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Warning : I'm not a native English speaker, so sorry for the mistakes, and feel free to correct anything! And of course, have fun!

Note : Comments? Opinions? Questions? I'm available, just tag or send a message to u/wokod. If you want to start a topic about a specific story, you can! Just don't forget to tag me when you do on the appropriate reddit, like r/expansivewriters. (r/overflowingbra is down!)

Special thanks to Ragnarok385 for editing this story! This was really helpful, and it helps me to improve, so once again, thanks a lot for your help and comments :)

And since I can't answer to the comments/ratings on the main website, once again, thanks again for them all! Your comments, both positive and negative, help me a lot to improve :) (or so I hope :o). Now, I hope you'll enjoy this story!

Life Game Book - You're the hero!

"See you tomorrow everyone!" I wave at the three girls in the office.

"See you tomorrow, Amos!" my boss Karen nods from her desk.

"Going back home to take care of your little sister? That's cute!" my coworker Betty adds.

"Sheesh, you two, get a room!" my other coworker Dakota adds, rolling her eyes.

I close the door of the tiny office, and head right to my car parked a few feet away. Once inside, my phone buzzes again, yet another message from my sister.

Don't forget my books on your way home! - Emma

"Damnit, she's doing nothing all day long but I still have to pick up her things!" I grumble.

I turn on the engine, and drive right to the library to pick the books reserved for Emma Anderson. But on my way out, I notice something weird. There's a shop next to the library, which I swear it wasn't there when I parked! How could I have missed something like that?

Alright, this got my attention, "Let's have a quick look inside." I say aloud.

The moment I walk in, I hear a voice say, "Welcome to HellMart!"

Behind a counter, a bald man is smiling at me in a weird way. I feel like maybe I should leave this strange man alone and turn back right now, but it wouldn't be polite, and I would look dumb. So, I stupidly stand there, which isn't much better, since I'm just standing at the entrance with my bag from the library in my hand.

The guy stares at it, then looks up at me,

"You like to read? Splendid! I just set up a new display for books. Why don't you have a look. They're all free!"

"Free?" I ask.

I'm quite surprised. Is it a kind of street library? Where people bring the books they don't want anymore, for other people to take them? I walk to the display, but I'm quite disappointed. As even if all the books look new, the first titles I read are Spell Book, Secrets of the Universe, Magic Diary and other prank titles. I'm almost about to leave when I notice a series of books at the bottom of the display.

Life Game Book - You're the hero!

I don't know this publisher, but when I was a teenager, I loved these books where the reader takes the role of the hero! I read dozens of them. I could take one, just for the sake of nostalgia. Alright, I make up my mind and picked up the first one. On the cover, I'm surprised to see a super-hot girl, mouth forming an "O" and hands over her generous naked breasts, next to destroyed clothes. And the title is Grow Big or Grow Home!

Okay, I'm interested. I might have a size fetish. Maybe I've been ogling Betty's D-cups at work a lot more than I admit, especially on hot days, when she walks in with these tight tops molding her bouncing, firm melons- I shake my head, got to stay focused. I read the back cover.

In this adventure, you're a girl about to grow, and grow and much, much more! But how? And when?

YOU decide as YOU are the hero!

"Is this one free too?" I ask to the clerk.

"Yes but..." the bald man frowns, "Sir, in these books YOU are the hero."

"I got it." I smile.

"No, I mean YOU are the hero. So are you sure you-"

"I got it I said! So, is it free or not?"

"Alright." the clerk yawns, "It is, don't worry."

I don't like how he was talking to me. Does he think I'm dumb? I know what these books are! I quickly say goodbye to the weird clerk, then leave with my new book. I didn't know they did books like this with an erotica theme. So why not! I've always loved reading expansion stories. So, one with choices might be even better!

On my way home, I make sure my book is well hidden in my jacket. I don't want Emma to know I'm reading this kind of stuff.

When I arrive at my apartment, I open the door to find the place is quite a mess. Dirty plates

next to the couch, an abandoned towel on the floor, and I can hear music escaping from Emma's room. Damn, why do I have to live with her?

I walk right to Emma's door, pretty pissed.

"Emma!" I exclaim as I find her on her bed, texting on her phone while listening to music.

"What do you want, Amos?" she looks at me, already bored.

"You could clean your mess! You're not even paying the rent! And why did I have to pick up your books? You're 21 and not even working! I'm 25 with a job! You're the one with the free time!"

"Shut up Amos! You know dad told you I could stay as long as I wanted!" she fires back.

Sadly, it's true.

My dad always wanted a girl. So, while he was quite strict with me, and wanted me to work hard, he was so glad when Emma was born, and he spoiled her. When I moved to a big city to work, and got my own place, Emma wanted to come too, but mostly for the nightclubs and the bars. So, my dad ordered me to lodge her. It's been 6 months now, and she's even worse than when we lived home.

"Your books." I say, dropping the library bag on the floor, "Last time I pick them up for you."

"Yeah." she ignores me, "Sure it is."

"Now, at least clean your mess! Don't you know how to put a plate in a dishwasher?"

"Sure, I'll do it later."

Damn her. I can already tell she's going to make me mad. She'd do anything to make other people work for her instead of moving her lazy ass. Anyways, since I need to cool off my mind, I know exactly what to do. I go to my own bedroom, silently lock the door to make sure Emma isn't going to walk in while I jack off, and I take my new book out of my jacket.

"Alright." I smile as I sit on my bed, quite curious, "Let's go on an adventure."

I open the first page and-

FLASH!

Shit.

What was that? Where did that flash come from? I'm blind, and my ears are ringing. Okay Amos, keep calm. Something happened, but I can already see the colors coming back. I'm not blind, I'm still in my room standing next to my bed, apparently fine.

"Ugh." I grunt.

My voice is weird. My body feels strange. Lighter somehow and kind of numb, too. I feel like I'm

not sure about where my feet or hands are. My moves are clumsy, but I eventually manage to sit on my bed.

And in the mirror next to my closet, I can see a brunette sitting on my bed, staring back at me in awe.

"AAH!" I scream in shock, and she screams too.

I get it. But my brain is still trying to fight what's happening to me. I have to look down to confirm it:

I'm a girl.

A brunette girl who looks 25 years old, and kind of familiar. I have a slender body, with only two tiny buds on my chest. Women are small in our family, and I guess so am I. Only Emma wants to believe she's a "late bloomer" and she'll grow one day.

But that's not the point! Where's the book?!

I look on my bed, under it, everywhere, but it's not there anymore. Then, much to my surprise, another amazing thing happens. I hear a booming voice all around me:

"The adventure starts!

It was another pretty normal day for Amy Anderson. She was back home with her sister, Emma. But locked in her room, she knew she was about to live an incredible journey. She was about to grow, and grow, but how?

> Amy is going to grow into a powerful giantess! > Go to 2

> Amy is going to grow incredibly busty! > Go to 5

> Amy is going to grow amazingly strong! > Go to 7"

"What? Who's talking?" I ask. And wait, Amy Anderson? Sister of Emma? I then notice a picture of our family in a corner of my room, and I stare in shock. I've been replaced by the girl I am now! Looking younger on this picture from a few years ago, but still-

"Wait!" I ask again out loud, "Who's talking? How can I turn back?"

The booming voice returns.

"The adventure starts!

It was another pretty normal day for Amy Anderson. She was back home with her sister, Emma. But locked in her room, she knew she was about to live an incredible journey. She was about to grow, and grow, but how?

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I ask out loud a third time, but the voice repeats the same thing again. Okay, the dude at the shop had been right. I'm the hero! Am I in the book then? I'm not sure of the answer. Maybe the guy at the shop could help me-

Actually,

it's a game book. Just a game. And if I finish it, I'm pretty sure all of this will be over. And since this is the most exciting thing that's ever happened in my life, am I really going to try to escape from it without even playing?

"Okay," I say out loud, "Game on."

I mean, everyone had the gender-bender fantasy at least once, right? And since I love big, growing breasts, why not experience it from this side? The muscle and giantess stuff aren't my thing.

"I want the busty thing?" I say hesitantly out loud.

Nothing. I can even hear Emma's muffled music escaping from her room.

"What was the number again? 5?" I ask again out loud.

The booming voice returns. It worked!

"Amy was about to experience an amazing growth, making her bustier and bustier. She could already imagine all the possibilities, the feeling of heavy breasts on her chest moving up and down with her every breath, the struggle to get into lacy, sexy bras, the sweat rolling in her deep cleavage."

And I am. I can't tell if I'm following whatever this narrator is saying, or if he's describing what I'm feeling but damn right, I'm thinking about big boobs!

"But Amy ignored exactly how it would happen! Actually, reality was about to shift around her, as she would discover soon. But in her bedroom, what was she doing right now?

> Amy is checking out her body > Go to 27

> Amy decides to talk with her sister > Go to 55

> Amy masturbates loudly > Go to 32"

Wait, can this decide my actions too? What happens if I say "32," but don't want to masturbate? Will I be compelled to do so? I should try this later, could be hot. But for now,

I'm a girl, so why not have a good look?

"27." I say out loud.

I don't feel compelled to do anything, but I take off my clothes in front of my mirror and, I'm disappointed. My hips and ass are okay, but nothing more. Looking fine on a thin girl like me. And my breasts are just two tiny mounds barely deserving their names, behind tiny, pink nipples. At least, I'm cute. But the good thing is, I know this girl is gonna gr-

"In the mirror, Amy was quite disappointed by her body. All women in her family lacked curves. She knew she was cute, and boys told her a few times in high school and college, but she couldn't help but feel like she needed to grow. Just like her sister Emma, who was hoping she'd get a late growth spurt, Amy hoped she'd grow bigger one day."

This stupid voice startled me! Wait, is this narrator going to describe everything I do?!

And, hold on, why do I have memories of boys telling me I'm cute?! Oh god, I have a second set of memories? Shit, I am Amy more than I thought at first! It's not just a body, it's a person, with a story and-

I look around the room. The voice is done talking. And didn't give me a choice? I guess I'm between two scenes, or two paragraphs, or whatever. I just have more questions now!

What will it be like to live in such a body? How long will it last? Will I have to experience things like having my period and other things women have to deal with? I go on, checking myself, and of course, I touch my nipples and clitoris. It's quite strange but it feels good! And I'm quite sure it will feel even better when I'm bigger. Unsure about masturbating right now, I decide I've seen enough and put my clothes back on.

I then check the family pictures in my room, smiling as there's now "Amy" instead of Amos in every picture. And while I look at a few ones on my laptop, I notice something in my emails. A couple days ago, I sent a message to my dad, complaining about Emma's attitude. His answer had been:

"Amos, you're a man. A man is supposed to take care of women. So, take care of Emma and stop complaining about it."

But now, it read:

"Amy, I understand. A man is supposed to take care of women. So as your father, I can't let my daughters fight with each other. I'll tell Emma to come back home soon if her attitude doesn't improve."

"Daddy has two daughters now, so the balance changed!" I chuckle.

Okay, I won't lie, that's weird, but still, it's better than being my dad's slave. I actually have strange memories of my dad calling me "His daughter." Urgh. I try to focus on something, anything else.

I noticed, when I dressed up, I only owned a couple brassieres. And since it's my first day as a

girl, I definitely want to try a real bra!

I leave my bedroom and see Emma, picking up her dirty plates in the living room. She looks pissed-off. For a second, I think she's angry to find a complete stranger in her place, but that's not the problem.

"Amy, you bitch!" she says, "You told dad! You snitch!"

"Don't act like a spoiled brat and I won't have to tell dad!" I answer.

"I'm not spoiled!" she grumbled.

Looks like she's still acting like a brat but now, the balance of power isn't the same anymore! I remember my dad still spoiling her because she was the "little one," but she doesn't have his full support anymore since she became an adult.

On another topic, I notice I'm as tall as Emma now. 5'6" Instead of my usual 6'2". She looks quite big now, but somehow, my brain is already trying to tell me it's normal. Familiar. My other set of memories is helping me adapt nicely.

"Where are you going?" she asks me as she notices I'm taking my jacket.

"Bra shopping." I announce proudly.

"You don't need a bra any more than I do." she says with a cruel smile.

"Well, I expect things to change soon." I answer mysteriously.

I giggle as I leave the apartment to this spoiled brat. A brat who has to clean her own stuff now! And I get into my c- wait, where's my car? I look around the parking lot and my car is gone! And yet, I have keys in my now smaller jacket. I press them, and the lights of a Mini turn on in my usual parking spot.

"Girl's car." I chuckle, and get in, on my way to the closest mall.

"Amy decided to go on an excursion to the mall. Despite her small size, she thought she needed a bra."

The voice says while I was driving.

"Shut up." I say without even thinking about it, before paling. Maybe it's not a good idea to insult the narrator of your story! By the way, was going to the mall my idea or his? Being a book character is quite confusing!

Actually, now that I think about it, I didn't hear him while I was talking with Emma. Maybe he does not describe everything I do. Just like a real narrator, he intervenes at various points of the story when necessary. I'm going to need time to get used to it!

I arrive at the mall and walk in, enjoying how no one seems to notice anything weird about me.

And walk into a lingerie shop. I go right for the clerk.

"Miss, I need a bra!" I proudly say, enjoying my new ability to do this as a female.

"You wish." I hear someone saying, then someone else giggling.

Two schoolgirls are in the shop, a few feet away. A pretty one and a fat one. Of course, both of them have more curves than I do, but the moment they realize I heard them, they blush and look away, giggling. The clerk probably heard too, but pretends she didn't.

"Of course. Miss, what's your size?"

I open my mouth, and I have a blank. Wait, new memories are coming in. As I think about it, I have the answer, 32 AA-cup. But as I'm about to speak, I hear the narrator say:

"A difficult question for Amy, since her size was about to change!"

"Can you hear him?" I ask the clerk, a little panicked.

"Hear who?" she looks at me, puzzled.

"Told you she looked weird thinking she needed a bra." I hear the schoolgirls giggling.

Alright so, I'm the only one to hear the narrator. That's cool. Wait, he just mentioned size change, didn't he?

"Reality was about to shift, and Amy would trade her breasts with one of the girls here, but which one?"

> The clerk? > Go to 68

> The pretty schoolgirl? > Go to 32

> The fat schoolgirl? > Go to 102"

Shit. Attribute theft! I'm about to steal some tits here! I grin as I look around. This was unexpected, but quite welcome. Alright, so the clerk looks like she has a very regular B-cup. And she's something like 40, so I don't think her breasts are at their best. Now, the school girls. Brand new firm tits sound a lot better! Okay, so the fat girl has definitely got some big ones. I could steal hers and get pretty big right now, but I'd probably have fat, drooping tits. So, that leaves Miss Pretty. She wears a tank top and those have to be apple sized C-cups inside her top. As I try not to stare, I confirm with myself, yep, two firm, freckled beauties in there, she looks proud to be displaying. Sorry girl, next time, you should laugh about someone else!

"32." I say out loud.

"Yes, 32 for the band." the clerk says, not realizing I'm not talking to her "And the cup?"

"But Amy couldn't answer because she could feel the change happening."

You bet! It was like a warm tingle in there. But as I look up, I can see the pretty schoolgirl holding a bra in her hands, checking it. And to my delight, the bra she's studying is shrinking. Reality is changing! Say bye-bye to your nice tits, I'm stealing them! And have fun with the ones you made fun of! I know, it's mean, but-

"Amy was ecstatic. The feeling of the growth was amazing. While the pretty schoolgirl was shrinking, losing her proud chest inch after inch, Amy's bust was increasing in size. Feeling bigger. Fuller. Better."

Oh yes. But if this guy could stop describing it, it's arousing enough already and I'm in public!

"She could feel her pussy getting wet just from the feeling of her breasts pushing the fabric of her shirt, as after years, she was definitely growing the breasts she had been praying for so long to have. Firm, yet supple and sensitive, fresh and slightly round, made to be touched."

My body is feeling weird, female arousal is something new to me! And yet familiar. And the joy of growing breasts, I sigh, I love it. And being Amy, with her memories of being small and disliking it, just makes it feel even better. I feel big, and proud and- Oh boy. As I look down, my shirt changes into a tank top, and the two flesh-colored apples in there have freckles on them! I stole everything this girl had. Even the freckles on her tits. And on me they look amazing!

"Amy gasped as a sexy, lacy bra appeared under her clothes, cupping gently her new breasts. The biggest in her family."

I gasp and again, it's weird to have this invisible guy describing it! But sure enough, I now have a bra! While the pretty girl, well, she wears a plain shirt now, and just has a training bra in her hand. Her fat friend is chuckling.

"Are you sure you need one?" the larger girl asks.

"Shut up!" Miss pretty girl barks.

I know I should feel bad about it, but this is my story, so I'm going to enjoy it. When I'm done with this adventure, she'll probably grow back anyway.

"32 C-cup," I announce to the clerk, still waiting for an answer and looking at me puzzled, since I have been looking down at my breasts with a stupid smile for the past minute.

"Sure." She eventually says, "Follow me."

I can't help but giggle a bit as I feel my breasts bouncing with each step! Not much, but enough to know I can jiggle now! These puppies are firm, but still supple enough to show they're the real deal. I have trouble looking up from my own chest, but when the clerk gives me a few bras to try and a free stall to use, I, once again, check my body in the mirror.

Okay, I'm not big. But believe me, on my slender figure, and with a sexy bra on, these puppies are definitely eye-attracting. I turn and bow, and push them up, then together, and they're definitely sexy all the way. The size of nice apples in my hands. And every inch of my skin is an

erogenous zone up there. It feels nice to touch them, but it's painful if I'm too rough. So that's how it feels to have tits? I love it!

Bless this weird HellMart shop and its strange magic books.

"Hello Amos." I say talking to the mirror in the stall, "Like what you see?"

Sure. I'd have banged a girl like this without a second thought. I've gone from cute but flat to cute with curves to show.

"Amy was quite proud of her new curves."

Yes, I am, thank you!

"But it was time to go home."

I check my watch and shit, it's already late. I pay for two sexy bras, a black and a red one, with matching panties. A little gift to myself to celebrate this adventure I'm living. The most erotic one of my life! And I return to my car, sighing as I almost forgot it was a different model now and head home.

The moment I walk in, I see Emma on the couch, eating ice cream. Her head turns almost immediately to stare at my chest. I can tell she's about to ask something when I hear the narrator begin talking. And as before, Emma doesn't seem to hear a thing.

"As Amy arrived home, she knew things would be different with her sister since she was now the biggest girl of her flat family. The only one lucky enough to grow to a 32 C-cup in size. How will Emma deal with it?

> Emma is fine with it and even quite supportive! > Go to 205

> Emma is jealous, but in a passive way. She can only dream! > Go to 114

> Emma is jealous, but in an aggressive way! She can't stand her sister! > Go to 75"

Interesting. But Emma is already a pain in the ass, so I better not make her even more aggressive. Still, she's been so annoying lately, I feel she deserves some jealousy, so I'll make her look up and know she can't equal her big sister!

"114." I say aloud.

"What did you say?" Emma asks.

"Oh, nothing." I smile, "anyways, I'm back."

"I can see that." Emma says, rolling her eyes. "Is your stupid bra-emergency solved? I don't get why you had to suddenly go buy some more bras. You're not that big."

"Still bigger than you!" I wink at her.

"Hey! Shut up! I don't care about your boobs." mumbles Emma, her voice trailing off.

I know she cares, but it's time for you to learn and show some respect. You never had any for your big brother Amos, show some to your big sister Amy. Still, after parading around for a while, I realize Emma is barely watching anymore. And we have things to do, like eat dinner. I cook something quick, we eat, and since the narrator hasn't spoken again, I guess I have nothing more to do. Eventually, I return to my bedroom, and watch a movie on my laptop. But before I go to sleep...

I find a dildo under my pillow.

I'd be dumb not to give it a try. I turn on the buzzing toy and cautiously put it inside my womanhood. I moan as it feels really strange, but really good too! Being a girl is amazing! I move it, up and down, change position, and eventually, I feel it coming.

"Ooooooh.... OOOOooooh!" I moan as I have to bite my pillow.

I came. My first female orgasm. And yes, it was really, really nice. Girls definitely get the best of sex. I almost regret not doing it sooner. But that's it. I loved it. But now, I'm tired, and after these few first hours in this new body, I definitely need some sleep. It's been quite a day.

I wait a few seconds to check if the narrator is going to say something, but when nothing happens, I fall asleep soon after.

"Morning Emma."

Emma walks in the kitchen just when I'm done with the pancakes. She rubs her eyes, yawns, and sits heavily on a chair. She looks at me. Right at my tank top, the one I proudly putted on this morning, with my bra visible under the thin fabric.

"Eyes up here!" I wink at my sister.

"Shut up," she grumbles, "I was just thinking about how I'm a late bloomer. They say you can grow until 25. You're 25, I'm not there, yet."

"Except I grew these in high school!" I say without even thinking about it, as I now have clear memories of it. Funny how that works.

"Sure, but it doesn't mean I can't grow later. And I'm already as tall as you are, so expect me to tower over you one of these days!"

"Sure, dream on." I smile.

Yep, she's jealous. She can only dream of a late growth spurt, but it'll never come. I'm sure she knows it already. Anyway, it's quite late already, and I head off to work. I get into my car, and I'm quite excited. How will the girls react to Amy? I've been working with them for years, and yesterday when I left work, I was still a man. I wonder if it'll change things between us?

I hide how excited I am by calmly walking into our tiny office.

"Hi everyone!"

"Hi Amy!" Karen, Betty, and Dakota answer together.

Alright. I don't know what I expected, but it's so natural it's almost disappointing. Oh, well. I go right to my desk, turn on my computer and wonder. Is that it? Am I really going to work today? I'm anxiously waiting for the narrator to speak again; this is an adventure after-all. Surely, he has something fun planned for me, but after a prolonged silence I come to a sad conclusion.

Obviously, not.

I look at Betty, working at her own desk. As Amos, the two of us had been flirting a bit lately. She's good looking, and okay, I definitely wanted to grope her pair of tiny melons, which I guess are D-cups, hidden under her tight tops. She had been with someone for the past few years, so we were just friends, but she broke up a couple months ago, and we went from friendly to flirty. Of course, Karen and Dakota can't ignore it, but Karen is too cool to care as long as it doesn't cause problems, and Dakota just makes a few comments about it here and there.

As I look at Betty, something feels... off.

She's still attractive and all, but it's not making me horny. Is it because my breasts aren't that much smaller than hers? Or is it that I'm into men as Amy?

Shit. I immediately check Dakota, hoping to feel something. Some attraction. I've felt some for her in the past, mostly because she's cute, has a perfect peach shaped ass, and has been trying to sleep with me as Amos for quite a while. She didn't want a relationship, just some sex. That's pure Dakota, she still acts like a student. One-night stands, crazy parties, trips with people she barely knows. I could have banged her, but I knew it would have been for one night only. And that single night with her would have ruined my chances with Betty. And Dakota has no tits, so maybe that also helped me resist her charms. But now? I don't feel a single thing, even while looking at her ass. I just feel pride as my breasts are now much bigger than hers. Being Amy, a girl who has been flat for so long, definitely impacts the way I feel.

Still, this answers the million-dollar question: Girls don't feel so attractive anymore, but the thought of a dick, big and hard-

Shit. Well, that settles it. I'm fully female now! But deep inside myself, I still can't see myself having sex with a man. Okay deep breaths, deep breaths, sex isn't a problem right now. I'll deal with it later.

For now, I focus on my work. Actually, maybe it's not so bad to have a break and to act normally for a while. I still feel a bit weird here and there when I can feel my bra rubbing against my back when I move, or my arm caressing the sides of my breasts as I reach for my keyboard. Don't get me wrong, it's a pleasant feeling. A feeling of womanliness.

Work goes on, and whenever I feel bored, I think about my past.

Memories of Amy rise to the surface. Me in college at parties, me in high school talking about boys with other girls, my family and friends all treating me like the girl I am and calling me Amy. It's kind of entertaining.

Eventually, right before lunch, things get interesting. Karen informs us we have a new potential client.

"A local gym needs a new advertisement campaign." Karen tells us.

"Gym?" Dakota sighs, "Do we even need to go? They probably already contacted several agencies, and these muscle heads aren't gonna work with a fully-female company. I've always said we needed a man on the team."

I try not to laugh. Dakota, you had one on the team until just yesterday!

"I almost hired one," Karen explains. "Years ago, because I really wanted to lead the change in the industry and hire women only. But I couldn't find a one with the right profile, and I almost gave up and thought about hiring a man. Then, I luckily met Amy, who had the exact profile I was looking for."

I say nothing. I know Karen wanted to hire a woman and picked me, my male self, only because she had no one else. Looks like everyone in my life wanted me to be a girl! And now, here I am, rejoice!

"Meh. My philosophy is: Every boys' team needs a chick, every girls' team needs a dick."

"Dakota!" Betty exclaimed, giggling.

"Thank you for sharing this thought." Karen shakes her head, smiling, "But let's return to our immediate problem. Amy, you're our best seller, you'll go to this gym. And take Dakota with you."

"Hey, why me?" Dakota exclaims, "Send Betty, with her boobs, she'll distract them! I already did the last project with a gym!"

"And that's why you're going, you have experience." Karen said.

Karen didn't need to give orders, even if she was only a few years older than us. She just made sure her decisions were fair. She was used to Dakota complaining, and in the end, she always did the job.

"I still think Betty would have been pretty useful over there!" Dakota gestures in front of her flat chest, pretending there was a big, invisible pair here.

"Amy has enough to show." Betty winks at me, "Don't worry."

"Not enough for muscle heads!" Dakota insists.

"Not enough!" Boomed the narrator's voice. "Two words that hurt Amy. She knew she grew bigger than she should have been, but the comment still hurt her."

True, true. But I guess the narrator wasn't there just to talk about my feelings. I looked around as the girls were still talking, ignoring the booming voice.

"But already, Amy could feel it. The shiver. Reality was about to shift again. But how?

> Amy and Betty trade chests > Go to 402

> Amy adds Betty's chest size to her own > Go to 604

> Amy doesn't need help to grow > Go to 13"

I shiver for a second. No, Betty is cool. And I prefer her busty anyway. So that left only one option.

"13." I whisper.

Around me, the girls are talking so loudly they don't hear a thing. But I can feel it! The warm feeling in my chest.

"Amy could feel the amazing sensation of her latest bra suddenly starting to feel tighter, and tighter. Her freckled, creamy flesh was pushing on the lace, slowly overflowing the cups, pushing the fabric of her top forward, making it bulge and swell."

I try not to groan as this is exactly what's happening and it's so fucking good!

"Amy's breasts were simply doubling size."

DOUBLING?! The fuck?! No, wait, that's too hot! Grow, babies grow!

Everyone around me is talking and ignoring how I'm squirming in my seat, looking down at my sexy balloons inflating, more and more every second-

"Amy's breasts were growing bigger in her too tight bra, until it started changing too, along with her top. Within moments, the beautiful woman was sporting a pair of breasts as big as her friend Betty's, before she outgrew even her."

Shit, that's true, I'm outgrowing even busty Betty! It's like someone is filling my tits with a warm liquid, making them expand like balloons!

"All along, she could feel the sensitivity of her breasts increasing, nerves flowing with pleasure running along the expanding skin. Soon, Amy's breasts slowed down in their growth, before they stopped. Leaving Amy with breasts twice as big as the ones she had before this reality shift."

And of course, it happens.

As I look down, my top is filled to the max. My bra grew, but obviously, this tight top allows me

to show my proud boobs mashed together, giving me deep, dark cleavage, while drawing round, curvy lines on my chest. From my point of view, it's damn sexy. From someone else's, I must be frigging hot!

"See?" Dakota's voice suddenly interrupts me, "She's staring at them like she just got them!"

I look up and realize everyone is looking at me.

"Uh, sorry I was, uh..." I stutter.

"No problem." Betty laughs, "You just made Dakota's point."

"Yes, I was saying you had the pair to make these guys at the gym focus on you. You're not our best seller for nothing. Actually, you have two big reasons right there!"

I open my mouth to answer, but I clearly remember previous clients staring at my breasts while I was making them sign contracts. And before that, boys staring during parties. And even before, my friends asking me my size, and myself answering "32DD".

I doubled size. And now, I'm officially busty, AND the bustiest at the office! I feel, proud?

But most of all, I feel aroused. I just lived an erotic transformation, and my new chest, moving up and down with my every breath, is begging for some hands to caress it. I can feel my larger nipples growing hard in my bra, badly in need of some attention. I desperately needed to-

"Amy longed to masturbate after her latest growth, her new sexy endowments craving for her touch."

At this very moment, I'm glad only I can hear the narrator.

"Thankfully, she was going to be able to do so easily."

Happy to hear it!

"As:

> Karen gives Amy a day off > Go to 253

> Karen has a crush on Amy and would be more than happy to help her > Go to 491

> Karen is super positive on everything regarding sex and allows her employees to please themselves at work > Go to 161"

My place is too far, and I don't wanna have sex with Karen, so the answer is obvious, "161!"

Karen suddenly looks like she's not sure about what she was going to say, and her eyes lock on me. And on my chest to be precise. She smiles.

"Amy, honey, I don't want to sound rude but your high beams are on, so if you don't want to cut a hole in your bra, why don't you take a moment to relieve yourself?"

She points to the bathroom, and no one even blinks. Like it's perfectly normal for my boss to openly talk about my arousal. I thank her with a nod and quickly get into the bathroom. Formerly used both as a bathroom and as a storage room because of the space available, now it looks like a sex shop. My jaw almost falls to the floor as I see shelves of dildos, erotic magazines, and everything I need to touch myself happily. And above all this, there's a panel reading:

A satisfied worker is a happy worker

I grin, thinking about it. While most companies have some dumb "happiness officer" simply organizing stupid games in the silly hope of making the local employees happy, my boss is now officially promoting sexual happiness at work. Karen was cool, I just made her cooler.

But I'm here now, and I slowly take off my jacket. And stare at myself in the mirror with just my bra on.

I'm big.

I knew it, but it's something else to see it. I know I have memories about being this big, and it feels kind of familiar, but I know it's still new, and as I turn to check myself, my breasts are definitely looking bigger than what a slender girl like me should have. The two big, freckled masses of flesh are wobbling in their bra as I turn around, and strut forward enough for my chest to be attracting eyes easily as they bounce. I try to remain calm as I take off my bra but, wow, these babies are sexy! Teardrop shaped, firm, and my nipples have grown too, now as big as the tip of my little finger. And they're hard as a rock, so I can't help but touch them.

"Oooh..."

It feels good. Better than before! I pull on them slowly, I caress them, I cup my breasts, I start playing with myself, and soon, I have one of the available dildos in my pussy, buzzing as I grunt and moan until a delicious orgasm is my reward for this magical moment.

Oh boy, that was good! I'm quite relaxed now, and actually, I even feel ready for work. Maybe this is definitely a good tip to manage teams: Sexual relief works! As I walk out of the bathroom after dressing back up, no one even looks twice. Masturbating here is something common now.

I still look at my breasts quite often during the next couple hours. Do all big breasted women feel like me? Are they all this sensitive? They're a bit heavy, but my back seems to cope nicely. Will that last? Memories of being sometimes called "Amy Double D" in high school come back to my mind. Along with memories of being quite popular. Looks like busty Amy is a happy, satisfied girl!

Eventually, I take a quick lunch with the girls.

Believe me, eating with a big chest can be quite disturbing when you drop food in your cleavage by mistake and have to excuse yourself to the bathroom to shake it out. I'd better be more cautious when I eat now.

Finally, the time comes to go to the meeting with the gym staff. Dakota gets into my car with me, and we head there together. On our way there, I ask Dakota about how it feels to work in Karen's company, where sex is an open topic.

"It's super cool." Dakota tells me,. "People are so conservative about sex. That's why I like working with Karen. Being able to talk about sex and even get relief at work is really a big upside."

"I totally get that." I grin.

"But it also has cons." Dakota sighs, to my surprise.

"Uh? What kind?" I ask.

"Karen only allows this because we're an all-female team. She treats us like some kind of sorority, that's why she never hired men. And what I said earlier is still true, I believe every girls' team needs a dick."

My nipples harden a bit as she said "dick." But I don't let the arousal build up. I'm driving!

"Why do you say that?" I ask her.

"Adds some diversity to the mix, another point of view, and when you have to deal with morons like the ones we're about to meet, you can send a dude to talk to them."

I laugh.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing."

I'm not going to tell her "Normally, there's a dick on the team, but right now I'm a girl with these big breasts instead!"

We arrived at the gym Karen said had called us, and are greeted by three members of the staff. I'm a bit disappointed, and realize why; my female mind secretly hoped to meet big, buff men. And these guys are athletic and cute, but not super impressive either. But damn, each one of them got a good look at my boobs. I smile and pretend I didn't notice. But sure, boys, get a good look, so I can sell you whatever I want!

They bring us into a meeting room, and tell us what we expected to hear. They had met several marketing agencies already, and want to know why they should hire us instead of another one. I make a presentation, and the eyes are more on my breasts than on the screen, but that's okay. It'll help me convince them. Men can't resist a big pair, and I have them now! Sheesh, I can't believe I'm doing this, but I like it!

When I'm done, I sit back down at the meeting table, and Dakota takes my place at the screen to explain a couple specific details.

I can tell the guys are bored. I'm bored too. But I smile and let their eyes wander onto my chest. So much I, uh, is it hot in there?

"Amy could feel her arousal returning, as all the eyes were on her new chest."

Ah! It startled me! Okay, if the narrator is here, it means something should happen soon. I smile with more confidence. Things aren't going to be boring for long. I pretend I'm thinking hard about something, but I'm focused on the voice booming in the room only I can hear.

"She could feel it. The stares. The lust. The dirty thoughts of the men in the room. And all of it was only making her wetter."

I squirm as I can't help it. It IS hot, I can't do a thing about how I feel! I just love the power these big melons give me it's, intoxicating.

"As her desire increased, her need for a dick did too."

I can't help it, this body yearns for it!

"Thankfully, one dick in the room was proportionally as big as the time its owner spent staring at Amy's chest today. And this was the one Amy was going to enjoy later today.

Who's the lucky owner of this homage to Amy's curves?

> The person on Amy's left > Go to 411

> The person facing Amy > Go to 321

> The person on Amy's right > Go to 500"

Holy fucking shit! I'm about to have sex with a man? My body is super aroused, my mind damn confused, but if the narrator said it, I can't fight it! Okay, so basically, the more a guy enjoyed my curves, the bigger I'm going to make him. But then I'll have to have sex with him later today. The three guys all spent basically the same time staring, so I should decide which one is about to get lucky.

Behind me, Dakota is still speaking, but I'm not paying attention. I'm staring at the guys with such intensity they're staring back at me. I'm not sure any of them care about Dakota anymore.

I pull on the sides of my jacket as my nipples are growing so hard everyone can see tiny spots denting my shirt.

Okay, I need to focus. The guy on the left, what's his name? James? Joe? I'm not sure. Good thing the narrator didn't call them by their names, because I can't remember how they introduced themselves. Anyways, the guy on the left is cute, and athletic like the two others, but I don't like the way he smiles at me. Like he's quite sure I'll end up in his bed already. Too much confidence, and I'm in charge here so definitely not you!

The guy facing me is quite attractive, and my pussy agrees. Except, I can see a ring on his

finger. So, if I have sex with him, I'll probably be in deep trouble with his wife. This adventure is supposed to be fun so no, I don't want to end up beaten by some mad lady.

I check out Mr. right guy. He's not as cute as the one facing me, but he clearly stated he was single earlier during the meeting. A not-so-innocent remark, but unlike Left guy, he doesn't look like he's sure he's fucking me later today. He is attractive, and has nice muscles, and a sexy smile. Alright big guy, I've made up my mind. Time to give him a boost, so I hope he got a good look at my babies, because he's going to be rewarded for his appreciation!

"500." I whisper.

"500 what?" Dakota asks.

I almost fall from my chair! When did she fucking stop doing her presentation? I'd been so focused on picking a guy I didn't even notice Dakota coming back to sit down...

At my right.

Fuck. Don't tell me-

"Uh..." Dakota looks like she's suddenly feeling weird "Can someone open a window?" she asks.

I look down at Dakota's waist and I cover my mouth in shock as I see her trousers moving. Something is pulsing under the fabric. She's growing a dick! What did I do?! She wasn't supposed to, oh fuck, I can't stop it now! One of the guys has gotten up to open a window, while Dakota is all flushed and panting. I look down again, and I feel a mix of fear and arousal.

She's growing big.

Bigger.

And BIGGER.

I can't believe it as it looks like Dakota is hiding a snake in her trousers. She's already huge, and going right to porn star size, reaching it within seconds, only making me more aroused, and more confused. Wait, does it mean I'm going to fuck that later today? But she's growing MASSIVE!

She's still panting, and people in the room ask if she's alright, while her jeans are about to burst. She just beat porn star size, and is still growing bigger! What the hell?!

I realize something, if this change was going to make a guy grow big for having stared at my breasts for the past hour, what about someone who's been looking at my chest for the past 5 hours or so? Is she growing to be several times bigger than any of these guys?

The short answer is a resounding, "Yes,"

because she looks like she's already past the world record, and still growing. The second her monster cock should have destroyed her jeans, they suddenly turn into a skirt. And Dakota

starts smiling. Her breathing gets back under her control as the constriction around her dick vanished. She smirks at me, while under her skirt, a ginormous cock is expanding, bigger and bigger. I can see her legs being spread by the growing monster, until after a minute that felt like an eternity, she stops changing.

Wait, am I drooling?

I look up stupidly, and I can see all the eyes are back on me. No one has noticed what just happened. Even Dakota is sitting down with a smile so confident she makes me almost afraid.

"Thanks for the presentation," one of the guys at the table eventually says. "Your agency seems to be talented and even has some experience with gyms, but our clients are mostly men. And I'm not sure a fully female team has the right touch to reach them."

"Ah!" Dakota laughs with a slightly deeper voice. "Boys, can we be serious for a second? Let's get straight to the point. Men come to the gym to get muscles in hope of touching some boobs. See Boobs here?"

"Hey!" I exclaim, shocked by the nickname.

"She's what guys want. What you boys want. So, does she know what men want? Sure, because she is the very thing they desire. And if you still doubt our ability to know what it feels to be full of testosterone-..."

Amy stands up, lifts her skirt, and drops with a loud "SLAP" a 15 inch long enormous cock on the table. Everyone gasps in shock, while balls only slightly smaller than my breasts hang heavily between her legs.

"That's me, boys. And flaccid. I pump more testosterone than all of you put together," she says with pride. "So, if you really want an agency who knows how it feels to have a dick, you can sign with us right now. Or maybe call back one of the small-dicked morons you probably met earlier today."

She grabs her enormous penis with both hands and slides it off the table so it falls back under her skirt, and placing her fists on her hips, smiles with pride at the shocked guys.

"Do you have a pen?" asks one, still looking shocked.

Twenty minutes later, we're back to my car, with all the papers signed. And the very idea of this enormous dick on the passenger seat, hidden by a skirt, is keeping me wet. Really wet. I know all this is fucking weird, but I can't help it. I still try to talk to Dakota, who seems genuinely happy about all this. Maybe my mistake made her happy.

"Don't you think it was a risked move? They could have called the cops." I say.

"Nah, they never do." Dakota laughs with her deeper voice, "First, because I make them feel small, and their subconscious is screaming to them that I'm the boss. Second, they know it'd be bad publicity to arrest a girl they think is transexual. I don't have the time to explain to them I'm

a hermaphrodite. And why are you asking me? It's not the first time we've done this. You're the boobs, I'm the dick."

"Sure, you're a dick." I tell her.

She laughs.

"That may be, but I get shit done. Every girls' team needs a dick, you know?"

Her motto is sounding a little different now. Dakota then looks outside the car, thoughtful.

"When I was a kid, I was afraid of being shunned. But I realized having both a vagina and a dick is great. Especially when, because of your condition, your dick grows so big it makes any man shut up. Sure, men are afraid of sleeping with me in most cases, but I've fucked more bitches than I can remember."

Great. Dakota was an eternal student, now she's an eternal jock. But wait, she fucks girls?

"By the way Amy," Dakota grins, "are you waiting for a fire to start in your panties or what? Your nipples have been hard since the meeting started, and you're so wet I can almost hear your panties squishing."

"Shit, is that so obvious?" I say, unable to deny it.

"Want some help with that? From one colleague to another," she winks.

The narrator said I was going to fuck her anyway, so why try to escape it when I know I can't? Don't start with the paradox of maybe it's because I don't try to fight it that it happens. I don't care. I'm horny, there's a giant dick in the car, and technically, Dakota is a girl. Or kind of. Fuck it.

I park the car in front of a tiny hotel, and Dakota leads the way. She takes a room key, grabs my hand, and I bounce all the way there, already on the edge or coming just from the building arousal. The most exciting part of sex is often right when it's about to happen, especially with someone new. Or maybe I already slept with Dakota in this reality? I can't focus, and honestly, I don't care.

The second we're in the room, Dakota smiles.

"Okay, I'm done trying to keep control, here we grooow!"

She pushes me on the bed, and sitting there, I stare in awe as her skirt starts moving up, and up, pushed up by the biggest cock I've ever seen. It keeps growing bigger and bigger, until tiny Dakota is standing in front of me, with a hard, giant cock going from her crotch to the bottom of her chin. 30 inches of blood and flesh, larger than Dakota's arm, and enough to make a horse faint.

She grabs it with both hands, push it down with some difficulties, and smiles.

"Kiss it." sShe says.

My body is out of control. I want it. I don't care about anything else. I kiss it, lick it, and it's delicious. Salty, but delicious. For a brief moment, between Dakota's legs, I can see her pussy, hidden behind her massive balls, dripping with juices.

I made Dakota this way. I should at least enjoy it.

She gropes me as my clothing flies around the room. My big naked tits feeling incredible as her fingers sink in my generous flesh, and despite her giant dick being a pillar of flesh in the way between us, we manage to kiss and caress each other, until her cock is dripping with pre-cum. And our pussies are dripping too. I try to stick her dick between my large breasts, but of course, I'm way too small.

"Hope you're ready to get stretched!" Dakota warns me.

"Wait, can it even fit?" I ask, afraid of the monster I created.

"Why don't you try?"

She forces me down, spreads my legs, and pushes her monster in my pussy. And...

I stretch?! I can only take the tip of it, but I stretched! I'm already at my limit, but enough to have it still be pleasurable. Dakota can barely move her dick in me since it's so big there's no space left, but as we do our best together, I come incredibly quick. I was way too aroused. And I don't care if I came too fast, I'm a woman. It doesn't matter.

"My turn." Dakota says with a grin.

"Wait!" I exclaim as my relieved brain works a bit better. "Not in me! You don't have a condom on!"

"Ever seen a condom my size?" Dakota laughs, "Hope you're on birth control!"

She grunts and squirms as she was on the edge of coming too. I can almost feel her dick shaking in me, and enlarging just a bit more, ready to explode. No, no way, I can't let her come in me, I need to pull her out and-

The second I manage to do it, she came.

A rain of cum falls on me, splashing over my face, my naked chest, my navel, everywhere. Dakota grunts, while I make high-pitch screams, as she empties her enormous balls all over me. There's probably something close to a gallon of cum covering me, the bed, the floor,

I'm dripping with cum.

"You should see your face!" Dakota laughs.

"Stupid jock." I grumble.

"Why did you pull me out?" sShe laughs, "You did this, not me!"

"I need a shower." I say as I leave an Amy shaped dry spot on the bed on my way to the shower.

I'm still angry while under the shower. Not just because I've been covered in cum, but because I realize, I loved sex with Dakota. I loved it. It's not just my arousal speaking anymore. I loved it. Period.

I clean myself, grumble as it's hard to clean all the cum from my long dark hair, and eventually, we leave the hotel room with quite a mess inside. But at least, when we return to our office, I'm clean. All the makeup I put on this morning, secretly blessing Amy's memories for knowing how to do it at the time, has washed away, and Betty notices it with a smile. Dakota, on the other hand, just parades around with the signed contract.

"Good job." Karen said "Looks like you two have a reason to celebrate!"

"We did." Dakota laughs.

Jerk. But hot jerk, alright.

On my way home, I make an unexpected stop. I buy some birth control.

"I'm home." I say, slightly tired as I finally arrive at my place.

My sister Emma is on the couch watching TV. She looks up at me and barely reacts.

"What's up?" She asks without really meaning it.

Oh, I don't know. My breasts doubled in size, my boss is now totally okay with employees masturbating at work, one of my co-workers grew a giant dick because of me, and she fucked me in the most degrading way in a hotel room before we returned to work.

No, I can't tell her that. But can I complain either? I wanted an erotic adventure, and I'm having it.

I crash on the couch next to Emma. If only she knew what her big "brother" was doing right now.

"Sis?" She suddenly asks me.

"What?" I answer, a little surprised to see her trying to talk to me instead of telling me to leave her alone as usual.

"How is it to be, you know, big?" sShe pats her chest.

Right, I forgot I made her jealous of my C cups, and today my boobs doubled in size, so of course her envy grew along with them! Her interest for my breasts increased as I increased the gap between us. Am I supposed to comfort her? Nope. I didn't make her jealous not to enjoy it a

bit. And I'm not going to lie to her either.

"It feels good. I could tell you they're heavy, and they move a lot and talk about big girl problems, but honestly, I like them. The way they feel, the way they bounce, the stares on them constantly, everything I wear over them gets tight and--"

"Shut up!" Emma exclaims. "I get it, just stop!"

"Why are you angry?" I pout. "You were the one who asked."

"I was just being curious, and you can't help but brag! Like I actually care." sShe blushes a bit.

"Aren't you going to tell me about your famous late growth spurt that's supposed to happen anytime now?" I tease her a bit.

"It'll happen! And maybe I won't be as big as you are in the tits area, but I'll get taller for sure!"

Vain hopes born from envy. If she couldn't beat me in the chest department, she was hoping she could at least beat me in another.

"But you didn't want to be taller. Didn't you want to be bustier?"

"I'm done with you, shut up!"

She stomps to her bedroom, slams the door, and puts on some loud music. Sorry Emma, but if she hadn't been such a little bitch when I was Amos, maybe I'd have been nicer. And she can return to dad's house anytime.

I relax, tilt my head back, close my eyes and smile.

Memories of fights like this with Emma come to my mind. Her accusing me of "stealing all the tits mom had to give" before I was born, screaming whenever I would "accidentally" forget one of my bras in the bathroom, reminding her how she didn't need one, and sorts of other things that just reminded her how she was the flat, little sister of "Amy Double D." Her envy came from a long history of living in my shadow, and it just made me laugh.

It was much more fun than being Amos, the big brother who had to drive Emma around, and help her with whatever she wanted.

"I swear this growth spurt is coming, and you'll regret it!" I hear Emma's muffled voice screaming over her music.

"Sure, I will." I smile.

"But Emma was only half-right."

I look up at the ceiling, even if I know I can't see the narrator. What does he mean, half-right? She's going to get it but I won't regret it?

"A growth spurt was coming."

C'mon, don't break my fun, narrator! Don't make her grow!

"For Amy."

What? Wait?! Fuck, that's too good! I'm gonna grow even bigger and this time, with the growth spurt Emma wants so bad? This is wicked, but I'm in!

"Amy couldn't help but desire Emma's long awaited growth spurt. The very idea of getting what she desired, and keep it for herself was definitely something she wanted."

Guilty.

"Was it the sex with Dakota? Or the birth control pill she took on her way home? Whatever the exact reason, a dormant gene had been triggered in Amy today. Her current breast size wasn't definitive. It had just been a stage before her growth would resume. As Amy bound for way bigger things. An idea making her panties wet already."

And guilty again!

> Amy's growth will happen over the next weeks! > Go to 582

> Amy's growth will happen over the next months! > Go to 391

> Amy's growth will happen over the next years! > Go to 277

Wow, wait a minute, does this mean the next chapter of my adventure could potentially last years? I'm not sure I'm ready to be stuck like this for years. Even for months. I just wanted a quick adventure but, I guess I'll discover how is the daily life of a growing, busty girl.

Sorry Emma, you're gonna hate this but,

"582."

I felt weeks of growth should be enough to get a pretty good idea of what it was like to live a slow breast expansion story. I feel a slight tingle in my ample chest, and know that it's starting. Deep inside my breasts, cells are already working hard to make their owner bigger!

"Amy knew her growth was on. And had nothing to do but wait now."

Yes, that was my plan, thank you.

Damn, it's weird sometimes to know I'm just some book character. I relax, change the channel, and watch some stupid TV show until it's late. I eat dinner with Emma, we pretend everything is fine even if she's her usual grumpy self, and soon, I'm back to my bedroom. After what happened today, I know I should be satisfied but, I can't help grabbing a dildo and pleasing myself.

No matter whatever I try, my mind can't help but return to Dakota's enormous cock.

Should I really fight those feelings? I pleasure myself gently, and soon enough I fall asleep.

The next morning, I run to my mirror but I don't look any bigger. My beauties feel as nice as ever, but I can tell I'm up for a slow change. I dress up without feeling my clothes being any tighter, and I put on makeup with the expertise Amy has naturally. After preparing Emma's breakfast, I head to work!

Everyone is here already, and no one cares about Dakota only wearing skirts now. Sometimes she starts laughing stupidly as she grows hard for some random reason, and her monster cock reveals itself to the world. This is followed by locking herself in the bathroom, and loudly jacking off until she's ready to return to work. Karen barely notices, and only Betty talks to me at lunch about Dakota's cock while she's out.

"Did you do it with Dakota yesterday?" sShe asks me.

It's weird to tell this to the girl I was flirting with as a man but, I wasn't going to lie to her.

"I did." I admit.

"You know you should be cautious. Dakota is waaay too big to ride."

I know. She almost broke me in half the day before. But my mind always returns to it. I'm a big girl, and I have big needs. So later, when I try to masturbate at work to calm down, I lock myself in the bathroom and find a shelf full of jars filled with cum!

"Disgusting!" I exclaim as I get out of there.

"Dakota, I told you not to store your cum in there!" Karen tells her.

"What am I supposed to do?" Dakota shrugs, "I cum way, way too much for napkins. Even towels are too small, so I fill jars."

"And you're supposed to clean them afterwards!" Karen insists.

"I'll do it after work. I'm just trying to save water by doing it all at once, not each time."

Great. I prefer not to think too much about it, and I focus on work to busy my mind.

And nothing happens. No narrator describing what I'm doing, no choices to make, nothing.

I soon realize I need to just wait, and grow.

For the first few days, life seemed almost normal, if it wasn't for I didn't Dakota's huge dick distracting me at work, or the fact that I'm still getting used to being a busty, growing chick. But after those few days, I began to feel it as my bra starts feeling uncomfortable, tight.

Is this how it feels to grow at a slow rate?

Best way I could describe it is like when I gained weight. I couldn't really see it on a daily basis. But one day, I realized my clothes were uncomfortable, and at a certain angle in the mirror, I couldn't deny it anymore. Except in this instance, just my breasts are growing, until eventually one morning Emma can't help but notice my tank top looks fuller than usual.

"Sheesh, sis, are you wearing push-ups now?" sShe says with a disgusted face.

"I'm not." I answer innocently, "but it's true my bras have been feeling a little tight lately."

"What?! No way! You're already big!" Emma says with obvious jealousy.

"Looks like I'm having a late growth spurt." I smile.

"NO WAY!"

She runs to her bedroom and slams the door, and I can't help but enjoy this. The tables have turned, sister! Anyways, it's true these bras are feeling tight. Guess I'm due for some bra shopping.

Later that day, I end up at the same bra shop as before, and find myself topless in a stall with the clerk tightening a measuring tape around my generous bust.

"You said you wear a DD-cup? No wonder these feel tight, you're a good cup size bigger. I'll show you what we have in the store for your size."

I leave with two new bras, and less money in my bank account. I didn't know bras were this expensive, especially in the bigger sizes! My larger size isn't missed at work, and Dakota winks at me saying, "Growing bigger? Dang, girl, keep growing, I've never found someone big enough to tit fuck me so why not you?" Betty just shakes her head at Dakota's dirty comment, and Karen acts like talking about sex that way at work is just perfectly normal.

At home, Emma is pissed off, but keeps it quiet. She just stares at her big sister growing even bigger. I have to admit, I always loved the big girls openly saying they'd like to grow even bigger. And now, that's who I am!

Still, after hearing the narrator a lot since this all started, it's a bit weird to not hear it for days. I'm starting to get worried. Especially as I keep on growing, and a week and a half later, I can already feel my new bras getting tight over my very full chest. And these puppies are getting heavier too! Sure, it's fun to caress more and more boob flesh under the shower, and maybe I got sex with Dakota after work a couple times, but I'm full of hormones now. I've definitely learned my lesson though. I make her please me with her mouth, hands, and her dick, or at least as much as I can get in me, but I always finish her with a hand job. It's a little less messy.

As I return to the lingerie shop, the clerk is quite surprised to see me back already. Especially back AND bigger! "I can't believe you don't even have stretch marks!" she says as she measures my chest at an F-cup. I look down smiling at the pretty, ample, teardrop shaped, melon sized tits on my chest.

I doubt she'd believe me if I said I'm having a magical growth because I'm the main character of this story, so of course it wouldn't give me stretch marks!

I pay for more bras. And my bank account doesn't like it.

Still, more time passes, and no news from the narrator but silence. Is this how it is to grow slowly? You just wait and stress a bit, wondering just how big you're going to get? I guess that's an experience. I know how girls feel about it now. Or kind of.

But I'm worried. What if the narrator doesn't come back? Will I be stuck like this? I know I'm supposed to grow for weeks, but I'm worried anyway. Maybe this is because of my hormones going crazy with this late growth spurt. I don't know. I try to calm down. The narrator sometimes described everything I did, and sometimes wouldn't comment on anything between two changes. I guess he's the boss. The one who decides when he wants to appear or not. Does he have a will of his own? What if I try to escape the story, like by getting a reduction? Am I the one making the decisions, or is he? More and more questions pile up in my mind, but without answer, and I can only wait.

Emma almost cries the day I walk back home with G-cups two weeks later.

I've reached the stage where no clothes can hide my curves, I'm way too busty to hide them. These balloons are as big as my face, and obviously a lot more interesting because every single time I have a meeting at work with men, they barely know where my eyes are. Even Dakota starts calling me "Boobs" a lot more often. Am I supposed to blame her for that? She's almost literally a giant dick. Because of me, and she fucks me when I need it, so we both can't complain.

But the growth is still going. Just how big am I going to be?

The problem I'm facing now is not just my bras are getting tight. My tops all look like they belong to a much smaller girl, which is true. But I'm not rich enough to pay for bigger shirts, blouses, dresses and so on. I have to talk to Karen.

"Karen." I tell her one morning at work, "I have a little, uh, practical problem."

"Sure, what is it?" Karen smiles at me.

"You have noticed how lately I've been, um, growing."

I gesture at my heavy boulders. Because at my size, believe me, they are heavy! I have to pay for very expensive bras to make sure my back doesn't suffer from it.

"Yes?" she asks.

"And I need new clothes, and with my payroll..."

Karen stops smiling. She's super cool, and now, very open on the sex topic, but we're talking about money now. It's business, she has to act like my boss, not my friend.

And suddenly I hear it.

"Amy was worried Karen would decline her request. If Karen were to support her, Amy would be able to pay for all the clothes and bras she might need. But if Karen were to reject her demand, Amy would have to grow, bigger and bigger, in clothes feeling always smaller until she'd overflow them!"

I sigh with relief! Welcome back, narrator, you worried me! Looks like you're showing up because this is a crossroad.

"> Karen agrees to Amy's demand > Go to 608

> Karen declines Amy's demand > Go to 99

> Karen is now jealous of Amy > Go to 177"

I adjust my large bra while I think about it. The idea of growing too big for my clothes is kind of hot, but living with it every day is a very different thing. So, I definitely need bigger clothes. I can keep the small ones for some kinky fun for later. And making Karen jealous? Not interested. I already made Emma jealous, and only because she deserved it. So that leaves one option.

"608." I whisper, pretending to cough.

Karen smiles again.

"You were already quite womanly, but looks like you're getting another dose of it. I can't let my employees look bad. Especially not my best girl at closing deals. I'll pay for your clothes. I mean, benefits should be used for the happiness of the team, shouldn't they?"

"Thanks a lot!" I warmly tell her.

I wonder how much cooler I can make Karen?

But later that day, she asks Dakota and Betty to pay attention.

"As you know, Amy here is having a late growth spurt. She'll need our support. I'm asking you to help her during this stage of her life the best you can. Thank you."

Karen is now the first and best supporter of my growth! It's good to know she has my back. My back needs all the help it can get lately!

That day, as I leave work, Dakota stops me on the parking lot.

"You know, if you need support and a good massage, um, you can come to my place." sShe offers.

"Weren't you seeing someone tonight?" I ask her since she talked about it the previous day.

"Nope. Tinder girl, she freaked out when she saw what I had under my skirt. Her loss. Not

everyone has your good taste!"

"Okay, I could use a massage." I wink.

Two hours later, we're fucking like rabbits. Do I still regret changing Dakota by mistake? Not anymore, and to be honest, she never looked so happy. She used to be invisible, and well, now a part of her is very visible.

Still, I'm not done growing.

I'm living the whole growth experience, and even got my first period. My body was used to it, and I had all I needed to take care of it, but I got moody for a few days. Although that's not the funniest part of my life-as-a-girl experience!

Eventually, I return to the lingerie shop and the clerk looks at me in shock.

"Yep, me again!" I chuckle.

Seven weeks after the growth started, I'm officially needing H cups. My breasts doubled size again in just seven weeks. If I thought I was big before, I'm huge now. Instead of tiny melons, I have watermelons packed in my always more expensive bras. And good thing I bought bigger clothes, because now I can't even close my former blouses.

Back home, Emma calls me "Cow" but again, she's more passive-aggressive than openly trying to mess with me. She can't believe her already too big sister got even bigger. Sucks to be you, Emma!

And okay, these watermelons are really sensitive. My nipples doubled size too, and under the shower I can now bring myself to two orgasms in a row before I'm done. Soaping these big beauties is quite an experience, and it's hard to do so without starting some me-time.

I'm huge. I'm hot. And I like it.

"Thought Amy in the shower, her hands overflowed by the vastness of her own chest."

There you are!

"In just a few weeks, her breasts had doubled in size. Her growth spurt was over, leaving her with quite a heavy, sexy chest. The freckles on them had now a much wider surface to show themselves to the world, as Amy had bought clothes allowing her to display her mighty cleavage with pride."

So, I'm done growing. Why do I feel slightly disappointed? I'm huge! He just said it!

"Hey? Then what? Narrator? Hello?"

But no one answers me. That was all? He was just there to tell me I was done growing? Meh, I expected something a little better. Maybe a grand finale, or something. But at least, I won't have to worry about bras for a while now. I'm the owner of a big pair of freckled watermelons,

and they should stay that way for a little while.

I stare at myself in the mirror.

As Amos, I would have jacked off staring at this girl with pleasure. Now, I'm doing it from inside the girl's body. And can experience the full life of a huge breasted girl, as the following days with my growth over I have nothing better to do but enjoy it.

How does it feel? Empowering.

Men treat me like a puppy dog, which is funny considering the massive puppies I have stuffed into my shirt. They want to be really, really nice to me, and so I let them. At work, every meeting I go to, I make men sign anything easily. I just have to bow enough for my boulders to heavily hang in my bra, fully revealed by my low-cut tops. Even Johanson & Johanson, a company I never managed to get to contract us before, hired us at the price I told them, no haggling required. Even Dakota is under my spell. I just have to grope my huge tits and start talking about how big I've grown, and she gets so hard. I think she's starting to get afraid, because I'm the one controlling her giant dick now not the other way around.

This is power. Pure power.

And pleasure. Pure pleasure.

Don't get me wrong, I don't lose control just by bouncing around. But caressing these beauties is now enough to make me climax without even a hand in my panties. And I do it every night. And every morning in my shower.

I'm Amy, I'm big, and I love every second of it.

I'm so used to it; I even call friends from Amy's life to spend some time with them. All of them are shocked to see just how big I've grown, and how "Amy Double D" is more "Amy Double G" now.

"That's unfair, you were already so big!"

"Couldn't you share with us smaller ones!"

"Are they heavy? Are they painful?"

I hear this a dozen times each time I spend time with someone new. And each time, I enjoy it. I tell them how my back is fine, and how my breasts the exact opposite of painful. Some of them don't even want to believe it and suggest I got some surgery. Nope, 100% all-natural me!

Do I think about sleeping with guys? Yes. Am I ashamed of it? No. Have I done it? No. Because when you've started to get used to fucking a giant cock a couple times a week, fucking one five times smaller doesn't seem so fun anymore. I guess I'm a total size queen now.

After a few days like this, I'm having a drink after work with Betty. The girl I used to flirt with is

now just a friend. And not even as busty as I am. She definitely looks a lot less interesting sexually to me, but we're still enjoying a cocktail when Betty surprises me asking,

"Do you sometimes feel like you might just be a character in a book?" she sighs.

"Uh?!" I'm shocked. Does she know? "What do you mean?"

"You know, like life. Like some people are crazy the ones, while some others are stuck in a stupid routine. Do you feel like that sometimes?"

I've been so busy fucking Dakota and changing Karen these past few weeks I didn't even notice Betty had started to get depressed by something.

"I get how you feel, but believe me, I'm the main character of my own story." I smile with confidence, "And most likely you are too." I add except this time, I'm a little less sure.

"Of course you are." Betty says, "you're amazing. And you've got this late growth spurt making men lust for you. Dakota is unique and enjoys it, Karen has her own business and uses it to defend her views on management and sex- "

I move forward, and my huge breasts almost knock my cocktail over. It's not easy to try and not hit everything with these balloons attached to me. Still, I pat Betty's shoulder.

"I might have a book for you. One where you'd feel like you were the main character."

"Are you sure a book might help?" Betty asks.

"With this one I'm positive."

While I don't have it yet, mostly because I'm in the book right now, or the book became the narrator of my life. Either way, I don't know how it works, but when all this will be over, and I'll be Amos again, and I'm quite sure Betty could enjoy a funny ride like the one I'm having.

"As indeed, the end of the story was near."

"What? No way!" I exclaim.

"Uh? Are you talking to me?" Betty blinks.

"No, sorry, I just thought I heard something." I lie.

But is it true, am I already close to the end? Now that I think about it, I've been Amy for weeks now. I've grown used to it. And grown in other ways too. It might have been months, or even years if I had picked a different slower growth!

After weeks, it doesn't sound too weird to reach the end of the story. But I still feel sad about it! Just like when you read a story you love and don't want to leave the characters! I feel like I could have done so much more.

I'm almost angry at the book. This was called Grow Big or Grow Home and honestly, I know I'm huge, but I can be bigger. There are teenagers bigger than I am out there. Not many, sure, but they're out there. And to be honest, from my perspective, they don't look that massive. I'm not like "Wow!" each time I look down.

"But Amy's desire to grow was still strong."

If you know it, can't you do something about it? Hello, I love being big, so do something! If this adventure is about to end soon, go wild!

"Growing bigger and bigger had taught her to enjoy it. Gone was Amy, the flat girl living a boring daily life. Now, she was attracting eyes, causing lust and envy everywhere she went. And her taste for these feelings just grew with her bust size."

Stop describing what I know and do something!

"But thankfully for her, reality was about to shift around her, again."

Yes! YES! Come on, give me choices, I wanna go to the next chapter!

"But how?

> Amy's past is altered > Go to 13

> Amy's growth resume for two more weeks > Go to 112

> Amy's steal the waitress's breast size and adds it to her own > Go to 313"

I check the waitress. She's barely a C cup. Added to mine, considering my current size, I'm not sure I'd look that much bigger. The growth resuming for two more weeks? Tempting. It could make this adventure last longer, but considering how fast I've been growing these past weeks, two more weeks would only add one cup size.

And the past alteration is–

Wait. I know this. I've done enough "You're the hero" books in the past to know you should always try to remember the number of some chapters. Like "Nope, chapter 7 is the one where I die, if I take this one, this is over." Except I remember chapter 13.

And it's the one where I doubled size.

Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit. I could be so fucking big! This would be the grand finale I've been waiting for! I look at myself, picturing how big they would look at TWICE this size! I'm too aroused, way too aroused. I had to do it.

"13!" I exclaim.

I feel a pleasant tingle in my ample, sensitive breasts. Betty looks at me, confused, as she doesn't understand why I just said that. Should I go to the bathroom to grow or–

"Amy could feel the amazing sensation of her latest bra suddenly starting to feel tighter, and tighter. Her freckled, creamy flesh was pushing on the lace, slowly overflowing the cups, pushing the fabric of her top forward, stretching it further and further away."

That's it! I'm growing! I look down with joy at my puppies expanding even bigger, making my poor top struggle to contain my increasing vastness!

"Amy's breasts were simply doubling size."

Fuck yes! You already told me that once narrator, but it's never growing old!

But I am growing HUGE!

I moan and groan, and reality isn't catching up fast enough because everyone around is looking at me. Even if they don't seem to notice my huge tits are growing into giant ones. It feels like I'm filling up with the sweetest, warmest thing ever, while my nerves increase in size and number it's like my tits are swelling with more pleasure every second. Even a dozen hands caressing me wouldn't feel this good.

"Amy's breasts were growing bigger in her too tight bra, until it started expanding with her, like her top. All along, she could feel the sensitivity of her breasts increasing, nerves made to flow with pleasure running along the expanding skin."

Shut up, I'm focused on my growth! My enormous, growing tits knock over my cocktail now that they're bigger than my head, and go on expanding. They sink lower and lower as they get bigger and heavier, until I feel the cold surface of the table under my giant, growing tits. My top is about to burst and—

My top suddenly grows. My bra moves magically to perfectly fit my new chest. Everyone around Betty and I stop staring at me moaning, and people go back to chatting like nothing happened.

"Soon, Amy's breasts slowed down in their growth, before they stopped. Leaving Amy with breasts twice as big as the ones she had before this reality shift."

I'm panting, as I just came on my chair. And look down.

I'm massive. This time, I can't deny it. I have freckled monsters probably twice as big as my head contained in what looks like a custom top and bra. Everything I wear is probably custom made now. People around us still check me here and there. And why not? Before, I was the huge girl having a cocktail with a friend. Enough to attract a few stares.

Now, I'm a fucking phenomenon. Something people probably won't see twice in their lives. A quarter of my weight is probably my giant tits looking totally out of place on my thin frame. And the two huge masses of flesh are now big enough to rest on the table. And I've probably got enough side-boob to be huge even from behind.

I feel stupidly proud of both my size and for remembering what chapter 13 was. Nice game book knowledge!

"I mean," Betty resumes talking like nothing happened and I didn't just get an orgasm in front of all the people around us while growing gigantic. "Dakota and you are unique. That's kind of why Karen hired you, she wanted to help you. I don't get why she hired someone like me. I feel like I'm no one."

"You're not." I say, "and believe me, the book I'll give you will help you a lot. It helped me."

Maybe she could grow giant tits too? I could picture the two of us occupying the whole tiny bar table with our massive udders. But is she even into this? Maybe she's not. But since she stares at my giant cleavage, and had probably been doing so for the last couple years at work, she's probably at least curious to try it out.

We finish our drinks, and when we get up to leave.

I stand up from the table, but my breasts leave it noticeably later. I'm so enormous I need to fully stand up to not have them rest on it. People stare at my crazy figure as I do, and I bless the fact my back seems to perfectly deal with this massive weight. Probably a mix of special custom bras and a past where I spent years supporting these.

On my way home in my car, my enormous tits rub against the wheel, but I'm too focused on my new memories to care. My past is very, very different.

Young Amy always expected to be flat, like all the girls in her family. And could only hear girls talking around her about how big they expected or would like to be later in life. But to everyone's shock, Amy had been the first to sprout breasts. And from there, continued to grow at an amazing speed.

Such an unexpected surprise made Amy love it.

As a freshman, she already needed a DD-cup. And from there, only went bigger and bigger. Until she wasn't just busty, or simply huge. She became a walking pair of tits. Everywhere she went, with such a giant pair attached to her, people only remembered her as "the one with the gigantic rack." Only girls seemed to care about her personality. To boys, she was just the ultimate pair of tits. Even some teachers had trouble maintaining eye contact. Of course, Amy got active quite young and got a lot, a lot of fun times out of highshcoolhigh-school.

Of course, this gave her sister Emma false hopes about not being flat.

But these were crushed when Amy's growth was explained by doctors as caused by a very rare condition Emma didn't have. Meaning she'd never grow as big as her big sister. While Amy could potentially have more growth spurts later. And it was what happened these past weeks, making Amy's already gigantic OO-cups become even crazier QQQ-cups.

In college, Amy had lots of fun for sure, but before she graduated, people expected two things: either she'd get a reduction, or she'd do porn. Karen changed all that when she hired her, saying she was all body-positive. And introduced her to Dakota and her huge dick to prove her point.

"That's fucking crazy!" I laugh.

I'm stopped at a traffic light and notice guys in the next car stupidly staring at me. If my huge boobs gave me power over men, my enormous ones make their brains stop. Yes, I definitely love it! This adventure is going better and better as I'm getting closer to the end.

I arrive home, and despite the crazy bounces of my giant chest with my every step, like I have giant balloons of jello in my bra, I'm almost flying.

What I didn't expect was to find a way taller Emma in there, looking down at me.

"What?!" I say as I look up.

"Hello, sister." sShe smirks, "you look quite happy, another dude got his hands on your overgrown pumpkins?"

I look down and I get an explanation, platform shoes.

She has probably 5 or 6 inches of height there. But why? My new memories kick in, and I get the explanation in an instant. When Emma realized she'd never be able to outgrow me in the chest department, she at least hoped she'd grow taller than I was. And since it never happened, or at least, since she's still praying for a growth spurt, any kind of growth spurt, she's constantly wearing shoes making her look taller.

"Show some respect!" I warn her, "or I'm gonna take you down!"

"And how do you--"

Bump.

I push my huge chest against her, and she loses her balance and falls on her ass. Too bad for you, sister, your stupid shoes aren't going to bother me at all!

"Moron," she grumbles as she stands up again with some difficulty because of her shoes.

I expected her to insult me loudly, but I forgot I made her envious in a passive way. She's not going to be that aggressive with me. Good.

"You know, if you're not happy with me around, it's my place and you can leave anytime." I remind her.

"Like I can!" sShe shouts, "you know dad sent me here to help you. If I could, I'd be far, far away from you! The big sister is supposed to care for the little one, not the opposite!"

"Sucks to be you!" I triumphantly laugh.

I'm not being nice or humble, but she's just getting a taste of her own medicine here. Now, to the bathroom, because I have giant whoppers to see in their full glory! I lock myself in, pull off my top with some difficulty. I'm so big it tends to be stuck where my massive tits pinch the

fabric against my torso. When I'm done, I realize not only do I have tan marks, but my tummy is now paler, constantly in the shadow of my tremendous bosom.

But here I am in just panties and a bra. A gigantic bra, with more straps and wires than I can believe. The band is wide enough to look like it could cover normal sized breasts on another girl, but on me, it's just the base for the complex structure supporting my humongous tits.

Muscle memory kicks in, and I unclasp and unzip what has to be undone, and with a "Thump!" my bra falls to the floor.

And my breasts swing low, stopping just above my navel.

Wow.

It looks like someone overinflated basketballs to the max, then stuck them to my chest, and turned them into tits. They're tanned at the top where I display them in sexy cleavage inducing shirts, and pale at the bottom. And still covered with more freckles than ever. My nipples have grown so large they're bigger than my thumbs, with areolas as big as the palm of my hand. And I can only see them in the mirror. Because I'm so fucking big I can't see my own nipples anymore while standing straight. I can't believe it. Even the girls with huge tits I used to jack-off to would look small next to me. And Betty? Busty Betty? She's almost flat. Her bras would barely cover my nipples now.

I laugh with pride, amused by the situation.

And I look at the shower with a grin. These beauties need to be soaped! I get in, turn on the hot water, and as my tits get wet, I do to for other reasons. The hot rain on them is like a stimulation of every single inch of my sensitive skin at once. I close my eyes and moan, even enjoying the increase of weight of my breasts as they get wet. Damn they feel so full, they're not big bags of mush. They're squishy, and firm despite their size, and

within moments I'm already pleasuring myself loudly.

"Proud of her new curves, Amy decided to celebrate with her favorite toy: the Peacemaker."

Mmmm what? I don't care I'm busy-

My hand finds something in the middle of the shampoo bottles while I was messing around. A dildo, and not just any dildo, a huge one. This has to be 12" long, and quite thick, big, and white with "Peacemaker" written on it. And I smile as I feel it, my body knowing how much it likes it.

In this reality, I'm so big and sensitive I don't even hide my sex toys anymore. And it's my home anyway!

I remember using it to help myself get used to large dicks like Dakota's. I don't care anyway, for now, my desire is overwhelming my senses, and I scream with pleasure as I come one, two, three times in the shower until the only thing stopping me is the water getting cold.

I step out of the shower, and my thoughts are a little clearer.

Considering my size and my lack of humility about my sexiness and sexuality, I wonder why I'm not a porn star already. But the answer is obvious, I'm Amy. I'm free and proud of it. Porn is a sick industry, and I don't want to sell myself to them. I just love being an oversexualized girl in a normal workplace. It just makes me stand out even more. I just enjoy the stupid faces of people when I walk into a meeting room and I know no one expects a girl like me. Some would say I'm too big. But I know I'm just amazing.

My towel is barely big enough to fully cover me as I leave the bathroom and go right to my bedroom. I smirk as I pass all the family pictures; here's young Amy, looking like she's stuffing melons under her shirt, then soccer balls, then basketballs as she looks older and older in the pictures. Amy also appeared to be showing more and more cleavage as time went on and she gained confidence.

On my computer, messages from my dad are all about supporting his daughter despite her "condition," and hoping Emma is helping me with all the things I need. He also tells me to remind her to stop wearing those stupid platform shoes. I chuckle.

In my closets, are gigantic bras so complex they look frightening. A lot of custom-made clothes hang beside them as well. Some XXXL dresses made for fat girls seem to be here too, except where they put their bellies, I put my gigantic tits.

Of course, there are other consequences. When I use my computer, my tits try to type before I do, so I have to sit sideways. Even if my back deals with such a crazy weight pretty well, it still feels nice to rest them on tables or in my lap when I sit down. And running is a thing from the past now. Just walking quickly is enough to make my monsters ready to burst out of everything I wear. I have a pretty good memory of the last time I ran as Amy and my titanic rack hit my face with a "WOOMPF" immediately stopping me. But I know the very sight of my super-top-heavy self, walking with hands on her tits to limit the bouncing, is already something I've experienced. I know because I have a video of it on my phone, sent by a friend, that I just finished watching.

"Dinner's ready!" Emma's voice calls me.

Wait, she cooked for me? Oh right, I can cook, but it's quite difficult to see the pans with my zeppelins in the way. Emma has been cleaning, cooking, and doing most of the chores since dad sent her. Nice! The little spoiled brat is now a nice little maid. With platform shoes and size issues, but still, she's making my life easier now, not harder.

I love it.

I spend my whole evening reading, watching movies, and leaving all the chores to Emma. And of course, I end all this with another round of using the "Peacemaker," hardly believing how much tit flesh I have on my chest to play with.

The next day as I park my car in front of the office, I can feel the stares on me. I'm a show that is hard to miss, and people never really ever get used to it, even the ones who've been working

around here for years and see me every morning or so. To them all, I'm "the girl with the gigantic tits," and that's enough for everyone to know who they're talking about.

At work, I discover with a giggle how I have a special desk now, with space for my chest to rest in the middle, and a split keyboard so I can see it on each side of my tits.

My clothes? Karen pays for every single one of them. And that's a good thing because it's quite a budget, but now, I'm the company's special weapon. Drop me in a room full of men and they'll sign whatever I want.

At some point, I noticed Dakota staring at me. I wink at her, then lick one of my fingers sexily and plunge it in my cleavage. Immediately, Dakota looks nervous and I heard "THUMP" as her giant dick hits the bottom of her own desk.

This is so much fun!

But if this adventure ends soon, I'm not just going to just tease Dakota. I want some real action. And after work, we go to her place. My memories tell me that Dakota and I have been in a kind of open relationship for quite a while now. Before, we were coworkers with benefit. Now, we fuck so often it's hard to pretend there's not something between us. But we're still seeing other people. We're both too amazing not to have fun.

As I unpack my giant rack, I grin.

"Someone is up for a tit fuck." I announce.

"You're the only girl big enough to do it properly!" Dakota grins.

I'm into cocks and I totally accept it now. And when I see Dakota's monster stuck between my mountains of flesh, it just reminds me how big I am. I can pleasure her easily, and even orgasm from the stimulation until I make her come all over me. I don't care, because the two of us have a shower together right after, kissing and caressing each other until we're clean and happy.

"It's even better since your latest growth spurt." Dakota kisses me, "You were gigantic, but a few more cup sizes are always welcome!"

"I know, right?" I kiss her back.

"Think you're going to grow more?"

Honestly? I know the adventure is almost over, so I don't think so.

"Nope." I say, "Not anytime soon, sorry greedy girl!"

"But Amy was wrong."

Wow, really?!

"Reality was about to shift again for the incredibly top-heavy girl. But in a different way."

Okay, what is it this time? I got it all already: slow growth, instant growth with reality shift, attribute theft stuff so what's left?

"Amy's past changed again, as this time, her breasts inherited a special property. They grow temporarily whenever she...

> Drinks alcohol > Go to 98

> Feels smaller than someone > Go to 400

> Swallows cum > Go to 568"

What?! Temporary growth ability with limited control over it? I'm in! So, alcohol? No, I would be unable to drink any without expanding which could get messy. Whenever I feel smaller than someone? I don't really feel smaller than anyone. It'd be a waste since this would probably almost never get triggered. So why not the cum thing? It's not something I can swallow accidentally!

"568." I say with a kinky smile.

"Immediately, Amy's mind was assaulted by new memories. How she discovered this strange power the first time she gave a blowjob, gaining a full cup size from it. How she discovered she loved cum. It tasted delicious to her, better than anything. Even pre-cum did the job. This was perfect for her as she'd swallow the delicious nectar, and would grow from it. Boys loved it. She loved it. And she would slowly shrink back to normal in a couple of hours."

I groan, as I suddenly realize I've never tasted something better than warm, salty cum. I just love to swallow it so much, but I know I'd better be naked when I do! I know it's linked to my condition somehow, but not entirely explained-

"She remembered how most men could make her grow three good cup sizes when they came. And Dakota, well Dakota could really make her grow."

I remember one of my first dates with Dakota. We were in her car in a deserted spot when I started blowing her. Or more exactly, kissing her giant dick because I can't take such a monster in my mouth. I didn't tell her about my secret. And she didn't tell me that she came in quantities vastly superior to regular people. So hungrily, when she came, I swallowed.

And I swallowed so much it was insane, but it was so good I couldn't stop.

"Dakota, uh, you'd better move!" I panted when I was done swallowing what could have filled several water bottles.

"Why, you glutton? You're gonna spit?" sShe mocked.

"No because cum has a special effect on meeeee!"

And immediately I began to inflate. This memory was quite vivid. I could feel myself bursting out

of my clothes, my giant tits rubbing against everything in the car, expanding bigger and bigger so fast I was stuck under them.

Dakota swore a lot as she escaped the car, seeing it filling with more and more flesh, until most of the windshield was blocked by my enormous tits mashed against it. And under them, I was moaning with pleasure.

That was the biggest I ever went. Dakota had to wait hours before I was small enough to allow her to sit in the driver seat. And she had a few things to repair in her car after my tits crushed stuff.

Since then, we're very careful about the quantities I swallow when I'm fucking her. But when I blow a regular man, the very sight of my ginormous tits inflating in my bra is enough to make them recover much, much quicker than normal.

"But now, even if to everyone she's always had it, Amy badly wanted to try her new ability."

Damn right!

I thank Dakota for the fun time together, and now, I know I'm in control of our relationship. She might have a giant dick, but no woman can please her like I do. But right now, I badly wanted to try this new ability. I don't care about fucking men now. I totally accept who I am.

On my way home, I stop at a bar and sit at the counter, letting my massive endowments rest on it. I don't even have to wait for more than thirty seconds to have the first guy offering me a drink. I decline. The second one too. The third one is cute, thought. He'll be lucky tonight.

We talk. I barely care about what he says. I think he doesn't care about what I say either. Good, because this allows us to skip the boring parts quicker, and I'm soon at his place.

"I'm gonna blow you, and you're gonna watch my tits closely, okay?" I say.

"Fuck yes!" He's too happy to decline such an offer.

"Alright then, time to get to work!"

Don't ask me how, but blowing him feels more than natural now. It's like I badly need it. I'm drooling just at the idea of swallowing what he has in store for me. With my massive tits hanging down in their bra, he stares so much he comes a lot faster than he'd like to. But I like it. I feel the delicious nectar in my mouth and swallow it all. To the last drop.

Amos, the man I used to be, is definitely far, far away from my mind right now.

"Oh my god, what are you- are you growing?!" the cute guy exclaims.

"Mmmm yes..." I moan, feeling the delicious sensations of my breasts expanding until even my giant bra is tight.

I overflow it. The straps are tensed to the max, I can hear the fabric creaking, but it holds me.

It's a sturdy bra. But now, I'm obviously too big for it. And I love it. The man stares with stupid eyes.

"Thank you." I smile and I get ready to leave, "That was fun."

"Wait, um, don't you want my number?" hHe asks.

"No." I giggle, "I just got what I was here for!"

I drive home soon after, and the second I walk in-

"Someone couldn't help herself and had to blow another random guy!" Emma's voice says.

She's there, still with her platform shoes, maybe even higher ones, looking at me with disgust. With my tits spilling out of my giant top, it looks like she's used to my variations in size. And knows what it means.

"I just got lucky, sister." I smile, "Maybe you should try it sometimes!"

"I've blown enough guys to know I don't have the same condition you have!" sShe answers quite frankly.

Obviously she's tried. She's envious of me, so she probably would have killed for the same ability.

An unexpected one, but this book is definitely making me live various scenarios. In the following hours, I shrink back until I'm back to my still enormous, natural size. And I smile as I remember something, this weekend is one of our cousin's bachelorette party. A girls' only party with male strippers. And I'm quite sure I can convince two of them at once to have fun with me, so one can make me grow while the other is still hard and ready to celebrate my expansion. The idea makes me wet.

My "Peacemaker" helps me with it.

Meanwhile, Emma is working hard to clean my place. I can hear her complaining out loud. She probably thinks I'm asleep after pleasuring myself.

"I can't believe I have to work for my big sister. She's blowing her balloons up, and I get all the work! She's so spoiled! Maybe I should find a job. I don't want to work for someone else, I want other people to work for me!"

Sure, Emma find a job? Unlikely. And me, spoiled? The irony.

But maybe I am a little spoiled.

I spend another day at work, and again, have sex with Dakota. Enjoying how I'm able to take more of her giant dick inside me now. I'm more used to her size in this new reality. And I want to enjoy it all before the story ends.

The weekend comes, and I'm in my prettiest dress, one with many buttons doing their best to keep my massive rack covered, and I finish putting on my makeup. Emma is late, as usual when we have to go somewhere, and she's not even finished with preparing breakfast.

"We're going to be late!" I warn her, "so super high heels, platform or not, you'd better run!"

"Shut up!" Emma answers from the kitchen, "I'm almost done with breakfast. Let's eat it and leave, okay?"

"Okay, coming!"

I walk out of the bathroom, hungry, but thinking I should keep some free space for what I want the strippers to give me later today. I chuckle at this dirty thought, and before I even reach the kitchen, Emma brings me a plate full of pancakes.

"Eat this and let's leave!" sShe says as she goes find her shoes.

"Okay." I eat one pancake and it tastes amazing. "Wow, Emma, these are delicious! They've got to be the best pancakes you've ever made!"

"Are they?" sShe smiles.

"Oh my God, yes!" I eat a second one, "Delicious."

"Glad you like them. The special ingredient is love!" sShe grins.

"Yeah, right, but I'm going to eat them all, they're too good!"

I eat another one, and another until Emma is ready to leave.

"I'll finish this one and then let's go make the strippers wish I was the one to strip!" I joke.

"Yeah, I knew you planned something like this, but for once, I don't want all the eyes on you." Emma looks at me with a weird smile.

"Sorry, but you know how men are when I'm around!" I proudly pat my tits.

"That's why it's better if you're not with us today. I don't want you to steal the show."

"What do you m--"

My stomach gurgles. Is it because I just scarfed all these pancakes? And wait why are my breasts gurgling too?

"Emma, what did you put in these pancakes?" I ask, a little afraid.

"You know our neighbor, Dave? I've been buying cum from him for weeks now. In exchange for stolen pictures of you. Guess what I cooked these pancakes with? Do you understand why I didn't want to share breakfast with you this morning?"

"You've filled these with cum?!" I panic.

"The secret ingredient is love!" Emma laughs.

My dress starts to feel tighter and tighter around my bust. No! I'm growing! And I ate so many of these, how much cum was it?

"Have fun!" Emma laughs more.

"Noooo! My dress!"

"PING!" A button flies across the room as my breasts are getting bigger and bigger by the second. "PING!" Another one and the free space it gives is immediately filled by more of my bouncy flesh. Freckled skin erupts from every open space at the top of my dress, and I'm growing bigger. Faster than I can ever remember.

"Emmmaaaa!" I shout, hands under my expanding endowments as my dress is firing buttons everywhere in the room, forcing Emma to dodge them. Then the dress tears loudly, my bra starts unclasping, unzipping, and bursting everywhere from the rapid increase of my bust size.

Emma is laughing. And I'm growing way too enormous. And too heavy. My back can't deal with such a sudden increase in weight, and despite my arms under my tits, I start having trouble standing. Each one of my tits is way larger than a beach ball now, and showing no sign of slowing down in its growth.

"I'll tell our cousin you're sick at home!" Emma laughs even louder, "Have fun being big, you moron! For once, I'll have fun and you'll stay here!"

I want to answer, but I can barely talk. Panting and grunting as the feeling is so damn pleasurable, I watch as my tits have grown so big my knees give up. I manage to fall on my couch, staring at my tits, growing more and more gigantic, until I'm stuck under them, each one bigger than I am.

One of them wouldn't even be able to go through the door now. Emma's right, I'm stuck here.

"I'm gonna need hours to shrink down." I mumble.

And I swear one thing: Emma got me alright, but she's going to pay for this.

I've reached such a crazy size I need four hours just to shrink back to a size where I can move around my apartment, dragging my tits on the floor. I can't close the bathroom door when I get in, and my giant tits stay outside. The only good thing about eating so many pancakes is I'm not hungry. I wouldn't be able to cook.

By the end of the afternoon, I'm still probably the owner of the world biggest tits, but at least I can walk. With my arms under my naked boobs, but it's still walking. With nothing better to do, I stay on my bed, and masturbate, enjoying the size of these giant tits and their crazy sensitivity until I can't count the orgasms anymore.

It's quite late in the night when Emma comes home, drunk and still singing songs from the karaoke the girls went to. By this time, I'm still several cup sizes larger than my usual self, but I can put clothes on again.

"Had fun?" I ask her.

"Yesh! You too? You're still biggy, hic, bigger!" Emma laughs.

"Just so you know, you'll pay for that." I warn her.

"Why? Are ye, hic, you going to, uh, crusssh me under ya giga-jugs?"

"Remember little sister, technically I could."

She realizes I'm telling the truth. And shuts up, probably imagining my boobs growing so gigantic she'd be crushed under the house-sized monsters.

We both return to our bedrooms, and the incident is over. But I still don't exactly know how I'll make her pay. I'll probably find a way soon as I fall asleep thinking about it.

The next morning, Emma is snoring loudly in her bedroom, still drunk from the bachelorette party. It's Sunday morning and I wonder what to do. When I heard the booming voice of the narrator.

"Amy's adventure was about to end."

So it stops here? On Monday, I'll be Amos again? I'd better enjoy my last 24 hours as Amy then.

"But before reaching the final chapter of her story, Amy was about to get one last change. The grand finale she had been waiting for."

Does it mean this is going to be a big change? I mean, bigger than growing with cum? I'm not even sure science can explain how I can grow so big. Actually, who cares? Come on, what are the choices?

"> The third breast > Go to 13

> The boobs of plenty > Go to 701

> Twin sister time > Go to 220"

Hmm, the third breast is pretty obvious. With two, I'm already amazing, with three, it'd be madness. But I'm not sure I'd even like it. Sure, I'd be more than unique, and would have even more to play with but it just doesn't feel like the answer. The boobs of plenty? What does it mean exactly? I'm unsure, so onto the next option. Twin sister time? What if I pick this one? Am I going to have a twin sister? Or is Emma going to turn into my twin? I don't want either of those. I like being unique. Alright, let's pick the boobs of plenty and hope it'll make things fun.

"701." I say.

"Amy's condition was unexplainable in many ways. But her greatest, most fascinating ability was one not so many people knew about. Amy's breasts were full of delicious milk."

Uhh, lactation, okay. Why not? But how is that unexplainable? It doesn't sound especially weird. And it's a lot less impressive than- Oh. Oooh. I can feel it!

"Amy's could feel a very pleasant sensation of fullness in her chest as her breasts were filling up with milk. A lot of milk."

It feels good. Like the feeling you have after a nice meal. Nicely full. But happening in each of my giant tits. I look down and I can see movement under my pajama top. I go to the bathroom, and I lift my shirt to see my enormous tits slowly expanding, drooping lower, my nipples pointing a little lower and growing bigger, darker.

I can feel I'm full. So full I can almost hear a sloshing sound in my tits when I move them with my hands. Okay, I'm lactating, but I still don't see why-

"Amy was more than full."

Why am I still growing?! My skin is tense, and my nipples feel strange, more sensitive.

"She was impossibly full. Amy had simply the boobs of plenty. She could let gallons and gallons of milk flow out of her tits, there was simply no end to it. She was full. Always."

Unlimited milk? Okay, that's not standard lactation here! Shit, if this alters reality, this is going to have a huge impact on my life I bet.

"And not only was being full was a delightful sensation."

It's true, it's not sexual, but it feels amazing!

"But the best part was how sensitive her nipples had become. Letting milk out was an amazingly pleasant sensation, and entirely under Amy's control. Except during extreme situations, like extreme stress, happiness, sex, and so on."

Okay, good to know, but now I want to try it badly!

"Last, but not least, Amy wasn't producing regular milk. It looked like pure white milk, tasted like delicious milk, but if consumed by adults, it would cause the same effects as alcohol: happiness, euphoria, loss of inhibitions, but without the downsides of headaches, loss of balance, and other problems."

So basically, I'm a walking factory of some amazing milk-drug. That's crazy. And I want to try it right now!

My breasts have stopped growing, and I'm more or less looking the same, except my nipples grew larger, and I'm full, making my boobs look rounder, and fuller, which they are. They're not hanging bags of flesh anymore. They're full tanks. With nipples so huge I can take them each in

one hand and I begin to squeeze.

"Uh!" I grunt as it feels amazingly good, so good I remember this sensation, but not as Amy.

It was the sensation I had as a man, touching my dick. A sensitive, erogenous zone, and the more I pump my nipples, the more I can feel I'm about to blow. I am heading for the shower and "OOOOOH!" I scream, surprised by the strength of the orgasm! It's like coming with two dicks. That's the best way for me to describe it. And yet, as I'm spurting a few drops of milk with each nipple at first, the more I enjoy it, the more I'm spurting. Soon it's a handful, then two, then a cup, a bucket's worth. And when I'm simply flowing non-stop with milk, covering the bottom of my tits, dripping on my navel, I just moan and scream out of control, falling on my knees in a puddle of my milk.

I have to push hard to bring my massive nipples to my mouth and I suck myself.

It's heavenly. The sensations, the taste, and I feel euphoric. Good thing it tastes and looks like milk because I'd have the DEA locking me up for being a walking drug tank. But they wouldn't know I've just got magic giant tits!

But to most people who know, I just have a strong lactation problem. People are used to seeing wet patches on my shirt when I'm stressed at work or when I laugh too much. And Dakota is used to being splashed with milk when we fuck. During parties in college, a few friends knowing how good my milk was often asked me to fill their cups while no one was watching. Once, I filled an entire barrel before a sorority party, and the girls all loved the milkshakes they got that night. And with my milk, you can drink and drive! But everyone is just not ready to learn they're drinking milk from the giant-breasted girl at the party, so I've kept it quiet most of my life.

Of course, now, I have breast pumps next to my bed. But I barely use them for anything but my pleasure. I simply cannot be emptied, so why should I care?

Sometimes, I pretend I don't control it just to leave puddles behind me for Emma to clean, whenever she bothers me—

Wait, these were memories. Is it how I do things in this new reality when she messes with me? I think I have the perfect way to punish her for blowing me up huge yesterday.

I spend a lot of time in the bathroom today, toying with my ever-flowing tits and enjoying the orgasms they bring me. And when I hear Emma waking up, I hide in the bathroom.

Which isn't that easy with ginormous tits like mine. But there is a huge closet in there, and I fit inside. If I don't breathe too much. As Emma walks in the bathroom, she immediately locks it behind herself, and smells the air.

"Sheesh... Big Sis the Cow has been in here recently."

Yep. "Come on, take a shower, take a shower," I chant in my head. Finally, Emma walks into the shower, and the moment she's busy under the hot water, I block the shower door with a stool

and I turn off the water from outside the shower cabin. Emma immediately notices, tries to open the door, then sees me.

"What are you doing here? Get out!"

"Get out? I wanted to get out yesterday, but you trapped me in the house with your pancakes." I smile.

"Then what? What's done is done!" sShe says, "Now open the door!"

"And what's about to be done is about to be done." I giggle, "You wanted a shower, didn't you?"

I lift my shirt, grab my enormous nipples, cupping them and pointing them up. The top of the shower is open. And Emma understands what I'm about to do.

"No, don't! Don't do that, Amy!"

"And yet, big sister needs to remind you who's the little sister!"

And I spurt as much milk as I can. Emma screams in panic as the streams fall above the cabin walls and turn into a milky rain falling all over her. I have the boobs of plenty, I figure I should fully use them at least once.

It's hard to keep control with the pleasure, it's like having an orgasm super hard at once with two dicks on my chest, but I don't stop. And since my milk is thicker than water, the shower drain cannot deal with it as easily as with regular water. Soon, Emma's feet are bathing in warm, pale milk.

"Stop!" sShe begs, "I'm sorry!"

"No, uh, not yet!" I manage to say.

And I spray more milk in the shower. Emma is trying to get out, but she's stuck. I'm sending so much milk in the level rises rapidly. Her ankles were already lost in the milk, then her calves, her knees, her thighs-

"Amy, please!" sShe begs louder, her face mashed against the shower door, "I won't do it again!"

"I believe you, but I need to make sure!" I giggle.

She makes high-pitched sounds as she yells at me, but the milk level is already reaching her crotch, her navel, her flat chest. Now, she's stuck in a cabin full of white milk, and I can only see her shoulders, neck and head. As her shoulders are the next ones to disappear in the thick liquid, she starts to panic.

"Amy, you're going to drown me!"

"Someone wishes she was taller!" I laugh.

"Yes, yes, okay, you won, stop!"

This time, I can read it on her face, she's learned her lesson. She's really afraid I might go on. Come on, I just wanted to prank you, sis, I wasn't going to drown you. I stop immediately before she gets really afraid. I'm a nice big sister, in the end.

We both look at the shower cabin slowly emptying as the milk goes down the drain, and after a few long, long minutes, it's over.

And I'm still full like nothing happened. My nipples already feeling like they'd love to let more milk flow. But sorry, not now.

"Now, you need a shower for real." I smirk as my sister's skin is covered in milk, "But milk is good for the body!"

"Yeah, sure," sShe grunts, "Now, can you turn the water back on, please?"

I do. And I leave the bathroom, proud of what I did. This is insane. Maybe I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been slightly euphoric because I drank my own milk. But it was worth it! Now, what to do-

"Amy wanted to see Dakota."

Right. It's like the narrator read my mind. I get ready, discover my new, even larger bras with special openings for my nipples when I want to lactate freely, put a huge sun dress on, and discover driving is even more difficult with full milk tanks behind the wheel.

I pay a visit to Dakota, and it goes as you'd expect. I give her a tit-fuck, but now, I'm a milk fountain while I do. Dakota acts like it has always been like this, sucks on my thick nipples, makes me come several times, and ends up as nicely tipsy with milk as I am. We fucked for hours, and I return home with some bad news.

"Amy was back home. She's gotten a lot of sex, and many more adventures these past few months. And she had grown in ways and to sizes she wasn't expecting."

He's right, but this sounds like the final speech.

"From the girl she was, Amy had grown into a very different woman and had learned a lot about herself and other people along the way. The adventure had happened in both her mind and body. And now, it was over. But she would never forget these past few months and all the things she did and lived."

Yeah, sure, but I know what it means-

"THE END."

There. Game over. I reached the end. Meh, I have to admit I expected a slightly better speech at the end but-

"Life Game hopes you enjoyed this Game Book and reminds you there's a whole collection to discover!"

For a second, I thought there was more, but nope, these are the credits.

"Now, the final choice."

Wait, what?

"> You want to turn back to normal > Go to 000

> You want to keep all the changes > Go to 999."

I, wait, I have the choice to not turn back? Well, I always planned to turn back into Amos at the end, but now that I know I can do things differently, I'm a little confused. And it's not all the milk I drank. My mind is clearer than ever, as I'm facing the biggest choice the game has presented me. On the one hand, I'm a total sexual fantasy. I'm a girl with ginormous tits spurting a rain of milk on command. But on the other, is it really better to be Amos? Just a simple guy stuck in a simple life?

I'm someone here. I've loved these last couple months. I have many friends, many lovers, and sure, if I keep all the changes, Dakota and Karen won't revert to normal either. Dakota will still have a giant dick and be proud of it, while Karen will still be my boss telling me how I should have sex on work hours. But they're happy that way, aren't they?

And for once, I'm the hero of the story. I'm the one standing out. I want it to stay that way.

I still hesitate. I'm a bit afraid. I'm amazing right now, but what about it in five years? Ten? Twenty?

No. I shouldn't be afraid. Amy never is, unlike Amos. And Amy knows magic is real. She knows there's a solution to everything now. Amy's right. I want to be Amy.

"999." I say out loud as I walk into my bedroom.

Nothing seems to happen. Did I feel a tingle?

FLASH!

I'm blinded for a second, but as I recover my sight, I'm still Amy. And yes, I still remember I haven't always been Amy. But then, I spot something on my bed, next to my breasts pump.

A book.

Life Game Book - You're the hero! is written on the cover, next to Grow Big or Grow Home! There's still the busty girl on the cover, expanding out of her clothes, and now, I fully get it. And honestly? She doesn't look that big anymore next to me! I could even call her small!

I chuckle at the idea.

But that's it. I finished the game, so the book is back. I pick it up with a smile. As I know exactly what to do with it.

Moments later, I'm calling Betty.

"Betty? It's Amy. Say, remember when you told me you were sad you weren't more like Dakota and I? And I knew of a book able to help you? I have it and I think you might like it. Ever thought about having bigger breasts? Not like mine, no, but you know are you interested? I can be at your place in thirty minutes, I'll tell you everything."

I drop my phone on my bed next to the book, and I take a quick pause in the kitchen to eat something. After all the sex I got today, even with all the milk I drank, something solid would be nice. A quick snack, and when I return to my bedroom—

Emma's there, sitting on my bed, looking at the ceiling, confused.

"Emma?" I ask, "What are you doing here?"

She doesn't look like she's hearing me. She's focused on something else. I look up, but nope, nothing. And as I look down, I notice the book isn't there anymore!

"Emma, where's the book?" I ask, panicked.

She still doesn't answer.

"Emma?"

She eventually looks at me. Smiles. And says,

"2."

THE END