

# Your Share and Mine Too

## A Breast Expansion Story

By SPARTACUS

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Contains: Breast Expansion, Attribute Theft

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### **Your Share and Mine Too**

“Jesus, Mellie, do you need a bigger bra again?”

A pair of twin sisters were getting ready for school in their shared bedroom, competing for a single mirror. They had dark skin and long hair, one in a ponytail and the other in a braid. All the way through middle school and the

first year of high school anyone outside their family would have had a hard time telling the sisters apart. Ever since puberty hit, identifying Melinda from her twin sister Melissa got easier by the day.

“Hey don’t swear so loud, mom will hear you. I don’t think so though, it’s probably just bloating.” Melissa replied, tugging at the straps on a dark grey bra, an economical design with no unnecessary frills. The chocolatey swell of her bosom overflowed the cups slightly as she pulled on and began to button the white blouse of her school uniform.

“They finally stopped growing over six months ago.”

As her sister pulled on the sweater of her uniform, Melinda could see the barest hint of “quad boob” through the thin weave of the sweater vest. Pulling on the blazer of her own uniform, Melinda couldn’t help but take a desponded gaze down her front, her view of her stockinged feet unhindered by any swell of womanly curves.

“I guess Aunt Bethany was right, you got your share of boobs, and mine too..”

“Believe me, Minds, if I could give you half of these monsters I would.” Melissa punctuated her words by grabbing a sweater-clad breast in each hand. “They’re definitely more trouble than they’re worth. We’re not even out of high school yet and I’m a freak wearing an E-cup bra!”

“Whatever, quit bragging and finish getting ready, we’re gonna be late.”

Melinda tapped on her Mary Janes and dashed out the bedroom door, narrowly dodging the slap her twin tried to swing at her.

The breakfast table was a cacophony of female chatter. Melissa and Melinda’s family was Catholic, and their father was constantly traveling for work. Nonetheless their parents found ample time for marital activity, and had produced nine daughters. Melissa and Melinda were the oldest, then Molly just over a year younger than them, another set of twins Mary and Marie, about to

finish middle school, then Muriel, young twins Margaret and Megan, the toddler Mia, and their mother was already showing again with what looked to be yet another set of twins.

Melissa wolfed down eggs and toast, she generally ate twice what any of her sisters did, and tuned out the chatter at the table until she heard Molly say, “mom says I’ll start developing any day now. I hope I get big ones like yours Mellie.”

Melinda didn’t miss her oldest little sister glance at the smooth front of her uniform sweater but declined to comment on it.

“I hope so too, Molly.” Melissa said with a smile.

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In the weeks that followed something happened that nobody expected, except maybe Melinda in her most disturbing nightmares. Instead of Molly developing large breasts like Melissa’s, Melissa herself somehow started to grow even larger.

“Are you serious?” Melinda asked, poking at her twin’s bra covered curves. “You stuffed some tissues or something in here to impress Sam in our English class, didn’t you?”

“No, Mindy, god! They’re already too big, why would I want them bigger??”

“Ugh, this is such bullshit. We’re twins but I’m basically invisible next to you. I can’t wait until after graduation when I can get away from here!”

Before Melissa could say anything, her sister stormed out of the room slamming the door.

Weeks turned into months and Melissa continued to grow. One night at dinner Melissa said, “mom, I think I need to go ‘shopping’ again.” Molly burst into tears and fled the dinner table. The younger girl was as flat as her other big sister and seemed fated to stay that way.

“You could try and be a little more sensitive, Melissa.” Their mother scolded.

“Sorry, mom...” Mel said, eyes downcast, “I never asked for this, you know?”

“I know, I know. We’ll go to Miss Sally’s on Saturday.”

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Melissa became a near-pariah at school, the conservative overtones making her an object of scorn among the girls, and her outrageous figure intimidating even the most self-confident boys. Nonetheless she somehow managed to secure a date to Senior Prom. She suspected that Sam, the shy boy she’d had her eye on since Sophomore year, had been put up to asking her by his friends, and was expected to give a full report afterward.

As the event approached, the twins Mary and Marie reached puberty age and the increasingly less surprising happened; Melissa’s breasts started growing again. She had been fitted for her prom dress when she was “only” an H-cup, and just barely squeezed into it on the big night. Fortunately the twins’ development had only started two weeks before prom.

Needless to say poor Sam was rendered speechless all night, barely able to sputter out the bare minimum of socially required syllables, while trying to avoid being caught staring. Melissa’s gown was pale pink, with frills at the shoulders and at the hem of her ankle-length skirt. The hem of her bodice was high, but not high enough to contain the bulging mounds of her plenteous bosom, granting Sam an enticing eight-plus inches of cleavage.

As the night wore on and they danced, Sam made more and more effort to look Melissa in the eyes, which was almost as distracting as her luscious bosom, but they began to make small talk, then share stories from school and innocuous gossip about their classmates, eventually to commiserating about family drama. Over time their dancing posture moved from arm’s length closer and closer, and during the last slow dance, Melissa leaned her whole upper body against Sam. She had to twist her torso to not squeeze her chest against him, but laid her head on his chest where she could hear the staccato rhythm of his heartbeat.

“I heard Tara Franklin’s parents are out of town and she’s throwing an afterparty, if you’re interested?” Sam managed to whisper down at the top of Mel’s head, blushing again at the view slightly to the left.

“That sounds like fun.” Melissa replied, feeling Sam’s heartbeat increase in intensity.

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Across town, playing a video game in bed, Molly felt a strange sensation as the skin on her chest tingled, intense but not unpleasant waves washed over the area where breasts would be if she had any.

A few houses away from the Franklin’s, Melinda and her friends were having a non-party for kids too cool for prom, playing board games and watching Harry Potter. Melinda felt a sudden twinge around her nipples and excused herself to the restroom.

Back at their family home, Mary and Marie were already asleep, and each began to squirm and toss in their bunk beds, apparently having some very pleasurable dreams.

Back at the afterparty, Sam and Melissa had slipped away into Tara’s parent’s bedroom. Melissa’s bodice was undone and Sam was performing a very thorough investigation of her breasts as they made out. Gradually Mel undid the button of Sam’s tuxedo pants, and he pulled back to look her in the eyes questioningly.

“Are you sure?”

“God, yes. You have no idea how long I’ve waited for this.”

“How long *you’ve* waited? I’ve been—”

Melissa shut him up with another kiss, pulling open his fly and pulling her dress the rest of the way off.

As the dark shapes of their bodies intertwined in the dark, her hands dug into his back as his fingers squeezed her nipples. Melissa's voice let out a euphoric cry that was not heard above the music of the party, but it did form a chorus with four other voices, none heard by the others.

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Mel graduated and got a job as a waitress. She earned plenty of dirty looks from female coworkers and customers, and lecherous looks from most of the men and a few of the women who dined at her restaurant, but she brought in enough tips to pay for new bras every few weeks while Mary and Marie should have been developing. By the end of summer, Melissa was wearing K-cups, or at least that's what size Miss Sally said her custom-made bras were.

Melissa was accepted to a liberal arts school on the opposite coast that was still not co-ed. Her hope was that life would be a little easier without constant competition over boys, and she'd have less chance of costing anyone their grades this way. (Record numbers of young men had to repeat their senior year after she graduated.)

Anticipating a life away from her family, Melissa embarked on a twenty-eight hour road trip to her new school. She arrived at an idyllic campus filled with gorgeous stone buildings surrounded by ivy and healthy trees. It took a good half hour to find her dorm building, and finally her room. The door wasn't latched so she knocked and stepped in.

"Hello...?"

Seated on one of the dorm beds was a diminutive blonde. Mel would have sworn the girl was no older than Muriel, who was still in middle-school. The girl raised her eyes from her phone and stared. Her mouth literally dropped open and Melissa could swear there was drool forming on her lower lip.

"Um... hello? I'm Melissa, your roommate..."

The blonde shook herself from her reverie, “Hey, I’m Amanda.” She feigned an indifferent air. “That side is yours.” Amanda gestured to the bed and furniture opposite her.

Amanda went back to looking at her phone, or at least pretended to do so. Her eyes were drawn with magnetic force to the dark-skinned goddess that was going to be sleeping mere feet from her for the next few months.

Melissa had attempted to dress modestly for her first impression, and was wearing a pale yellow skirt that flowed just past her knees, but clung just enough to her hips and the generous curves of her ass to let Amanda imagine the details. She had chunky sandals that added several inches to her already impressive height, and the lines of her calves seemed just meant for grabbing. Mel’s jet black hair hung just past her shoulders and framed an angelic face with clear skin and brown eyes so dark the athletic blonde thought she could get lost in them easily. Plump lips made for kissing, and perfect white teeth made a dazzling smile as she carried two bags to her side of the room.

It took special effort for Amanda to notice all of that, though, because she was watching every bob and sway of a set of boobs the size of her head. Melissa had worn a dark, loose, button-up blouse, or at least it would have been loose on the rest of her torso. The abundant flesh within strained at its buttons, and the tiny blonde caught more than a few flashes of hot pink bra as Melissa hefted one bag onto the bed.

Before Amanda had to excuse herself to the washroom, or change her jeans, she caught herself again and, rising to her feet, asked, “do you need help carrying stuff in?”

“Oh, sure.” Mel smiled brilliantly again. “Thanks, roomie!”

Amanda’s knees almost buckled.

It only took two trips to bring in the rest of Melissa’s things, and really it could have been done in one. The two girls made small talk, when Amanda wasn’t stunned to silence by Melissa’s body. She was not abnormally tall, but Amanda herself was only four-foot-eleven, so by comparison, Melissa’s five-foot-nine

was goddess-level, especially when she stood close to her. Amanda was pretty sure she could slide up to her new roommate and use her giant boobs as a hat. The height difference wasn't *that* extreme, but Amanda did have to change panties before dinner.

In the months that followed, Amanda managed to get her lust under control (with frequent restroom breaks) and the two young women hit it off surprisingly well. Amanda had gotten into the school on a sports scholarship, for track and cross-country. She had played all manner of sports in high school and even dabbled in body-building, but didn't quite have the knack for it. She was all sinew and muscle, she kept her hair fairly short without being masculine, and had petite a-cup breasts.

While the two could not have been more different physically, they had similar ultra-conservative upbringings, liked most of the same music, and had almost identical lists of guilty pleasure movies. It was a sleepy Sunday night, watching *A Christmas Prince*, when Amanda's self-restraint broke.

The pair were seated across Amanda's bed, Mel's long legs dangling her feet off the edge, Amanda had her feet tucked under her and was leaning against the taller girl as they shared the laptop screen and a bowl of popcorn. Amanda was distracted by the swell of her roommate's left breast in her peripheral vision, and how it jiggled and jostled whenever she reached for more popcorn.

Over the course of the movie, Amanda became more and more bold, bumping and brushing the overgrown orb with her shoulder, then upper arm, then forearm, and finally the back of her hand, waiting to see if her fertility goddess of a roommate would notice.

As the characters on screen rode horses in the snow, Amanda caught Melissa watching her as the back of her hand paused mid-reach to rest on her breast.

"What-"

"Sorry!"

The smaller girl pulled her hand away as if burned, and the sudden motion sent the bed and both girls shaking, Melissa's 2XL tee shirt clad breasts continuing to wobble after everything else had stopped moving.

"Amanda, you know I'm not really..."

"I know, I know, I'm sorry." Amanda turned away abashedly.

"But," the dark skin of Mel's face turned a faint crimson, "I don't really mind if..."

"Really?" Amanda's head swung back around fast enough to cause whiplash, and her eyes lit up like a child on Christmas morning.

Amanda rotated her seated position to face the larger girl, and brought an open palm to each large breast. First she tested their elasticity by pressing inward, then lightly clutching them. Her hands were large for her size but still dwarfed by Melissa's abundant melons. It was like trying to palm two basketballs. Two soft, pliable basketballs...

"W-well?" Mel asked, her voice cracking faintly as her blush deepened.

"So big..." Amanda's eyes had glazed over and she was transfixed by the feel of the two objects of her desire held between her hands.

"Is, is that all?"

Amanda's hands roamed to the undersides of Melissa's bosom and she hefted them upward. The muscles in the smaller girl's forearms flexed noticeably as she did so. "And heavy... how do you carry these babies around all day?"

Melissa started and began to pull away from her diminutive roommate.

"Alright, if you're just going to be weird about it..."

Amanda acted immediately, moving her hands back upward and drawing Melissa back, rising up on her legs and drawing their heads together as one hand moved behind her roommate's back and the other continued caressing one breast.

"Sorry, Mel, sorry. They're just so amazing. *You're* so amazing."

Mel's heart was racing now. She had never felt physical attraction for another girl, but the hungry look in her roommate's bright blue eyes was undeniable.

"You— you really think so?"

Amanda put both hands on Melissa's back, under her arms, and brought them together so that her modest breasts made contact with Melissa's, and she squeezed the armload of her roommate's flesh under their chins. She ducked her head down and gave a quick peck on their tops. "You are," she leaned in further this time, kissing Mel's clavicle. "The most beautiful," she was leaning over the large girl now, kissing her neck as Mel's head leaned back. "The most perfect," a kiss near an earlobe now. "Most gorgeous," now the cheek. Amanda pulled back now to stare into Melissa's dark brown eyes. "Fucking hottest woman I have ever seen." Mel drew her head toward Amanda's blonde one, and their lips met.

On the other side of the country Mary and Marie were doing homework, and felt vague chills run over their chests all night. Molly was reading and was more engrossed in this particular YA romance than any she had read before. Melinda was taking a shower and found a new use for the hand-held shower head.

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Amanda and Melissa stayed roommates throughout their four years at college, and while they never officially dated, they did plenty of fooling around, especially whenever Mel was between boyfriends.

One afternoon in their Junior year, Amanda returned to their room to find her goddess of a roommate sitting on her bed, knees drawn as close to her chest as they would get, sniffing into a tissue and watching the wedding episode of *The*

Office.

“Aww, babe... What happened? Did that asshole Jaeden finally break your heart?”

Melissa stopped crying to laugh and smile. “How long have you been saving *that* cheesy line?”

“Only a few months, I swear!”

Melissa chucked a pillow at the athletic blonde, which she deftly dodged. Amanda dropped her bag and hopped onto Melissa’s bed, wrapping the taller girl in a hug.

“Be honest with me, he couldn’t handle the girls, could he?”

“Ugh, he had a lot of bullshit reasons, but I think that was a big part of it. Guys always think they like huge boobs more than they actually do.”

“Well, I think all guys are idiots, but you know that.” Amanda smiled, leaning back to evaluate her friend’s tank-top clad knockers. “Definitely idiots if they can’t appreciate these beauties.” She reached down and pushed Mel’s arms and legs away so she could give the larger girl a proper groping. After squeezing and hefting Melissa’s mass for mere seconds, Amanda paused with a thoughtful expression.

“Huh?”

Amanda’s grip became more exploratory than appreciative, and she asked, “have you gotten bigger?”

“What? Um, I don’t think so—”

“Don’t give me that. I know these boobs better than anyone, and they’ve definitely grown since the last time I’ve held them.”

Melissa scrambled for an excuse, though she knew perfectly well that her sister Muriel back home was about two months into puberty.

“Maybe I’ve put on a few pounds...” she said lamely.

“Holy shit girl, do you only gain weight in your boobs? That would explain so much, honestly. Come on, let’s head to the cafeteria for second lunch.” Amanda was getting up from the bed and trying to drag Melissa with her, when Mel told her the truth.

“What the hell, really?”

Mel only nodded.

“That’s even crazier than gaining weight only in your boobs. So right now your sister is going through puberty and your breasts are growing instead of hers?” Amanda was trying without success to hide the look of pure animal lust in her eyes.

“My bras just started getting tight last week. It will probably last about two years, and I’ll end up around M-cup when she’s done.”

Amanda slipped back onto the bed, smooshing her face into Melissa’s cleavage. “I didn’t think it was possible for you to get hotter, but you’re like a big chocolate fertility goddess, getting bigger and bigger.”

Melissa gave a wry smile. “You always say the weirdest shit, Amanda.”

“Mmmm” Amanda said, nuzzling her face in Mel’s chest. “Got boobs, don’t care.”

Suddenly Amanda’s head came up for air with a realization.

“You have even more sisters after Muriel, right?”

Melissa sighed. “Yeah, don’t remind me. Margaret and Megan are a few years from puberty, Mia a couple years behind them, and Mae and Maya just started school.”

“Wow,” Amanda said, returning her face to her dark-skinned pillows, “you’re gonna get sooo biiiig...”

Mel patted her roommate’s blonde head. “I’m glad somebody appreciates that likelihood...”

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After graduation, Melissa got a remote consulting job, and Amanda was working as a personal trainer and part-time coach. They got an apartment together because Melissa didn’t want to move back home and face the scornful looks she got from her sisters on every FaceTime or Zoom call.

They had been living together about six months when Amanda heard raised voices from Mel’s room, but chose to wait until her friend emerged to inquire.

“Family drama?”

“Ugh. My mom is fuckin’ pregnant, again!”

“Jesus. What’s that, like, twelve kids?”

“Thirteen. Thirteen daughters. I swear she’s trying to make me immobile.”

Amanda got a distant look in her eyes.

“Hey, knock that off you little pervert!”

“Sorry, sorry. You should know by now not to taunt me like that.”

“Whatever... I mean look at me! Each of these monsters by themselves is the size of a third trimester baby bump.” Melissa gestured to her front, where two huge brown melons were draped in a tee-shirt that would have covered Amanda to

her knees, but exposed a sliver of skin above Melissa's leggings.

"Hmm, you think so? I think you need a second opinion."

Amanda rose and slipped behind Melissa to give her a good groping. She made soft grunts as she tried to lift both breasts with one hand each, and had to resort to using both hands to lift each one in turn, prodding and stroking them thoroughly.

"Hey I think you're right, or at least you will be pretty soon. Megan and Margaret's share must finally be coming in."

"Yeah, I popped a button this morning."

"Mmm," Amanda said, lifting on her tip-toes to nibble at her ear, "what did I just say about taunting me?"

Mel reached behind to cup the smaller girl's ass with both hands.

"I guess I'll just have to accept the consequences..."

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At the end of that year, Melissa's family had finally guilted her into coming home for the holidays. She was making enough money now to afford the flight, even if she did have to spring for the roomier business class seats to avoid suffocating herself in the cramped quarters of coach.

Amanda wanted to come along, but had her own family to visit. Plus they both agreed that Melissa's first time seeing her family in over five years was not the best time to come out to them as bi.

"Guys, Mellie's here!"

Melissa immediately knew her own face staring back at her when the door to her childhood home was flung open. Well, it was her own face minus a few pounds, and on a much more lithe body. Melinda had more in common with

Melissa's roommate these days than she did with her twin sister.

"Hey Minds." Mel said affectionately, leaning in for a hug.

"Wow Mellie, I can't even reach around you anymore.." Mindy said through a faceful of fuzzy sweater material.

"S-sorry..."

"Don't apologize, it's not your fault. I guess you were right all along and this 'condition' of yours is more of a curse than a blessing."

Melissa could only shrug, setting her sweater-clad boobs wobbling. The way Melinda's eyes followed them betrayed the insincerity of her words.

The rest of the day went as smoothly as could be expected. All seven of her sisters who should have had curves but were as flat as boys shot her dirty looks when they thought she wasn't watching, but the topic was avoided in conversation, especially when their parents were nearby.

At dinner, Mel was offered second and third helpings, while everyone from Mindy to Megan and Margie ate less than Mel's first plate. After everyone had finished eating, the girls were left in charge of cleanup while their parents went for a drive. Nobody would let Melissa help so she staggered to her old room and leaned back on the spare bed, rubbing her bloated tummy until she nodded off.

"Years of abandoning your family hasn't reduced your appetite, I see!" Mel was awoken by the voice of her sister Molly, poking her taut middle.

"Molly, quit that."

"What, it's my first time seeing you since high school and you want to be rude?"

"I'm sorry Molly, I didn't mean to—"

“Spare me your apologies. I just want to have a feel at these huge things.” Molly punctuated her words by climbing onto the bed and laying her hands on one of Mel’s breasts. The fuzzy green sweater made them look even more puffy and huge than they were, but not as much as Molly expected.

“Holy shit...” she said in stunned awe, giving one breast then the other a pat and watching them wobble.

“Hey–” Mel began, but was cut off.

“You don’t mind, do you **big** sis? Part of these gigantic boobs are mine, after all.”

Melissa blushed, and tried not to keep her expression calm. Her breasts had gotten more sensitive as they’d grown larger, and she was realizing that her little sister was about the same size as her girlfriend.

“Wait, are you...” Molly shuddered faintly as she pressed a relatively small hand hard into each breast. “Is this turning you on?”

“N-no, don’t be ridiculous...”

“Oh wow you–” At that moment the door banged open as Melinda entered her own room to find her sister assaulting her twin.

“What the hell is going on in here I– *mmm–*” Mindy’s words were broken off with a moan.

“Wait, what was that?” Molly stopped groping to look back at her sister. “Are you getting the phantom breasts, right now? I think I’m having them too...”

Melissa tried to regain her composure. “Phantom breasts? What are you talking about?”

“I guess we’ve never talked about it with you, but all of us sisters sometimes get weird sensations in our chests, kind of like when a guy touches you but much more faint. We call it the phantom breasts because it’s like phantom limb syndrome that amputees get, but where our boobs should be. I’m sure it’s a

problem you'd never have." With that last statement, Molly swung her arm around to slap the front of her sisters' fuzzy sweater, catching one engorged nipple in the impact. Mel cried out and her two sisters matched the sound,

"Ahn!!"

All three girls froze, wide-eyed, staring at each other in turn as their brains churned. Slowly Molly's hands went back to Melissa's chest as she straddled the older woman's torso. She grabbed the hem of Mel's fuzzy sweater and pulled it off.

"Damn, I could wear this thing as a coat..."

Tossing it aside she drank in the sight of Mel's breasts, clad in a black, O-cup bra. Molly pushed the bra up to let their contents drop out.

"More like a hammock than a bra..."

Mel's boobs were even more impressive naked than they had been covered up. They sagged only slightly to each side, rising proud and full off of her ribcage and filling the space between her and Molly who had her pinned to the bed.

"I have to know for sure." Molly said to herself in an attempt to justify what she did next.

Two sets of thumb and forefinger grasped two brown nipples, and tugged. Mel cried out cutely yet again, as did Molly and Melinda.

Molly continued her ministrations, as all three women tried to suppress sounds of arousal, when the door burst open yet again.

Megan, Margaret, Muriel, Mary, and Marie all crowded into the doorway.

"We put a movie on for the kids, what the heck is going on in here?" Mary asked, uselessly.

In a cacophony of exclamations, the sisters piled into the bed, all seven competing for a feel of the one pair of breasts to which they all had contributed. Fourteen hands groped from all angles, and while there was certainly skin real estate to spare, Mel's nipples never rested for more than a moment. Her protests fell on deaf ears, even as her cries of arousal joined a chorus of echoes, as a few of the hands withdrew to their owners to bring each young woman's experience to completion.

After about twenty minutes the eight sisters were collapsed on the two beds and one chair, a couple were sprawled on the floor. This was going to be a long holiday.