

Author : Wokod

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/overflowingbra or r/expansivewriters.

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!

---

One candle

"Congratulations!"

Dawn Smith blushed as she walked to the round table next to the coffee machine in the break room. Here was a simple cupcake with a lonely candle on the top. The accountant adjusted her glasses and looked up with a disappointed look.

"Uh... girls? I gave you enough to buy a bigger cake? This one is not big enough to be shared!" Dawn timidly asked.

The three young female coworkers facing Dawn giggled.

"Sorry..." said Emily, the blonde girl smiling at Dawn "You're the accountant here at the spa, always telling us to save money so... we thought we'd follow your advice. Why buy a big cake for your one year anniversary here when we could buy a simple cupcake?"

"And don't worry about the candle... we found it in a kitchen drawer." added Joan, toying with a strand of her brown hair "Didn't cost us a cent."

"Best anniversary our accountant could get!" approved Cheryl, the last woman, with another giggle "My husband would approve."

Dawn sighed, disappointed. Since she arrived at the Johnson Spa, one year ago, she had been the constant victim of the women working there. Mostly because Mr Johnson, the owner of this all-female spa, and only male allowed in here, only hired attractive women. You didn't want to see fat, ugly girls in a place dedicated to beauty. And Dawn was the only exception to this rule: as an accountant, she didn't need to be in front of the public. So Mr Johnson hired Dawn more for her skills than for her looks. The mousy girl could be cute in her own way, but her nerdy looks and attitude made her the less attractive woman in the small company. And if it wasn't enough, Mr Johnson liked to send Dawn bring the bad news to employees, using her accountant position. She was the one telling there'd be no raises this year, or how there wouldn't be new uniforms this summer to save money.

So, of course, no one liked Dawn. And she was used to have the all-female staff making fun of her, or pranking her, especially the receptionists, like this time when they stole her keyboard and hid it in the sauna room. Dawn had hoped there'd be a truce for her one year anniversary in the company, but not only Mr Johnson didn't show up for the tiny party in the break room, but only the three receptionists came. And here she was.

"Alright..." Dawn said "At least you're right, for once, you saved money."

"Then blow your candle and make a wish!" Joan exclaimed "Then back to work, time is money!"

"Yes, and I'll tell my husband if you take too long to eat your cupcake!" Cheryl giggled.

"Sure, then I wish..." started Dawn.

"You wish you had our boobs!" joked Emily.

"Right..." Dawn rolled her eyes in despair and blew the candle.

The three receptionists laughed out loud at once. This was one of the most common jokes at the spa: reminding everyone of how flat Dawn was. She had absolutely no breasts to speak of, and at 25 years old, she could have said she was ten years younger and no one would have blinked. The joke was especially popular among the receptionists, who probably got their jobs thanks to their bodies: Emily had the "perfect curves" set, with a toned ass, sexy abs and a pair of C cups complimenting her body, Joan wasn't as toned, but had a set of teardrop D cups even Emily looked up at, but of course, the hottest of the three was Cheryl, who had an amazing pair of natural, round and sexy DD cups every girl would love to have. And she loved to flaunt them. This was, after all, how she managed to become Mr Johnson's wife.

"There!" Emily clapped "You can eat your cupcake now!"

Dawn didn't answer. She just grabbed the tiny cupcake, ate it in three bites without a word, and then left the break room. The girls laughed again as Dawn left.

"That was mean." Joan chuckled "Sometimes I feel a little sorry about her."

"Don't." Emily answered "Remember she's the one who told Mr Johnson to take an insurance not covering cosmetic surgery, and now, I can't have my nose done!"

"Who cares?" Cheryl shrugged "Let's clean and go back to the reception desk, as I..."

Cheryl stopped as she looked at the table.

"The candle." she said "Where is it?"

"Maybe Dawn ate it!" Emily chuckled.

"No, she took it off the cupcake and placed it there, on the table. And now it's gone." Cheryl said, searching for it on the floor.

"Why is it so important?" Emily sighed.

"It's a candle, and if it fell somewhere, could be dangerous!" Cheryl insisted "My grandfather years ago he... long story short, it could start a fire."

"Can't find it..." Joan said, looking under the table "It's just gone."

"Whatever." the girls finally agreed after a few minutes of search "Probably fell and rolled under the couch or something." They returned to the reception desk, happily gossiping about customers, as they liked to.

---

"Johnson Spa hello?" Joan answered the phone.

The three girls had been working for a while when both Emily and Joan noticed Cheryl wasn't acting as usual. She was sweating, squirming on her chair, and looking a bit sick. When Joan finished her call, the two women turned to the third. Thankfully, the reception was quiet at this hour, most customers already in the various rooms behind them, getting massages or just enjoying the sauna and the pool.

"Cheryl, you're alright?" Emily asked.

"Don't know..." Cheryl grunted "My breasts... they feel... weird."

"Like, big?" Emily joked.

"No, I'm serious!" Cheryl insisted "Like a tingle and... it's like... what's happening?!"

Her hands flew to her plump chest, and her two friends looked in awe, just like her, as something unexpected happened: her breasts... were shrinking. "What the fuck?!" screamed the three of them at once, Emily and Joan moving back in shock, afraid they could catch whatever was happening to Cheryl. Her sexy DD cups shrank to equal Joan's breasts, then became even smaller, her top shrinking along for some reason, until she was as big as Emily.

But then, she turned even smaller. Within seconds, Cheryl was patting B cups, exclaiming "No, no!" but her chest wasn't obeying. She soon patted A cups... and then, was rubbing a chest so flat it was like her puberty never happened. She pulled on the elastic on her top to discover even her bra vanished, replaced by a cute brassiere. Even a training bra would have been too big for her now.

Cheryl looked at Joan and Emily in shock.

"Girls, what just happened to me?!" she asked, her voice sounding terrified. In her shock, the fact her clothes changed didn't seem as important as the disappearance of her breasts.

"Okay, come with us Cheryl, let's go tell your husband what happened, okay? Then we'll bring you to the hospital."

"O...okay!"

The three girls rushed to the "personal only" door next to them, ran past the break room, and barged into Mr Johnson's office. The man was busy reading something on his computer and looked up with a frown at this sudden interruption. He was a well-built man with a handsome face and deep green eyes. One of the reasons he had no trouble hiring attractive women for his spa.

"What's this ruckus?" he asked, a little annoyed.

"It's Cheryl, sir!" Emily said.

"Jack!" Cheryl exclaimed in despair, running to him "Look at what happened to my chest!"

She pointed at her incredibly flat chest. The man stared in surprise.

"Uh... yes?"

"I'm flat! Can't you see it?! I'm flat!" Cheryl exclaimed.

"And that's... fine?" he blinked.

"What?!" Joan yelled "No it's not! She needs to go to the hospital!"

"Okay, alright, hospital, fine." Jack Johnson eventually said "See with Dawn, she'll call an ambulance and take care of the insurance details for... whatever is happening there."

He looked quite confused. But wouldn't anyone be facing such weird events? Or so thought the girls, as they barged in Dawn's office.

"Dawn, move your ass, we need an ambulance for Cheryl here!" Emily ordered.

"What's wrong with her?" Dawn asked from behind her desk, blinking.

"Can't you see?"

Dawn stood up to see by herself. And the three girls' mouths opened at once, as they stared, agape, at Dawn's chest: her white blouse had the top buttons undone, revealing a very sexy, very big pair of breasts, forming an attractive line of cleavage, creamy and arousing just like...

"My BOOBS!" Cheryl exclaimed "GIVE THEM BACK!"

"I'm sorry?" Dawn blinked "What are you talking about?!"

"How the fuck did you do this?!" Joan asked "If that's a prank, it's not funny!"

"Mr Johnson isn't going to like this..." Emily warned her "Nothing to answer? I'm calling him."

Emily went back to the next office, and returned with Mr Johnson, who looked as confused as Dawn was. Were they together in this cruel prank ? wondered Emily.

"Look at what she did to your wife!" Emily pointed at Dawn.

"Who did what to my wife?" Mr Johnson asked "What's wrong with you?"

"And what's wrong with me?" Dawn asked.

"Shut up, Dawn Smith!" Emily angrily answered.

"Dawn Johnson." Dawn corrected.

The three girls blinked. And Jack Johnson walked to Dawn, gently hugging her against him, trying to comfort her during this weird moment.

"What?!" Cheryl exclaimed in shock "No! I'm Miss Johnson! What are you doing with her?"

"Uh... okay girls... then what's this?" Dawn said.

Dawn grabbed a framed picture on her desk and showed it to the three girls. Who looked at it in awe. On it was Dawn in a wedding dress, just next to Mr Johnson, on her wedding day. And her dress was showing some serious boobage.

"Satisfied?" Dawn asked, still not getting what was up "Whatever is happening here, you indeed need an ambulance..." she said.

"Call it, honey, then come to my office. We need to sort out the customer file." Mr Johnson said.

"Sure." giggled Dawn.

"The customer file?! No! I know it! It's how Jack tells me he wants sex with me in his office! It's how he... he..."

It was probably too much for Cheryl's mind. She fainted right here, and didn't hit her head only because Joan and Emily were holding her. Twenty minutes later, Cheryl was leaving in an ambulance, conscious, but mumbling things about her "stolen breasts". The paramedics told Mr Johnson and his team it was probably a strong fever.

The ambulance left, and Mr Johnson ordered everyone to return to work. And went back to his office, followed by Dawn.

"This was weird, but all her speech about your breasts kind of aroused me... I know it's bad but..." Mr Johnson grinned "Still, how did she know about the "customer file"?"

"I don't know." shrugged Dawn Johnson "But my breasts are aaaall yours!"

She started unbuttoning her blouse with a smile.

---

"Okay."

Emily and Joan were at the reception desk, talking together, and only answering to the customers with the shortest sentences they could do. As they had bigger business on hands.

"Check these pictures." Emily said "These are from the past weeks. And what do you see?"

"Shit, on all of them, Cheryl is as flat as a board! How is that even possible?!" Joan noticed.

"I don't know, but without any better explanation, I'd say it's magic. Everything changed, just like if Cheryl never grew her breasts... and Dawn did instead."

"But how?!" Joan asked.

"I don't know. But that would explain why no one seems to remember Dawn being flat, or Cheryl busty. The whole past changed. It also explains why Mr Johnson is now Dawn's husband. At least, now, we're sure he's a boob man, if we still had doubts."

"But why do WE remember? And why Cheryl did, and not Dawn?"

"Still thinking about it."

They stayed silent for a moment, before Emily spoke again.

"What if..." Emily started.

"What if what?" Joan asked, curious "Go on."

"I know it sounds ridiculous but... everything does. So... what if the wish Dawn made in the break room came true? You know... she wished she had our boobs."

"She didn't! YOU did!" Joan exclaimed, as she remembered it.

"Hey, calm down, it was supposed to be a joke and YOU laughed at it! Maybe this is why only us are conscious of the changes... because it was kind of "our" wish? Was it the candle? It vanished right after! Where was it from?"

"I was the one to find it in the kitchen. In a drawer. Don't know who put it there." Joan said "It didn't look special... but it's true it vanished right after she did her wish!"

Emily snapped her fingers. She thought she got it all.

"What if this was a magical candle? I know it's dumb, but I can't find any better explanation to this sudden shift of the whole reality! Since Dawn said... I mean, I said Dawn would have our boobs, she got them literally. So she got the biggest and sexiest pair of us : Cheryl's breasts."

"And how do we undo this?" Joan asked.

"Hey, I'm not a witch or some expert in magic!" Emily answered, annoyed "I don't have all the answers, and this is just a theory. Best we could do is find this damn candle. Maybe there's something on it able to help us, like instructions, or something."

The two girls stood up and ran to the break room, crawling on the floor to search for the missing candle.

---

Someone rang on the reception desk bell, and Joan stood up in the break room.

"There's someone at our desk. I'll go check. Meanwhile, don't stop searching!" Joan said to Emily.

"Where's this stupid candle..." Emily mumbled in answer "I hope it didn't vanish after the wish..."

Joan walked to the reception desk, where an attractive woman was waiting for her. She was wearing a business suit, and looked pretty disappointed to have found no one at the reception.

"At last!" the woman said "I had an appointment three minutes ago for a massage and I'm in a hurry."

"Sure, Miss Davidson, you can sit over there, one of our employees will come pick you up." Joan answered "Now I'm sorry but we have an... important meeting on, I have to leave. Use the bell if you need anything."

Joan returned to the break room, where Emily was still on the floor, searching for the missing candle.

"Who was it?" Emily grumbled.

"Miss Davidson. You know, the woman working in the company next door." Joan said "She's not very funny."

"She used to be. Or so I think." Emily answered, her usual need to gossip kicking in while she searched "Never noticed? When it's hot, she wears tank tops, and on the top of her right breast, she has a tattoo. A tiny heart. I'm sure she used to be the rebel type younger, with tattoos and such, and then, her career turned her into the bitch she's now."

"Never noticed." Joan shrugged.

"What are you two doing in there?" asked a voice behind them.

Dawn was looking down at them, puzzled, from the doorway. The two women stood up immediately... before they noticed something.

Dawn was even bigger chested than moments ago. Her breasts, the size of heavy melons, moved with her every breath, and were still looking as round, perfect and sexy, yet natural, as Cheryl's used to be. But they were a good cup size bigger than Cheryl's. And on the curve of Dawn's right breast, right at the top... was a cute, tiny heart tattooed.

"What now?" Dawn frowned, as the girls were staring at her chest.

"Your... tattoo?!" Emily blurted.

"What?" she looked down at the tiny heart "Yes, what about it? Got it during college years.

Because of a boy but... I kind of like it."

Joan just ran out of the break room, pushing Dawn away without a word. As she arrived at the reception desk, she spotted Miss Davidson leaving the waiting room with one of the spa employees.

And Miss Davidson B-cups were gone. She was as flat as a board now.

"Emilyyyyyy?!" Joan called with a hint of fear in her voice.

Emily ran from the back offices, after leaving Dawn back there. And joined Joan just in time to see the flat Miss Davidson.

"Holy..." Emily whispered.

"She didn't stop with Cheryl's breasts..." Joan said "She took Miss Davidson's! But how?! Why?"

"I... when we made the wish..." Emily gulped "We said she'd wish for our boobs... did the candle took it as "ALL our boobs?! Employees and customers included?!"

"But we're an all female spa!" Joan panicked "If she's gonna absorb all our tits, she's gonna be HUGE."

"Huge might be an understatement." Emily said "We need to act, and fast! First, we need to call all our customers with appointments today to cancel them! We need to limit the amount of tits she can steal!"

The two women ran for their phones. And never worked so much and so fast in their lives. They canceled all the appointments they could find, giving various reasons, but managed to stop the arrival of new customers for the day.

"I think we can do it!" Emily cheered up Joan "We can..."

She noticed Joan looked uncomfortable. The young woman turned on her chair to face her, with a sorry face.

"Emily... I feel weird." she said.

"Oh no... no don't!" Emily exclaimed.

"I don't want Dawn to take my..."

Emily covered her mouth as Joan's breasts started shrinking. Joan grunted and patted her chest in a despaired attempt to stop the transformation, but just like Cheryl before her, she soon was as big as Emily, then smaller, then... she was perfectly flat. She poked the two tiny nipples on her flat chest with a sorry look.

"Oh god no... I want them back! Even my nipples feel numb! While my breasts felt so..."



"Are you telling me Dawn stole your breasts sensitivity too?" Emily asked in shock.

"The BITCH!" yelled Joan, giving Emily a positive answer.

"Keep your energy for later, we'll find a way to grow them back!" Emily assured her "For now, we need to evacuate the building before she steals any more tits!"

Joan wasn't ready to give up and end up like Cheryl. Not yet. She pointed at a button on the wall.

"The fire alarm!" she exclaimed.

"Great!" Emily said with hope "Let's get everyone out of here!"

Emily kicked the fire alarm button with all her might, and immediately, the whole building was filled by the loud sound of the alarm system. Women and employees started walking out of the various rooms of the spa, some of them taking time to dress up, saying "Stupid exercise, there's no smoke... do we really need to leave?"

"Yes!" Joan told them when she heard this "This is the procedure! Sorry! Drills are a serious thing!"

"Look..." Emily whispered to Joan, as several women who walked out, employees and customers along, were as flat as Joan was.

"Is this a drill?" asked a voice.

The two women found Dawn standing behind them. And their eyes went right for her chest: the accountant had pumped the breasts of so many women, not even conscious of it, her blouse was stretched by tits bigger than her own head. She looked like some porn star! Except she was still an accountant... with enormous tits, close to the size of basketballs. And still as sexy as Cheryl's used to be.

"Eyes up there, girls. Please, don't act like all the men in my life." sighed Dawn "So... is this a drill?"

"Uh... yes!" Joan said.

"Alright, then I'll wait outside with everyone else." Dawn said, walking to the exit.

"NO!" Emily exclaimed "I mean... no, not with the other women it's... it's a drill so you should stay away from them... I mean, stay inside!"

"Uh... but why?" Dawn blinked.

"Follow us!" Emily ordered, grabbing Dawn's hand.

Dawn didn't get it. One hand over her huge breasts bouncing way more than she'd have liked as Emily was dragging her to the bathroom, she was quite confused. Joan was running behind

them, not sure about what Emily's idea was.

But as they entered the bathroom, she got it. Emily made sure all the stalls were empty, and suddenly, pushed Dawn into one of them. She then closed the door, and blocked the knob with a broom.

"Hey?!" Dawn exclaimed "Emily! Joan! What are you doing?!" called Dawn's voice from inside the stall.

"Okay, even the bathroom is empty." Emily whispered to Joan "So now, it's just us. I saw Mr Johnson joining the customers outside to talk to them. We'll deal with him later and tell him it was a fire alarm malfunction. For now, you have to search Dawn's office. Maybe the candle is inside! Maybe she took it with her and we didn't see her!"

"Right!"

Joan left the bathroom in a hurry, going right for Dawn's office. While Emily stayed in the bathroom with Dawn locked in her stall.

"Listen Dawn..." Emily tried to explain "We can't tell you what's up, and you wouldn't believe us."

"Let me go!" Dawn exclaimed "My husband will hear about it!"

"I know, I know, but.. Dawn, you have to tell us: what happened to the candle you blew earlier?"

"The candle?" said Dawn's voice coming from the locked stall "I don't know... left it on the table, why?"

"Shit..." Emily mumbled "It means it vanished..."

Joan returned moments later, a huge bra in her hands. Emily looked at her with a frown.

"Didn't find the candle." Joan panted since she just ran "But I found a spare bra in her things just look how HUGE this monster is!"

"K cups..." Emily said as she read the label "She went from flat to K cups..." she said.

"I guess she was "just" a F cup earlier when she stole Miss Davidson's breasts." Joan said "But looks like she kept on growing in her office all along!"

The two women were whispering together so Dawn wouldn't hear from her stall, when suddenly, the bathroom door opened. And walked in Jessica, the spa yoga teacher. A woman in her forties, right now dressed with a one piece swimming suit. And a flat chest, as the girls noticed. But thankfully for her, she only lost tiny A cups to Dawn. She walked in quietly, and as she saw Emily and Joan whispering, Joan holding a huge bra in her hand, she frowned.

"What's happening there?"

"Jessica? Is that you?" called Dawn's voice "Get me out of here, the girls locked me in!"

"Wait, what are you doing there?!" Emily interrupted, staring at Jessica "You're supposed to be outside! Didn't you hear the fire alarm earlier?"

"I did." Jessica said "But I heard it was just a drill. And I'd like to see you telling twenty pregnant women they have to run out of a swimming pool just for a stupid drill."

"Twenty... pregnant women?" Emily repeated.

She looked at Joan in shock. Today was indeed the special yoga class day for pregnant women, and it was all happening in the swimming pool. Meaning they just locked Dawn in, with...

A loud moan made them turn their heads. It was coming from Dawn's stall.

"Emily, look!" Joan said in shock, showing up the bra in her hand.

The enormous thing had started growing even bigger. The cups were increasing in size with the sound of stretching fabric. Horrified, Joan dropped the expanding monstrosity to the floor. Meanwhile, Jessica was staring at them with a confused look, while the two girls were staring at the biggest bra they had ever seen growing even bigger. These cups were almost big enough to hold basketballs... then grew big enough to. Then so massive they were too big even for these!

Joan and Emily were agape. And all along, they could hear moans and low, strange sounds coming from Dawn's stall. They knew she was growing... and this bra was expanding to fit the gigantic bust of its owner.

But the growth was massive. And the cups were turning ridiculously big, while keeping the same, small band. The label was blurry, as letters changed too fast. But the women could tell this gigantic undergarment was reaching the very end of the alphabet. These could cover... beach balls.

The expansion stopped only when each cup was big enough to be used as a comfy seat by the women here. Dawn's moans were over. And the strange sounds too. After a few seconds of silence, Joan and Emily had to look away from the biggest bra they ever saw, even on TV. As they heard Dawn's voice calling.

"Hello? Are you still there? Please open the door!" Dawn called.

"Come on girls, this is ridiculous!" Jessica angrily said to the two women "Why did you lock Dawn in there? I'm coming, Dawn!"

Jessica removed the broom blocking the stall door, and opened it.

Joan and Emily saw Dawn.

Dawn, stuck with tits so massive, like over inflated, creamy beach balls, she touched both sides of the stall. And actually, so wide she was... stuck. Her tiny arms, even tensed in their direction,

could hardly touch her own nipples if she wanted to. A very, very stretched shirt covered her wonders, but you could still see how sexy and perfect her skin was through her V neck. But right now, Dawn was asking for... help.

"I'm stuck, Jessica!" Dawn said with a sad voice "You two coworkers here pushed me in there!"

"Don't worry, it won't end there." Jessica said, giving an angry stare at the girls "Just give me your hands..."

She grabbed Dawn's hands and had to use all her strength to pull Dawn out of the stall. Her breasts were mashed so hard in there she needed to make her move forward a few inches at a time.

"Stop, slower!" Dawn panted "This is pressing my breasts too much, I'm..."

"Don't worry, that's fine, we'll mop!" Jessica said.

With loud, splurting sounds, big, dark patches appeared on her shirt. Right where probably giant nipples were. Dawn moaned with ashamed pleasure.

"Oh Lord..." Emily muttered "She's lactating like..."

"Twenty pregnant women." Joan finished her sentence, thinking there were now twenty pregnant, yet flat women out there.

"Don't be ashamed, that's natural and we know you're sensitive." Jessica said "Let the milk flow. It's alright. And you two... stop your stupid comments!"

"I wasn't aware you had such rude coworkers!" Dawn said as Jessica managed to entirely pull her out of the stall "I've been called 'The dairy cow' since my milking condition appeared when I was 16... I thought I'd be treated properly in your all female spa, but it seems I was wrong!"

"No, no, this is a mistake." Jessica smiled to her "Please, our apologies. These two won't get away with this. Now, why don't we return to the pool so you can let these float and let the milk flow out freely?"

Dawn walked away, and said "Look, they even stole one of my custom bras!" as she noticed the gigantic thing on the floor "These are customs made, they're not toys!"

"Don't worry about this, go relax in the pool." Jessica smiled to her.

Dawn walked away with her heavy, gigantic milkers in front of her, and had to press them with her arms very cautiously to pass through the bathroom doorframe. The second she was away, Jessica angrily stared at the two receptionists.

"What the hell were you thinking about?! That's Dawn Megabra! If she decides to leave the spa forever after this, you can be sure you two will be fired!" Jessica pointed at them.

"Dawn... Megabra?" Joan stuttered.

"Yes, Megabra! Her porn star name! Don't even know the actual one... she's been coming here for years now, so why do you suddenly treat her like this? What did she do to you?"

"Uh... that's..."

Emily picked up the massive bra on the floor, but Jessica took it from her hands with a furious move.

"I'll try to repair the damages you did, but you two need to explain yourselves soon! Mr Johnson will be furious when he'll learn about this!"

"Uh... sure..." Emily blinked.

"It's not over. But for now... I'm coming, Miss Megabra!"

Jessica left the bathroom, leaving the two women alone.

"This. Is. Insane." Joan said "Dawn? She stole Cheryl's husband, and now, dumped him as she's Dawn Megabra? A porn star, our small accountant? And do you see the puddle on the floor? She's..."

"A dairy cow. A porn star, dairy cow." Emily said in shock and anger "Why didn't Jessica evacuate these pregnant women? Now, Dawn stole all of their milky tits!"

"And doesn't even know it." sadly added Joan "She doesn't even know she stole my tits... and how sensitive they were."

"Listen, we can still keep other women from coming in for now!" Emily said "I'll go outside and tell the spa is closed for today. Maybe, since it's a birthday wish, it only lasts 24 hours. I'll tell Mr Johnson we can't legally stay open today since the fire alarm system is down..."

Emily stood up to leave and go talk to the women waiting outside the spa after the fire alarm. But Joan stopped her.

"Wait... are you trying to leave the spa? Are you trying... to save your boobs?" Joan frowned.

"No..." lied Emily "I just thought I'd..."

"I'll go outside." Joan said "You stay in there!"

"But what if she steals my breasts too?" Emily panicked "She'd just grow bigger!"

"At her size, your breasts wouldn't do a difference... and you were the one to do this stupid wish, so you stay in there!" Joan said as she walked outside the spa, leaving Emily in.

Emily nervously watched Joan talking to the women waiting outside the spa. And only allowed them back in for a very short moment, just enough to take back their things and leave. Even Mr Johnson bought what Joan told him.

But still, the short time in the spa was enough for two women to get their B cups shrunk to nothing before they left. In the end, everyone left but the staff.

And Dawn.

"She paid for one hour, she'll stay in the pool till she's done." Mr Johnson said "She's our biggest... I mean, best client, and according to what Jessica told me, you did something to her and she's pretty pissed off. So let's just let her finish in here and then, she'll leave and you'll close the doors for good today."

Now, all the females in the staff were as flat as planks. Only Emily, strangely, had kept her C cups, looking quite huge next to her coworkers now. Even Joan looked at her chest with envy. All along, Emily was checking her watch, waiting for Dawn to leave.

The hour was almost over, and Dawn was eventually out of the spa pool, dressing back in a private room, when the doors of the spa opened.

"Hey! Didn't you see the sign on..." Emily exclaimed from the reception desk.

But she saw a woman with tremendous tits, almost as big as Dawn's monsters, slowly walking to her, followed by a big guy who had to be her bodyguard. Joan and Emily looked at each other in shock and both exclaimed.

"No, no, no! Out! Quick!"

"What?" the newcomer said "Why should I leave? I know you're closed, but I know Dawn Megabra is in there, and I've come to pick her up. I'm the co-star in our latest movie, Battle of the Natural Busts! But I thought it was obvious!"

She pointed at her gigantic breasts.

"Anyway, our producer is waiting and..."

"No, you don't get it, you need to leave now or..." Emily started.

But then, Joan grabbed her arm. And pointed at the incredibly busty girl facing them.

Her breasts were already shrinking.

The woman wasn't reacting, as from beach balls going so low they touched her navel, her breasts shrank and moved up, turning into basketballs... soccer balls... volley balls... melons... apples... grapes... and then, absolutely nothing.

Her clothes changed, turning into darker, plain ones, and even her attitude changed. The former porn star now looked like...

"I'm here for the accountant position." she said with a timid voice "Is Mr Johnson here?"

Behind her, the bodyguard had vanished while the two receptionists had been staring at her

giant breasts shrinking. They were about to answer when they heard slow footsteps behind them.

"Okay... slowly... on your left!" Jessica's voice said.

"Thanks, Jessica! See you next week!"

The voice belonged to a gigantic pair of breasts, walking out of a corridor. And a couple seconds later, behind these enormous tits, past any size known, appeared the thin Dawn. How was she even able to stand? The straps and wires of a very complex bra were visible under her tank top, revealing a cleavage so long it went from Dawn's neck to right above her pussy. While her breasts, gigantic and bigger than beanbags, reached her knees. Each one was probably as heavy as she was, and only her bra, made by bridge architects, allowed her to walk. She very cautiously walked to the desk, and arching her back, dropped on it the tit flesh of dozens of women all by herself... including the mass of flesh she just stole from the former porn star now accountant in the room. She doubled her already absolutely titanic size. As her breasts landed on the reception desk, the thing creaked under the heavy weight.

"Girls." smiled Dawn, barely visible behind her tits "Sorry for the view, it's good to rest these heavy babies... anyway, I just wanted to say I forgive you for what happened today. Mr Johnson told me it wouldn't happen again."

"Thanks..." Joan sadly said.

"Yes, thanks..." mumbled Emily.

"Glad it's over then." Dawn said "Or is it?"

Emily felt a tingle. And looked in terror at the enormous tits on her desk, blocking her sight right now. She then looked down and felt her own breasts deflating. She covered her mouth with one hand, grabbing Joan's arm with the other. Joan looked at her friend's C cups, the only ones someone still possessed in the spa, as they turned to nothing. While Dawn's chest made a strange gurgling sound. But didn't change size.

At her current size, Emily's perky breasts weren't enough mass to make a difference. It was just a drop in an ocean of tit-flesh. Emily felt even sadder, knowing Dawn just absorbed her breasts... for almost nothing. And didn't even know it.

"Yes..." Emily sighed sadly "It's over now... entirely over."

"See Miss Gigabra?" Jessica said behind Dawn, as her name changed again "Told you. I know you've been picked up for your size since you started puberty. But here, this spa is a safe space for you. This incident won't happen again."

"I know." Dawn agreed.

She then leaned over her giant chest, her chin touching her enormous cleavage as she tried to talk to Emily and Joan.

"Just one last thing..."

---

One month later...

Two breasts, way beyond any known cup size, dropped heavily on the counter. The sound of milk spurting out of engorged nipples because of the shock followed. And then, a ringing sound, as Dawn Gigabra, owner of these gigantic balloons, called :

"Someone? Please? Customer here!"

She heard footsteps coming from behind her. And then, someone indeed walked behind her counter.

A bald man with a strange smile.

"Sorry, Miss, I was busy cleaning the magic lamps aisle. But each time you rub one... anyway: welcome to HellMart. How can I help you?"

He looked as the milk dripping from her wet shirt to the floor behind the counter. But said nothing.

"I came here last month. First time in a magic shop..." Dawn said "And I bought this."

From a pocket of her custom made dress, she took a melted candle and placed it next to her giant tits. The man took it with a smile.

"I see! A "Trap Candle"." the clerk nodded "They'll do the wish, you'll enjoy it!"

"I remember the slogan. Worked like a charm." Dawn said, caressing her massive mountains of milky flesh "They wished what I wanted them to wish for, as expected, and here I am!"

"Then why are you back?" the bald man tilted his head "Got more than you desired?"

"Actually, I got a looooot more than I expected." Dawn said as another spurt of milk erupted from her wet shirt "I forgot about the pregnant women class... and from there, the events just made me grow larger and larger. But you know... I find out I loved being bigger and bigger. Did you know it when you sold me this Trap Candle?"

The man just shrugged with a smile.

"So why are you here?" he asked.

"You see, when I left the spa I couldn't resist... the girls were so despaired, looking at me, thinking I was oblivious of the changes... I whispered to them "Thanks for your tits." They lost it. They went crazy. And now, my three bullies are in a psychiatric institution, raving about a boob size thief."

"And?" the HellMart clerk asked with a yawn.



"I want to pay them a visit. To celebrate their one month anniversary in there. Sure, I can only see them at the parlor, at the other side of a bullet-proof windows but... I bought a cake."

She dropped a bag with a simple cupcake in on the counter.

"Now, I just need a candle. Not a Trap one. This time, I want to have them hear me wish. Do you have this kind of thing?"

"Sure." the clerk placed what looked like a simple, brand new birthday candle next to the cupcake "Any idea what you're going to wish for?"

Dawn grinned.

"I wonder what would happen if I wished for height..."

She smiled at the clerk.

"Did I tell you I liked to be bigger and bigger?"

THE END.