



BRANDY

**A BREAST
EXPANSION
STORY**

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“People tell me I look like an anime girl, but anime sucks,” Brandy told me.

We were standing outside the class we both took, which was a Spanish class. We had been partnered together on the first day, the professor making speaking with a regular partner an important part of the class.

I was a bit shy with girls back then. I had only one girlfriend in high school, and she hadn't exactly been much of a looker, and here I had been partnered with this cute redhead. Brandy wore baggy clothes every day to class, and this made her look kind of chubby, though this was far from the truth. I was about to learn what was really hiding under her sweaters.

“Anime girl?” I asked.

“Do you ever watch anime?”

I shook my head. “I’ve seen a few of them,” I said. “Mostly Miyasaki, but I’ve never been that into it.”

She laughed. “Good, because it sucks,” she said.

“I’ll take your word for it,” I answered.

I don’t remember how we got on this topic. We had been in the class together,

for a few weeks, and it was winter quarter. It was very cold outside still, but it was early February. We talked a lot in class because we were partnered together, but this was the first time we had continued a conversation out of the classroom.

“You really don’t know what I’m talking about?” Brandy asked.

I stared at her blankly. She had a very pretty face, her shoulder length red hair, framed very cute features, and full, luscious lips. She didn’t look like an anime girl to me, because I thought they all had big eyes, and had a very distinct look.

“You don’t look very anime to me,” I said.

Brandy got a mischievous grin on her face. “Do you have another class right now?” she asked.

“Nope,” I said.

“Why don’t you come with me?” she said.

I followed Brandy, not sure where she was taking me. It became obvious after we were walking for a while that we were going to the girl’s dorms. We walked into Brandy’s dorm building, and she walked me over to her room. Her room was private, sharing a bathroom with another girl, but it was very tiny. When we got inside, there was very little room to move around.

“Okay, let me show you what I’m talking about,” Brandy said.

That day she was wearing a baggy sweater, and it was orange with white stripes. It was not the most flattering thing on her, and I wondered why a girl as cute as Brandy would wear something so hideous. She reached down to her hem and started to pull it up. I was shocked by what was happening. This great looking girl was taking her sweater off in front of me.

I didn’t care that brandy was chubby, I thought she was cute, and over the past few weeks in class, we had some fun conversations. Yet, this happening was not something I dared to think would ever happen. Then her shirt started to come up, and I realized that she wasn’t chubby at all.

Underneath her sweater, Brandy was wearing a white cotton undershirt, and I could see immediately that her waist was very tiny. I couldn’t believe how small her waist was, actually, and seeing this confused me. If she was this thin, then why did she look so chubby?

I got my answer pretty quickly as her sweater continued to climb up. When she tried to pull it further up her body, it actually got stuck for a few seconds, because she was so thick in the chest. Then she was able to pull it up and get it over her head, and I was astounded by the figure that Brandy was sporting. She had the biggest boobs I had ever seen, I thought, though that wasn’t exactly true.

I had seen bigger boobs, but they had been on some really fat girls. These boobs were huge, yes, but what made them so colossal looking was that every other part of her was so small. She had tiny little hands, and slim arms, and that impossibly small waist, and then those boobs.

I was no expert on bra sizes, but I had known some girls who said they were D or double D, and Brandy made them look small. I don't know how long I was standing there just staring at her boobs, but finally I heard Brandy laugh.

"This is what I mean by Anime girl," Brandy said. She had her hands on her hips and was thrusting her chest out. "In anime, there are these skinny girls with big fat titties, and you don't see girls like that much in real life, Unless you're looking at me of course."

I didn't know what to say. I just looked her in the eyes, and she was smiling back at me. Finally, she reached out and took my hand. "Why don't you come and sit on the bed with me?" she asked.

I did not resist her, and soon we were sitting on her bed. It wasn't a big bed, so we were hip to hip, and I was trying not to show how incredibly nervous I was, but I knew that there was no way that she couldn't tell.

She leaned back a bit, and this made her big tits stick out even more. They were so close to me, and I couldn't help but look down at them.

"Don't you want to touch them?" Brandy asked in a breathy voice.

"What?" I said.

She giggled. "Why do you think I asked you here?" she said. "I like you, and you're shy, so I had to take the direct approach."

“I...I...I...”

Brandy seemed to find all my stammering cute. “They aren’t too big for you?” she asked me. “I thought you were attracted to me even before you saw them. After you got a look at them, I thought you’d be going crazy.”

“They’re not too big,” I said, staring at those glorious globes.

“That’s good,” she said in a sultry voice. “I’m glad you think so, because they’re still growing.”

I looked at her, amazed at what she had just said, and not being able to believe it. I was speechless, and she was giggling at my expression.

“Don’t you want to know how big they are?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said.

She leaned over and whispered it in my ear, as if it was a big secret, and as if we weren’t completely alone. “34H,” she said.

I didn’t know anything about bra sizes right then, but this still amazed me. All I

wanted was to be able to have my hands on those huge tits, it wouldn't be that long before I could.

Brandy took the lead with me, because I had little experience, and because I was so intimidated that a girl who was so plainly out of my league was interested in me. She took my hands and put them on her huge tits.

“Why don't you squeeze them?” she whispered.

I had a bit of sex before Brandy, but what I had was bumbling and awkward. With Brandy, it was something else entirely, and she had the kind of body I had only seen in videos on Pornhub. She was perfect, but also it was completely natural. She was so amazing that I couldn't believe that she was real.

What I remember from that first time with her was her pressing me down on her dorm room bed and smiling up at me. Then she was taking her top off and revealing her tight white bra. It was the biggest I had ever seen easily, and yet she looked as if she was going to burst right out of it. She reached around and unhooked it, letting her tits free.

My high school girlfriend, Candace, was barely a B cup, and she could have never compared to Brady's epic tits. I had seen breasts like these in porn videos, but the one thing I had never experienced was what it really felt like to touch them. That was where it was at when it came to huge tits. I loved the feeling of their softness, and their warmth overflowing my hands.

Once my hard dick was inside her, Brandy rode me, and shoved her huge boobs in my face. I sucked those nipples enthusiastically. I loved the sounds she made,

those moans of pleasure, as I did so. “Suck them hard,” she ordered me, and then she was pushing them down on me, practically smothering me with her boobs.

When that first time was over, I still didn’t know why Brandy had chosen me. She and I had gotten along well in Spanish class, but she could have had any guy she wanted. I couldn’t understand why she would pick me, but I was glad she did.

“You’re so beautiful,” I told her, as we lay on her dorm room bed.

“And you’re so sweet,” she said, snuggling into me.

Maybe that was all there was to it. She thought I was sweet, and therefore I was the guy she wanted to be with above any other. She sure treated me that way, and soon I was walking around campus with a new gorgeous girlfriend.

She still wore the baggy clothing for a while, and I wondered why she did that. I asked her. “Because my boobs are very hard to hide, and as much as I love them, they get too much unwanted attention.”

“I’m your boyfriend now, and I can protect you,” I told her.

She giggled. “You just want to show me off,” she told me.

The truth was, I did. I thought Brandy was cute even when I thought she was chubby, but I knew what a fantastic body she had under those baggy clothes, and I kind of wanted other guys to know too.

Brandy took pity on me and decided to show off one day. We were supposed to meet in the student union, where I was hanging out with some friends, and she showed up wearing a tight red dress, that was incredibly lowcut. The guys I was with looked like their eyes were about to bulge out of their heads.

“Jesus Christ, who is that?” one of them asked.

“That’s my girlfriend,” I said standing up.

“Bullshit,” another guy said, and I think he believed I was really lying, until I walked up to Brandy and put my arm around her waist. We kissed right there in front of everybody, and I pulled her into me.

I felt like the cock of the walk with all the guys watching me kiss Brandy, and then we walked away, me whispering to her. “You look amazing,” I said.

“Did all your friends think so?” she asked.

“I’m sure they did,” I said. “That’s what you were going for, right?”

She looked at me slyly. “I was going for a certain reaction from you, actually,” she said, and then she put her hand to my crotch, feeling how aroused I was. “I bet we can take care of that.”

She scampered away, and out onto the quad, begging me to follow her. I looked at her amazing body, those shapely legs, and her pert little ass. She was so exquisite, before you even accounted for her amazing breasts, which were so huge that you could see them even from behind.

We got out onto the quad, and then she pulled me to a row of bushes against the wall of the creative arts building. “What are you doing?” I asked.

She didn’t answer, but just smiled, and got down on her knees. Then she was unzipping my fly. This was the first time she had given me a blowjob, and soon she was doing it right on campus, where anybody could walk by and see. Part of me wanted to make her stop, but it felt so incredible I couldn’t bring myself to tell her I didn’t want it.

I had gotten a few blowjobs in my time, but my ex-girlfriend didn’t like to give them, and when she did there was no enthusiasm. It was like a chore that she couldn’t wait to get done with. Brandy was different. She sucked my dick like there was nothing else she would rather be doing, and her lips felt amazing around my cock. It wasn’t long before I was exploding in her mouth.

She took all of my cum, and then swallowed it down enthusiastically. Once she was done, she gave me a big smile, and I put my dick back in my pants.

“I’m sorry,” she said. “I just couldn’t help myself.”

“You don’t have to apologize for that,” I told her.

She knew that was true. She took my hand and we walked away together. I knew this was the beginning of another sexy evening.

It was a couple days later that I noticed the change. Brandy had come over to my dorm room after classes, and she was dressed in one of her baggy sweaters, but after being at my place for a couple hours, she pulled it over her head, revealing a green tank top.

She looked like she was going to burst right out of it. Her boobs were muffin topping out, and I could see the bra underneath, and it looked as if it was struggling to contain her. I couldn’t believe she had fit into that thing, because it looked painful, with the straps pulled so tight, and the cups so ill fitting.

“Jesus Christ!” I said. “What happened to you?”

Brandy gave me that sly smile of hers. It was obvious she knew exactly what I was talking about. She had probably dressed today, thinking about my reaction to what she was wearing.

“I’m glad you noticed,” she said, putting her hands on her hips, and thrusting her chest out. “I’ve grown.”

I stared at her chest, and it was obvious that was exactly what had happened, but the thing that I wanted to know was how it had happened. This should have been outright impossible.

“You grew this much in a few days?” I asked. I wasn’t sure how much she had grown, but it looked like it was more than just a cup size.

“Yeah,” Brandy said. “You know how I said that I was still growing, well this is how it happens.”

“All of a sudden like this?” I asked.

She smiled, and then gave me a devilish look. “I guess I’m going to have to explain to you the whole process,” she said.

She explained it to me, but after she was done, I still didn’t believe it.

“I was completely flat-chested when I graduated high school,” she told me. “It wasn’t until I had a summer romance at eighteen that I had any boobs, and the reason that this happened was that I started giving blowjobs.”

She took a moment to gauge my reaction, which was completely astounded. Was she saying what it sounded like she was saying?

“I gave my boyfriend a blowjob, and a few days later, I suddenly had boobs. I went from nothing, to a B cup, and we were blown away. Of course, we kept experimenting with this, and soon I was a double D, and then a G, and then an H, but he thought I was going too far. We had a few fights about it, and he suddenly stopped letting me blow him.”

I couldn't believe the story she was telling me. It sounded like the plot to a bad smut story you read off the internet.

“So, you're saying that every time you swallowed his cum, your boobs would grow.”

“Correct,” Brandy said, and then she did a little shimmy, causing her huge boobs to shake. “I hadn't dated anybody since I came to school, until I met you. You seemed like a nice guy, and then I wanted to test and see if it would work with you as well, and I guess it has.”

“It sure did,” I said, still staring at her astonishing cleavage. “Just how much have you grown?” I asked her.

Brandy gave me that devilish smile again, and then she took a tape measure out of her pocket. “Why don't you find out,” she said.

She took off her tank top, and then I unhooked her bra. It really did look as if that bra was going to burst, and when I unhooked it, it sprang out in relief.

“Normally, I would grow two or three cup sizes,” Brandy told me, “But this time it seems as if I’ve grown even more.”

I measured her underboob first, and it was the same, thirty-four inches. Then I pulled it over her breasts and watched in delight as the tape stretched and stretched.

She was correct that she had grown more than usual. She had grown four cup sizes, if her previous bra size was correct. “You’re forty-nine inches,” I told her. “That would make you a 34J.”

“Wow,” Brandy said orgasmically. “That is really huge.”

“You like being this big?” I asked. It was a stupid question, because the answer was obvious, but Brandy had worn baggy clothes to hide her figure when we first met.

She turned around to me, and her boobs squished into my chest. “My ex made me feel bad about how much I enjoyed my growth before,” she said. “He made me feel like I really was too big, but I was nothing before. Suddenly, I had the biggest boobs around, and the idea of getting bigger was still exciting.”

She looked down at her huge boobs, currently creating an impressive cleavage while pressed against my chest. “What do you think about it?” she asked. “Do you want me to get even bigger?”

Looking at Brandy's enormous boobs, bigger than I could ever have imagined a girl I was dating having already, the idea of them being even bigger was unbelievable, and also incredibly sexy. I wanted to see that happen, and I wondered just how big she could get.

"Well?" Brandy asked, and I realized I had just been staring off into space.

"I'm thinking about how big they might get," I said, smiling sheepishly.

Brandy grinned. "You always know the right things to say."

Then she was kissing me, and soon she was on top of me, and I was watching those huge tits bounce as she rode me.

"Think about these huge tits getting bigger and fatter," she said. I put my hands up and cupped them. "Squeeze them!" she ordered.

I did just that. "They're so big," I said. "I can't stop thinking about them growing even bigger."

I moved my hands over her monster tits, and then I tried getting two hands around just one of them and watched as the tit still overflowed both hands. Already, she was "too big" for most men, and she wanted to get bigger.

“How big do you think you’ll get?” I asked her.

Brandy’s eyes rolled back, and I could see how much the thought of her growing tits drove her crazy. “I want them to be truly massive,” she said. “I love the way they feel, and how they jiggle when I walk. I want to feel them moving and swaying with my every step, and I want other girls to stare, overcome with jealousy.”

“Aren’t you already there?” I teased.

“I want more,” Brandy said. “I want to be ridiculously huge. I want to be so big that I redefine what big means to most people.”

“You’re already bigger than I ever thought I could hope for,” I told her. She came at once from hearing me say that.

Now that she had started growing again, Brandy’s personality seemed to change. She became more confident, and somewhat of an exhibitionist. We went and bought her a new bra together. “Just one,” she told me. “I’ll be growing out of it soon.”

We also bought a few other outfits on that same shopping trip. They were much more revealing than what Brandy usually wore, but she also wanted to leave herself some “room to grow.”

She loved stuttering around campus in sexy clothes, with high heels, and her

enormous J cup tits thrusting out. We waited a week of me showing her off, and me getting used to dating the hottest girl on campus, before we went for another blowjob. “We want to savor this, don’t we?” Brandy whispered in my ear.

“How did you get a chick like that?” a guy in one of my classes asked me. It may have come off as an insult if it was said a certain way, but he seemed to be genuinely astounded.

“She just asked me back to her dorm room one day after Spanish class,” I told him with a shrug. “We’ve been together ever since.”

He seemed disappointed that there was no trick he could do, or even general advice. He didn’t know how he could ever find any woman so busty, and it was driving him crazy. I thought about what he might think if he saw her grow again. The thought turned me on.

Brandy made me promise not to masturbate. “I think how much cum, and maybe the purity of the cum might have something to do with how much I grow,” she said.

We fucked like rabbits the first few days of the week, but from Thursday through Saturday, we did nothing, and waited for the blowjob moment. I was going crazy because Brandy and I were still hanging out together.

“Just think about how exciting it will be to watch me grow,” she told me. I had to admit, that was a pretty exciting thought, and I agreed that three full days without coming was a small price to pay.

When the day came, I sat on my bed, and opened my pants, while Brandy got on her knees. I was very hard, and ready to go. At first, she gripped my cock with her hand, wanting to feel how hard it was before she went down on me.

This time, it was even more intense than it had been before. I think Brandy was thinking about how my cum was going to make her tits grow, and she was sucking me like she couldn't wait to get that sweet nectar to spurt out and down her throat. When I did come, it was incredibly intense, and my whole body shuddered. It felt like I was spurting forever.

Brandy kept her mouth on my cock until I was completely done, wanting to get and swallow every last bit of my cum. Not only that, but she would blow me again later that night, and then a third time on Saturday morning.

"It's an experiment," she would tell me later. "I have a theory that the more cum I swallow, the bigger and faster I'll grow. I want to see how that will work."

I wanted to see it too, and as I held her in my arms that morning, I began to imagine what it would feel like if her breasts just started growing right then, me being able to feel them pressing against me more and more.

We went back to regular sex for the rest of that weekend, and it was amazing, but I didn't see any evidence of Brandy's tits growing beyond her J cup size. They still felt great when I was lying on top of her, or she was on top of me, and I could watch them bounce. I loved having her nipples in my mouth.

It wasn't until Wednesday of the following week that she texted me while I was in class. "My bra feels tight," she said, and she gave me a smile emoji.

I could feel elation rising in my chest. "I'll have to take a look," I said.

We met up after class, and I measured Brandy. We saw that she had indeed grown an inch, and then we started kissing each other, she topless.

"This is the beginning," she told me.

"Yes, it is," I agreed, and then we were on her dorm room bed, fucking again.

The growth was rapid. By Friday, the bra was starting to become useless, and we saw that she needed a double K. "I think I want to wear the bra until it bursts," Brandy told me.

I had no objections to that. Also on Friday, she went down on me again. We hadn't followed the previous rule of abstaining before she did that, and so I wasn't sure how much she would get out of it, but it was obvious that Brandy wanted more, even as fast as she was growing.

We went on a date on Saturday, and it looked as if she had grown another full cup size in twenty-four hours. We hadn't measured her, but when she put the bra on, it looked as if it was ready to burst. She would be a 34L, and she looked even more huge because she wore a tight t-shirt, that made her situation with her bra even more obvious.

While we were out, everybody was turning and staring at her. We went to dinner, and then we went bowling. It was while we were bowling that her bra gave way, and it simply snapped. Brandy was so turned on that she grabbed ahold of me.

“I don’t care that we aren’t done with this game,” she said. “I need you inside of me right now.”

We left, without finishing the game, and then we were in the car, me having my hands on her hot, now even bigger titties. We fucked in the backseat and were covered completely with sweat before we were done.

When we got back, this time to my dorm room, we fucked again, and this time Brandy was on top. She loved to smother me with her huge tits, and the fact that they were now even bigger made it more exciting. “Just think how big I’m going to be,” she said. “I already burst that bra, and I’ll burst the next one, and the next one.”

We spent the weekend together again, and most of that was spent fucking, except for the brief period we went out to get her another bra. We saw that she had increased two cup sizes since we had measured her that past night as a 34L.

“You’re a 34M,” the lady at the busty woman clothing store told her.

“I guess I’ll take one of those,” Brandy said proudly, puffing out her chest.

“We don’t carry a size that big,” she told us. “Our biggest size for you would be a 34LL.”

“Then I guess I’ll take one of those,” Brandy said proudly.

As we left, she grabbed my arm and whispered in my ear. “I’m too big for the big titty lady store,” she squealed. “Just how big do you think I’m going to get?”

The rest of that weekend would answer the question, because before that it was over, that bra was useless as well. She had grown to a 34O. We had noticed it, seeming as if every time she would put the bra on, usually when we went to get food, or out for a second between our fucking sessions, it got tighter and tighter.

“I can’t believe this,” she was saying Sunday night. She was trying to squeeze the bra on, and it wasn’t fitting around her mammoth titties.

“Will you look at this?” she asked, as she spun around and showed me how much she was bursting out of it.

“It looks amazing,” I said, and she could see that even though we had fucked over four times that day, I was hard for her again.

Brandy put her hands on her hips, and then she breathed deeply. This time, I got to see it. The bra was useless against her massive titties, and soon it burst.

The next week, Brandy walked around campus without a bra, and if she got stares before, they were nothing compared to all the people who stared at her now.

Every day, she was getting bigger, and her tits would bounce and shake with her every step, just like she fantasized. By Wednesday, she should have been wearing a 34R, and it was difficult for her to find clothing in her wardrobe that she wasn't threatening to burst right out of.

"Maybe you need to go clothes shopping," I suggested to her.

"Maybe," she said with a shrug.

She didn't though, and still she was getting bigger, she was sneaking in some blow jobs as much as she could too. Apparently, she wasn't getting big enough, fast enough. By the weekend, she was so big that bra sizes didn't even seem to be relevant. I measured her, and if such a size existed, she would have needed a 34W.

By the next week, she was going beyond the alphabet, and she did need to buy new clothing. She bought oversized clothes that usually obese woman wore, and still they couldn't hide her mammoth bust. She was what she wanted to be, beyond big.

By that next weekend, I was starting to worry. I was amazed that she could stand up. Her cleavage could be measured in feet rather than inches, and still she pushed me down, wanting to get at my dick and give me another blow job.

“Brandy!” I exclaimed. “Don’t you think you’re big enough?”

She laughed at me, and then she pushed me down. She smothered me with her huge tits, and I was on my bed, trying to breath, as tits that were many times bigger than my head were pressing down on me.

“You think I’m too big?” she asked. “I thought you were a tit man.”

Then she lifted them up, letting me breath. I gasped for breath realizing she could have suffocated me.

“I’ll tell you when they’re big enough,” she said. Then she went down on me, and I moaned in ecstasy. She sucked my dick like she wanted every drop of that cum, knowing that she would just keep getting bigger and bigger. Then I came, spurting more of me into her mouth, knowing soon it would just be adding more inches to her bustline.