I’m starting to wish we were back at his place playing board games.

I feel her looking at me before I see her. That faint sensation people sometimes describe as “feeling someone walk over your grave.” I’ve never understood that expression, but when I glance over, I see a goddess looking back at me.

I’m exaggerating again. She’s very pretty, for sure, with wavy blonde curls, wearing a long skirt, a very tight white top, and definitely too young for me.

“Hi,” she says, “Do you wanna be friends?”

I can’t say I’ve never been approached by a woman at a bar, but never one this pretty. “Sure,” I say, leaning in to be heard over a curvy brunette’s rendition of Macy Gray’s *I Try*.

She tells me her name is Mary, and to our shared surprise, she is planning to sing the same song I am. I wonder how a girl her age even knows Alanis Morissette. But then, I picked it because it feels like a fairly timeless “angry breakup” anthem.

“Do you have a backup song?” I ask.

She shakes her head. "Do you wanna do a duet?"

I can count on one hand the number of times I've done karaoke, and aside from the MC's backing vocals, I've definitely never done a duet, even in college choir. "What song?"

"Do you know *A Whole New World*?"

Another 90s track. But of course, who doesn't know the hit song from *Aladdin*? I can still remember hearing the radio version constantly as a kid.

Nodding, I say, "Of course. I'm not sure I can pull that off, though."

"You'll be fine," she says, "You're a tenor, right?"

Every time we speak, we have to lean in to make ourselves heard. Her eyes are bright blue, and I keep my focus there to avoid looking downward. She doesn't have much in the way of curves, but as I said, her top is very tight. I nod again, surprised that she's able to tell I'm a tenor. The MC is calling my name, so I take another gulp of whiskey and head for the mic.

It's been a long time since I sang at all, and I've never sung much in public, but after a rough start finding my pitch, I belt out *You Oughta Know* with all the angst I can muster. The crowd, of course, sings along. It wasn't quite the bizarre fugue state I once experienced singing *Creep* with a live band years ago, but I'm still a little giddy when I return to our table amidst high-fives from strangers.

Mary and her friends aren't at their table, but I spot her talking to the MC. She's taller than I first thought, which might explain her interest in me. I'm only six foot, but I know a lot of girls have a thing about tall guys, especially taller girls.

"Who's your friend?" My buddy asks.

Shrugging, I say, "Too young is who she is."

"She's not *that* young," his girlfriend adds. "I bet she's at least twenty-five."

"That's pretty young," I say.

"What's your half-plus-seven?" He asks, "Twenty-three?"

"Twenty-five if you round down."

He slaps me on the shoulder. "See, you're good! Right on the line."

Rolling my eyes, I push back from the table. "I'm going to the bar; anyone want another?"

We hang out for three more songs, and then it's my buddy's turn again. He croaks out *Black Velvet* to rousing applause. I'm just starting to think that, since I haven't seen her again, I might be able to slip out with my friends and escape the awkwardness of singing a duet in front of a crowd with a total stranger. Then I feel a gentle hand on my arm, and she's standing right there. As she leans down to speak into my ear, I can't help but notice that she's maybe a little more busty than I first thought.

"I put us on the list," she says, "You'll do it, right?"

No 'Irish Goodbye' for me. "Of course!"

Mary and I walk to the front of the bar. Standing together, she's almost as tall as I am. Normally, I prefer short girls, but then, I never have much luck with girls, so I try not to be too picky in real life. Anyway, there's nothing like that going on here, just two strangers singing a duet. The out-of-touch, nerdy gentleman that I am, I put a hand on Mary's lower back to guide her toward the second mic. I feel her tremble slightly and think maybe she's as nervous about this as I am, but when I meet her eyes, they're shining in the multicolored stage lights. She really is beautiful, and with her standing so close, I have to tamp down my body's caveman urges.

Mary stares at me through the entire song. I won't quote any of the lyrics because I'd rather not get sued by Big Mouse, but when I call her Princess, her smile broadens, lighting up her face. She stands a little straighter, and I realize she's not quite as flat-chested as I guessed. Squeezed into that white top are a pair of decent handfles, and I look away quickly so she doesn't catch me staring. In addition to liking shorter girls, I have a small obsession with large boobs. Not that that matters—we're just singing together.

During my solo song, I'd glanced out across the crowd between closing my eyes for the more wrathful lyrics. For the duet, I return Mary's gaze as if we're the only two people in the room. I concentrate on not letting my eyes wander, which isn't too difficult with those eyes on me. I should be more self-conscious, but between the

music and the beauty singing along with me, I forget to be nervous. We hit every note, nail the key change, and when the song ends, Mary leans in toward me. Her soft chest brushes against my mic arm as we whisper out the final line.

The crowd cheers, and Mary grabs my hand so we can take a bow. Walking back to our table, my friends are nowhere to be found. I check my phone and find a text from my buddy:

<We're heading back. Call an Uber if you strike out. Good luck! 👍>

Pocketing my phone, I see Mary is still standing very close. Even through the haze of perfume and booze in this bar, I can pick up hints of her scent. Clean and fresh, like soap with vanilla and lavender.

She asks, "Did your friends ditch you?"

I nod. "Yeah..."

"Mine too." She hesitates, fidgeting her fingers together and glancing at the floor, then back up at me. "Are you gonna go?"

I'm more than a little obtuse, but even I can tell this is an invitation. Stepping out of character a bit, I ask, "Can I buy you a drink?"

I feel like a character in a movie. Is that really something people say in real life? I resist the urge to facepalm.

Mary's grin is almost a smirk. "Jameson ginger."

I look at her skeptically. Is this a trap? Some kind of trick? She picks the same song as me *and* asks for my usual drink? If my friends are playing a prank on me, I figure I might as well go along with it... for now. "I'll be right back."

As we sit and sip our drinks, I try to make small talk, but the karaoke is still too loud. And anyway, I can't think of anything to say that's worth leaning in close enough to be heard. Instead, we watch people take their turns and sometimes sing along. Every time I look over at Mary, I'm surprised again by how beautiful she is. Whenever I turn my head, she catches my glance, and her lips quirk into a smile. The angle must have been really weird when we met because this girl is seriously stacked. I have to amend my estimate from when we were singing. Those aren't just handfuls—she's at least a double-D.

Seeing me sip the last of my drink, Mary gulps the last of hers and leans in close. I put my ear near her face to hear her say, "If you like Irish whiskey, I have a bottle of Powers 12 Year back at my place..."

Too oblivious to recognize this as the come-on it is, I shrug. "Sure."

It isn't every day I get to sample a hundred-dollar bottle of whiskey, and if it means getting to hang out with a cute girl who doesn't seem to mind me checking her out, it sure seems like a win-win situation.

As we walk from downtown into the residential area, Mary asks me questions. It makes chatting with her a little easier. I don't have to come up with any questions to ask, which is good because all I really have is an intrusive "How old are you?" or a pathetic "Do you come to karaoke often?" So I answer her questions, telling her where I moved, why I'm back in town, and the simple version of what I do for a living. I wonder how far her place is from the bar, but before I can find a way to ask that doesn't sound pathetic, Mary asks a more personal question.

"So, I don't see a ring... do you have a girlfriend back home?"

My chest tightens, and I shake my head.

"Hmm... that's kind of surprising."

"Well, I'm pretty awkward with girls."

The words are out of my mouth before I can stop them, proving my statement in real-time. Anxiety welling up, I try to think of something smooth to say.

"I'm uh... really glad you asked me to sing with you; that was fun."

Pathetic. Here I am, the specter of 40 hanging over me, and no better at flirting than a high schooler. Wait, *am* I trying to flirt with her?

I look over to see Mary watching me. Her expression seems pleased, but I can't be sure. I fight the urge to glance at her now *very* visible cleavage.

"I'm glad," She says. "I had fun, too."

She looks forward again, and we walk in silence for a while. Then I feel her knuckles brush against mine. I try to keep a polite distance between us, drawing my arms closer to my sides, but it happens again. I glance over at her. She has her eyes fixed forward, but her lips are quirked into a knowing grin. I think back to the time my buddy and his cousin got a girl to text me to come to the bar, acting like we'd met the night before. If Mary is part of another prank to humiliate me, I'm committed to playing along now. It's either that or confront her about it, which I'd never live down if she's for real. I let my hand drift over to brush the back of hers. In a moment, her hand is in mine—soft and warm, twisting until our fingers interlace.

I look over again, and Mary smiles at me. Heat blooms in my chest, and speaking of chests, I can see hers jiggling in the corner of my vision as we walk. There's no way I missed *those* when we first met. I wonder if I'm hallucinating—did she slip something into my drink? Only one of my friends knows about my... predilection. Is it possible he not only got some girl to come on to me at the bar but also convinced her to wear an inflatable prosthesis to act out my deepest fantasy? I push my paranoid questions to the back of my head. Mary is either actually interested in me, or she's pretty cool to play along with such a ridiculous prank. Either way, she seems like someone I want to know.

Mary leads me into one of the early 20th-century bungalows that populate the neighborhoods around downtown. Despite their similarity, each house has a unique style, and this one is no different. I follow her inside, and she directs me to the living room while she fetches the whiskey.

"You want ice?" She calls from the kitchen.

"Sure."

As Mary comes back to the living room, she stops in the doorway. She's carrying a glass in each hand and just... waiting there. When I meet her eye, she spreads her hands, holding a glass to either side, elbows still at her waist. She seems to be showing herself off, and before I can stop them, my eyes travel the length of her long body. Her skirt is pale green and falls well past her knees. She's barefoot now, and her toenails are painted pink. Seeing her bare feet so casually on display sends an unexpected thrill down my spine. Her skirt emphasizes the gentle curve of her hips instead of concealing them. Her white top ends just above her belly button, and the contrast of

the modest skirt against her exposed midriff also catches me off-guard. Her stomach is flat, and her waist tiny, giving her a perfect hourglass silhouette. Well, an hourglass with a little too much sand in the top—because her breasts look ready to tear that shirt open with her next deep breath.

I guess Mary is satisfied with the reaction she gets because she starts moving when my eyes return to hers. Before entering the room, she stalks across the wide doorway, giving me a view of her profile. From the side, I can see the s-curve of her generous bust and relatively understated bottom. If I were more of an ass-man, she'd have my attention with that alone. Her cheeks round out the fabric of her skirt, and I'm sure she's giving it a little wiggle as she walks. However, most of my attention is on her chest, where her skin-tight top shows me every jiggle of those luscious lumps. When she stops moving, my eyes dart upward to see her smirking at me. This girl knows exactly what she's doing. When I get back to my friend's house, I'm either going to murder my buddy or thank him profusely.

Aside from showing off her curves, Mary's excuse for crossing the doorway becomes apparent when she puts both whiskeys in one hand and reaches for the light switch. I never thought someone turning a dimmer knob could be erotic, but as I watch her long fingers twist that wheel—the same fingers that were laced with mine a few minutes ago—I can't help but imagine them touching me instead. The room falls into shadow as Mary dims the lights. I can still see her clearly, but it's darker here now than at the bar.

Finally, she comes closer. She steps into the room, almost like a cat stalking prey. That prey, I realize, is me. The prank is about to reach its climax, and I brace myself. Any minute now, my friends will pop out from the next room and have a good laugh at my expense.

Mary hands me one of the glasses. Then, instead of joining me on the couch or taking the nearby chair, she drops that luscious ass onto the coffee table—directly across from me. We stood pretty close together while singing our duet and even held hands on the walk here, but somehow, facing her in this dark living room feels uncomfortably close.

I struggle to keep my hand from shaking as I lift the glass to my lips. The whiskey is bright and sharp, far smoother than the basic Jameson I usually drink. The burn, as it slides down my throat, spreads to my extremities and helps ease some of my anxiety at this bizarre situation.

She's watching me again. "Good?"

I nod. "Really good, thank you."

"It's my *pleasure*." She takes a sip, and I almost hear an odd emphasis on the last word.

After a few more sips, she says, "So, awkward around girls, huh? You do like girls, though?"

I'm momentarily confused, then remember we met in a gay bar. "Yes."

She smiles again, and I'm so lost in her beauty that it takes a second to process her next question. "Do you prefer blondes or redheads?"

The whiskey is relaxing my nerves, so I answer honestly. "Mostly brunettes, actually."

Mary crosses her legs, folding an arm across her chest. How stupid am I to tell this blonde goddess I prefer brunettes? "I, um..."

"Short or tall?" She interrupts before I can form some pathetic excuse.

I consider lying. It's pretty obvious what she wants to hear. But her eyes are already flashing blue ice at my hesitation. She'll know if I lie.

"Um... short?"

Sighing, Mary rolls her eyes. Strike two. If this isn't a prank, I'm fucking blowing it—big time.

She sets her glass down and leans forward, putting her hands on her knees. Her skin-tight top isn't very low-cut, but at this angle, I can see that delicious line of cleavage down her collar, and my mouth goes dry.

"Boobs?"

I jerk back as if slapped, meeting her eyes, certain I'm about to actually get hit. "What?"

Her eyes narrow. "Boobs. Big or small?"

"Oh! Um... big?"

She clicks her tongue but grins again. "Geez, you really *are* awkward."

Sitting back, she picks up her glass and takes another sip. "So, one for three, huh? That's disappointing..."

My anxiety comes flooding back. "Wait, that's not, I..."

Mary raises a blonde eyebrow. "You...?"

"I thought you were just asking in general. I think you're very pretty."

My words sound lame even to me, but her lips form a small smile as she looks down at the floor. She rolls her free hand in a "go on" gesture. I decide to be fully honest with her. I've already said I'm awkward; how much worse can this get?

"I was really surprised you wanted to talk to me at the bar. I mean, you're gorgeous!"

Her eyes flash to mine, then back at the floor. "Really?"

"Are you serious? You're the prettiest girl I've ever seen in real life."

She snorts a laugh and looks at me again. The raised eyebrow is back. "In real life?"

A lump forms in my throat. Sure, I'm being honest, but I'm not ready to be *that* honest.

"Well... there are no filters or Photoshop in real life, and you're perfect without them."

"Hmm... you're doing a little better." Mary sips her drink and stares silently at the floor for a long moment. "Perfect, huh?"

"Yeah..."

She set her glass down again, then uncrosses her legs, leaning back slightly. Her knees are almost touching mine, and I can't decide whether I want to jump off this couch and tackle her or pull her down on top of me. Either option would be significantly out of character, but this situation is so surreal that my fantasies bleed over.

“And... sexy?” She puts both hands on the table, leaning back even more. Once again, she seems to be giving me permission to look. I let my eyes travel slowly down her body. I feel myself growing hard as I imagine the tiny bit of space between us disappearing. I want to feel that incredible body against mine. I need to fill my hands with that tiny waist, that luscious ass, and those god-damn phenomenal tits.

“I’ll take that as a ‘yes.’”

As she watches my face, I swear I can see her breasts swell ever so slightly. She’s easily an F-cup now, and I wonder how she’s controlling the prosthesis. Maybe one of my friends is hiding in the other room with the remote. The thought makes me glance around the dark room. Are they hiding in here? Back in the kitchen?

Mary moves, drawing my attention back to her. She rises off the table but doesn’t stand, leaning toward me. Time slows as her face gets closer and closer to mine. My eyes dart from her eyes to her lips, to her cleavage. She’s so close now I can see the green and silver flecks in the sapphires of her irises. Her lips are full, pink and shining. This new angle is making her breasts surge forward from gravity, and I can see the shape of her bra, where they’re starting to spill over into her top.

They seem to be swelling even larger, but Mary interrupts my racing thoughts with a kiss.

She holds my shoulders for balance, pressing her lips to mine again and again. They make soft, wet noises with each touch. She pushes back, glancing down into my lap, where my partial arousal is making itself visible. Her eyes sparkle, and I can see her top get a little tighter.

“Is that for me?”

Before I can answer, she reaches down to brush one finger lightly over my jeans, bringing me to “full mast” in a few heartbeats.

Mary coos with delight. “Oh wow, a ‘grower.’”

Taking the glass from my hand and setting it on the table, she hikes her skirt over her knees and climbs into my lap. I catch a glimpse of her panties, and my heart briefly stops. The heat of her ass against my thighs tells me they don’t cover much. Meeting my eyes again, she pecks more kisses along my neck and up toward my ear. “You know,” she whispers, “you should be a lot more confident, packing that kinda heat...”

Her kisses travel back to my lips, and she slips her tongue into my mouth. She pulls away with a frown, looking down at my hands. I'm holding them flat against the couch cushions. I could say I'm terrified my friends or even the cops are about to bust me, but really, I'm simply terrified.

"What did I just say?" She demands.

My voice cracks as I say, "To um... that I should be more confident?"

Mary rolls her eyes again. She grins wickedly. "Do you want to know a secret?"

I nod.

She leans in, pressing her now-full chest against me. I feel her hot breath as she whispers in my ear, "I'm a grower too!"

She scoots her bottom to the edge of my knees, putting her hands on her hips and arching her back. Her magnificent breasts seem to swell before my eyes. The invitation couldn't be clearer if she told me to touch them. Besides, I'm burning with curiosity to know what kind of gear she's using.

I raise my hands until they're mere inches from her breasts. They're round and full. I stare at them. They certainly *look* real. I meet her eyes, trying to come up with the words to ask permission without sounding like an idiot.

Mary seems to read my mind, nodding her consent.

Slowly, tentatively, as if they might burn me, I lay my hands on them. They're warm, but less so than I expected. Soft and firm, her flesh resists my touch. The room fades away, and there's nothing but sensation. I have the ridiculous thought that they feel like hard-boiled eggs—not quite hard, but not yet soft. Like perfect stress balls, I squeeze and knead. Then, an unwelcome thought intrudes on my bliss. I can't feel any seams; there is no transition between flesh and prosthetic.

They feel... *real*.

Mary hums with pleasure, but I barely hear it. How can this be? The girl I met a couple of hours ago at karaoke was flat. An A-cup at most. Now, I'm holding a pair of G-cups. Enough flesh to fill my groping hands with a little left over. And they feel completely real. Is this somehow... *not* a prank? Is this young, beautiful goddess really sitting in my lap, letting me fondle her breasts? The room starts to spin. Vertigo makes

me stop moving my hands. Lightly gripping Mary's boobs to steady myself, I feel something new. The pressure against my palms is slowly, almost imperceptibly, increasing.

Keeping my hands still, I glance up at her shoulders and face. She's arching her back, pressing her massive tits into my hands, right? I've never had a woman be so forward, so eager... This must be more of her teasing aggressiveness, right?

Except it's not. Mary is sitting completely still. I watch her lips curl into a smirk and meet her eyes. Her cheeks are flushed red, and her eyes bore into mine with a look I can only describe as "hunger."

I feel the pressure in my hands increase.

They're getting bigger.

Since I first saw her, Mary's tits have grown from A to G-cup. No, that's not right. They're at least H's now. And they are still. Getting. Bigger.

They have to be fake. Real-life boobs don't grow that fast. At best, a woman might go up a couple of cup sizes after having a baby as her milk comes in. But they definitely don't swell to double or triple their volume in less than two hours. I press my fingers into Mary's breasts and feel the rise and fall of her breathing. Her boobs swell into my hands, then recede. But with each exhale, they recede less; with each inhale, they swell more. Whatever she is wearing under that shirt is incredibly well-made. No hard latex, and whatever they're filling up with, it isn't air. They're much too soft. Much too pliable.

I have to know.

Reluctantly, I let go of the magnificent lobes, reaching for Mary's shirt. I grab the bottom hem and pause, never taking my eyes off hers.

She nods again, whispering, "It's not gonna last long if you don't..."

I twitch beneath her, and Mary's mouth forms an "oh." I hear the soft brushing of fabric as her tits plump up. I tug on her shirt, and she raises her arms. After some light resistance, the garment pops up to her neck. I grab it all with both hands and pull it past her head. She takes it the rest of the way off, but my attention is elsewhere.

Her bra is white. Simple, solid cups with a small fringe of lace. And huge. The cups are as big as the biggest ones I've seen at the store, and she's filling them. More than filling—overflowing. Pale skin that looks more pink against the pure white undergarment spills over the cups, under the band, and even a little on the sides. It's the same skin. The same skin runs up her mounds, all the way to her neck. Hands trembling, I touch her lightly, running my fingers over the plump curves and under her arms, looking for the transition from skin to the prosthetic.

But there's no seam. I watch them rise and fall gently. As I stare at her bare skin, I can see them swell, growing almost imperceptibly slowly, like rising bread dough.

"You like?" She whispers.

My mouth is dry as I croak out, "Amazing."

Mary hums while grinding her ass into my lap. She runs a finger along the edge of one giant bra cup. "You better take this off too. They're not cheap at this size—I don't want to break it."

Too dazed to ask any of the questions that burn in my mind, I reach behind her back, pawing at the hooks. One of my few girlfriends very patiently taught me how to do this. As the last hook comes free, Mary's bra flies off her chest, nearly hitting me in the face.

I lean back against the couch as she slips the bra off her shoulders, staring. A pair of fat pink nipples stare back. I reach for them again, gazing questioningly into those bright sapphires.

"Don't you dare stop now," She commands.

Instead of going straight for the nipples, I feel around under her arms again. I gently lift each breast to inspect her torso beneath. Nothing. No seams, no tubes, no pump.

I look up at her again. "H-how?"

With a shushing sound, Mary leans forward, pressing them against my neck. She grabs my head and shoves it between them. My world is nothing but warm, heavenly softness.

It's enough to finally shut up my inner monologue with all its damn questions and doubts. I grab a boob in each hand, rolling my face around in them. I drink in her scent, sweet and delicate, like soap with a hint of something floral. I kiss them over and over, coming back up for air a few times. Then I see a nipple.

I put my mouth over the firm pink nub, sucking with my lips and flicking with my tongue. Mary's humming becomes a moan, and I can feel her breasts start swelling again in my hands.

I've gone home with a beautiful girl. She's sitting in my lap, ass on my erection, and had her tongue in my mouth a minute ago. Her vast, gorgeous tits are in my hands, and she's letting me suck on them. This night has already been far better than I'd expected when I came downtown for karaoke. Beyond that, I'm pretty sure I'm about to get laid. The night is about to get spectacularly good.

But there's more.

Somehow, on top of all the fantastic, improbable things that have already happened tonight, the tits in my mouth are growing in my hands. It's like a scene lifted straight out of my most secret, private fantasies. But nothing I've ever watched, read, or imagined has equaled this moment. So much skin, so much heat. "Incredible" doesn't begin to describe it.

Mary shifts her hips, and soft flesh presses into my rock-hard length. If I were ten years younger, I might not have been able to restrain myself. Even now, I just barely manage it. The heat of her body grinding against me intensifies as I feel dampness seeping into my jeans. I move my right hand off her breast and put it on her knee. I look up at her again, waiting.

Mary smiles, taking my head in both hands and pressing her lips to mine. Her breaths are shallow as she says, "It's very sweet of you, and I appreciate it, but you have my permission unless I say to stop, okay?"

Head still spinning, I manage to ask, "Are you sure?"

She kisses me again. "Positive. As long as you make me feel good, you can do whatever. You. Want."

Somewhere in the back of my mind, dots are trying to connect. In the front of my mind, I replay everything Mary has said since we sat down. She wants me to be confident. And she just gave me *carte blanche*.

I slide my hands under Mary's skirt, running my palms up her thighs until my fingers are just about where I think her panties should be. She gasps a sharp inhale, her breasts thrusting toward me as she arches her back. My hands stop. Slowly, I draw them back, my fingertips floating a millimeter above her skin. The sound that comes from the back of her throat is part squeak, part exhale.

I repeat this motion several times, gliding my palms up her thighs, feathering my fingertips back down to her knees. Mary's breathing gets faster, and I can see her perfect breasts swelling ever-so-slightly larger with each roll of her shoulders. When I feel like I've pushed her to the limit with this teasing, I freeze my hands at the top of her thighs. I can feel her hip bone under my thumbs. I meet her eyes. The blue ice is burning with what I hope is desire. She pants in fast, shallow breaths.

I reach my left index finger slowly inward and feel silk. She's wearing panties, and they're drenched. Either she really does want me, or she's the best actress I've ever seen. I tug the crotch of her panties aside with my left hand and reach in with my right.

Mary gasps as two of my fingers slide into her wet folds. I probe around, watching her reactions. After a few head shakes, I get an eager nod. I stroke my fingers into the spot, gradually speeding up. Mary rolls her hips to press herself into my hand, gulping for air. As I bring her to the edge, she lets out a soft scream. Her seeping juices gush into my hand. As she bucks in my lap, I watch her breasts tremble as they grow a full cup size in the span of seconds. I withdraw my hands to let her ride out the orgasm. I estimate she's now at least an I-cup. She falls against me, planting wet kisses all over my neck as her rapid breathing starts to slow. I'm fairly pleased with myself, but with those huge tits mashed into my chest, I wish I'd taken my own shirt off.

When her breathing returns to normal, Mary shifts her position, pressing her crotch onto my still-waiting erection. She grins at me, then slides off my lap, standing and offering me a hand. I take it and stand, and she drags me across the room, unbuttoning my shirt as we go. The ice melts into our forgotten whiskeys as Mary pulls me into the bedroom.

By the time we reach the bedroom, my chest is bare. Mary reaches for my jeans, and I undo the button. She pushes me down to sit on the bed, yanking off my pants. Then she waits.

This is the farthest apart we've been since she brought me the whiskey, and I take the opportunity to appreciate her naked body. At their current size, her breasts should be hanging low, but they project firmly toward me. Perfect teardrops, full and fat. She crosses her arms under them, propping them up even higher. "Well?"

"Uh..."

She sighs. "Tell me what you want; it's your turn."

Once again, she's offering, insisting, making me take the initiative. She's already made my most impossible dream come true; what more can I ask for? But I'm already in a fantasy made flesh; the question seems obvious as it pops into my head. She's definitely big enough to pull it off.

"Do you know... *paizuri*?" I can't make myself use the English name.

Mary puts a finger to her lips. "I think so... is that like a hand job?"

I shouldn't be surprised. I really need to get out of my head. "Sort of. But... with those." I wave a hand vaguely at her chest.

She smirks, grabbing a handful of boob in each hand. "These?"

The cleavage is mind-shattering. Her nipples point directly at me like a pair of loaded guns. I swallow dryly and nod.

Her grin widens. "I've always wanted to try that. I will—if you say it the right way."

I gulp. "Would you please... give me a... boob job?"

"Heh, a boob job? What, these aren't big enough for you?"

I absolutely want them to get bigger, but that isn't what I meant. As I hesitate to answer, Mary once again seems to read my thoughts, her eyes widening. "They *aren't*, are they?" Her voice is full of awe. "What a greedy boy... Now. Tell me what you want."

My words come out in a croak. "Tit fuck me, please?"

“You want me to put that huge cock of yours between these great big tiddies?”

I nod.

“Then say it like you mean it.”

I steel myself, straightening my back and forcing my eyes away from her peaked nipples to stare at those icy blues. “Mary, I want you to use those big, beautiful, perfect boobs to jerk me off.”

Her eyes glitter when I use her name, and her smile grows wider with each word. She kneels down on the floor, carrying a boob in each arm, then rests them on my bare legs. She takes me in her mouth, running her tongue along my length for lubrication. Then she grips the sides of her tits and slides them up and down my shaft.

She starts humming. “This feels so good... Does it feel good for you?”

Her cleavage is soft and warm around me, much looser than being inside a woman or my own very experienced grip. I nod, then remember her reaction to my bold words a moment ago. “I-incredible. You feel incredible.”

“You love my tits, don’t you?”

“I do.”

“They’re growing again; can you feel it?”

I’m struggling not to get lost in a world of bliss, but once she points it out, I notice the pressure around my cock increasing. “I can. You’re amazing.”

Every few strokes, she bends down to kiss my tip. “You have such a big, pretty cock. Even I can’t hide it completely.” She looks up at me with a wicked grin. “At least, not *yet*.”

I have to keep staring at the ceiling to keep myself from cumming too early, but that taunt makes me look down. With her breasts resting on my thighs, only the head of my penis is visible. She starts stroking me again, murmuring little sounds of appreciation. Every time she brings her tits to their lowest point, a little less of me sticks out of her cleavage.

“Oh no!” She teases, “They’re getting so big even *you* are starting to disappear!”

She’s flattering me, but I don’t care. I mirror her boldness and say, “Keep going.”

“You want them to get even bigger? They’re so big already...”

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“I want you... to grow...”

Her whimper almost pushes me over the edge. She increases her pace, and my head disappears between her massive breasts. In my rare real-life encounters, I sometimes have to dip into my imagination to reach the proverbial finish line, but for the first time ever, what’s happening in real life is better than anything I can imagine. My body goes rigid as I clench every muscle to hold it in.

“You’re close, aren’t you?” She pants.

I nod.

“Do it, cum for me.”

Those three words are like a needle in an overinflated balloon. The first blast seeps out into her cleavage; Mary spreads her tits to clamp her lips over the head of my cock. My body shudders, and my back arches as if my spine is trying to escape through my ribs. I empty into her mouth, and when my last few spurts subside, she slides her lips off me with a wet pop. She opens her mouth to show a full pool on her tongue, then winks and swallows. She scoops the rest off of her tits, licking it from her fingers.

Mary pushes down on my knees and stands. Every time I’ve thought of her as a goddess tonight pales before this moment. Her M-cup boobs spread wider than her ribs, glistening with sweat and my cum. She meets my eyes. “Are you done, or—”

She trails off as I rise on wobbly legs. I take both her shoulders and pull her close, pressing my lips to hers. Her breasts fill the space between us, and I reach for her bare ass. She jumps into my arms, and I spin around to drop her onto the bed. She lands with a gasp. As Mary bounces on the mattress, I watch her breasts roll toward her face and back, undulating like crashing waves.

I drop down to my knees to worship this goddess, and she spreads her legs to accept my praise. I grip her thighs and put my face between her knees. I taste her juices on my lips as I slide my tongue between her folds. She makes a lovely melody of gasps and whimpers and moans as I eat her out.

After Mary comes several more times, I feel her fingers tugging at my hair. "You did *-haa-* so good. *-haa-* Come see."

I sit back on my heels. From this angle, all I can see are two beautiful pale mounds rising from her torso. I rise back up on my knees but still can't see her face. Getting my feet under me, I stand until I can finally see those glowing sapphires past her gargantuan curves. Glistening with sweat and panting like she just ran a marathon, she smiles up at me, running a hand along the expanse of one P-cup breast. "Look how big you made me."

I crawl onto the bed, palming a massive tit in each hand and kissing them in turn. "You're incredible."

Mary runs her fingers through my hair. "You're not so bad yourself. I knew you'd be good at this, or at least I hoped. Most guys get freaked out and bail."

I can tell we're past the heat of the evening, and I bury my face in a cozy world of flesh. "Idiots," I murmur into her cleavage, crawling up to kiss her.

She traces a finger along my jaw. "You really do love them big, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Are mine big enough now?"

I shrug, and her smile is nearly blinding. "Greedy boy..."

Her voice softens. "You can stay... if you want?"

In answer, I crawl up to lie on my back, resting my head on one of her pillows. Mary scoots up to nestle her head into my shoulder, her amazing breasts spreading onto my chest.

We lie there for a long time, just breathing, then I feel her shiver against me. "I don't think I have anything that will fit you, but we should at least get under the covers."

I chuckle softly and extract my arm from under her head. While Mary gets into normal pajama pants and a gigantic sleep shirt, I put my boxers and undershirt back on. We snuggle under the blankets and drift off together.

When I wake up, Mary is rolled onto her side of the bed. She's covered in blankets up to her chin, and I see no sign of her massive breasts. Curiosity fills me, but I have a more urgent call to answer.

Stepping out of the bathroom, I go to the kitchen to get some water.

"Good morning."

I jump and see a dark-haired woman in pink scrubs sitting at the kitchen table. Realizing I'm still in my underwear, I step quickly behind the counter.

"Relax, dude, you're not the first guy to make a 'walk of shame' into our kitchen." She walks to the cabinets. "You want some coffee? I'm just getting off a twelve-hour shift at the hospital, so I'm about to crash, but we have K-cups."

"Uh, sure."

"I'm Mary's partner, Karly. I'm guessing she picked you up at a bar last night?"

"Karaoke."

Karly shakes her head as she sets up the coffee maker. "That girl and her karaoke. You live in town?"

"I used to. Moved about three years ago."

"How long are you here?"

"Just the weekend. I'm staying with friends on the North side."

"Cool."

We stand in awkward silence as the machine gurgles; then, she hands me a steaming mug. I blow on it and take a sip. One side of Karly's mouth is curled up in a smirk.

"So... how'd you do?"

"I'm sorry?"

"How big did she get?"

I feel heat in my cheeks. "I think about... P-cup?"

"Ooo, a *connoisseur*. No wonder she brought you home."

I stare into my coffee.

"You got pretty close to beating my record. Not bad for a first-timer."

"Uh... thanks."

Karly pulls the spent pod from the machine and tosses it in the trash. "Well, unfortunately, I'm dead on my feet, so I'm gonna have to kick you out of my bed. But if you're ever around again, you should hit us up. Did Mary give you her number?"

I shook my head.

"Where's your phone?"

"In the living room, I think."

"Give me your hand."

Still in a daze, I hold out my hand. Karly pulls a pen from her pocket and writes on my palm. "This is her number. Maybe next time you're in town, it'll be my day off."

"Okay..."

She walks out of the room but stops in the doorway. "Don't get the wrong idea. I'm Team L all the way. But I don't mind sharing..."

"Um, cool."

Karly winks as she leaves the kitchen. "I bet between the two of us, we can blow right past that record."