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BUST WISHES

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

J. D. TUFTS

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“I wish I had big tits,” I said. We were sitting on a blanket near the quad on our university campus. I had just seen a shooting star and Reggie had asked me to make a wish.

Reggie, my boyfriend, looked at me incredulously. “You don’t think you have big tits now?”

I grabbed my chest in my hands. My tits were more than a handful, but I had small hands. “I don’t think a D is very big,” I said. “Sure, I guess they’re big compared to some girls.”

“Most girls,” Reggie corrected.

“Yeah, I guess most girls,” I said. “They don’t seem that big to me. When I look at myself in the mirror, I just don’t think they’re big enough.”

“Do you stare at yourself in the mirror naked a lot?”

“Of course,” I laughed. “I guess girls do this more than guys. I’m trying to think of how guys see me.”

“I think you obsess over that too much,” he said. “Girls I mean, not just you. If you get to the point where a guy is seeing you naked then I don’t think it really matters.”

“It isn’t really about guys,” I said. “I want bigger tits.”

“I think your tits are fine.”

“I guess that’s nice but irrelevant.”

There was a moment where Reggie seemed to be contemplating something, and then he said, “You aren’t thinking about getting implants are you?”

I thought about it for a moment. “No, I don’t like the way fake tits look. If I had big tits, then I would want them to be natural.”

Reggie reached over and copped a feel. “You do have big tits,” he said.

“You’re so unambitious,” I joked.

I was nineteen at the time, and thought my tits were done growing. It was true that most people regarded my boobs as “big”, but I think that was partially due to the relative comparisons and the fact I was a slim girl, five-foot-four, and otherwise of small proportion. My cousin Samantha was an F cup, and I was incredibly jealous. Still, I didn’t think of an F cup as especially big.

I had worked at a grocery store the previous summer with a girl named Erin who was a J cup. Erin and I didn't look much alike, me dark-haired while she was blond. Erin hadn't been as thin as me either, in fact she was downright chubby, but her 40J breasts were a marvel to me, and when I was around her, I felt inadequate with my 34D breasts. From the moment that I met Erin I wanted to be her friend, just because I wanted to be her. I wanted to have huge tits just like her and wondered what it was like.

I invited Erin to go out with me a few times and established a rapport before I asked about her breasts. I started out by broaching the subject of her bra size.

"I'm a 40J," Erin announced. We had been sitting alone at a club late at night, and I had finally gotten the courage to ask her.

"Wow, I didn't know bra sizes went up that high," I said.

Erin stuck out her big chest. "Well, they aren't easy to find," Erin said.

"I wish mine were that big," I said. I was a little embarrassed when I realized what I had said and blushed.

"Really?" Erin asked. "You have very nice breasts. I think you have a really nice figure."

She was looking at me in a way that I had never seen another woman look at me before, and I found myself getting a little hot from it. I had made out with girls

before, but Erin was the first girl that I thought that I was sincerely attracted to.

“I don’t turn heads the way you do.”

“Oh, come on,” Erin said.

“It’s true. I don’t think you realize how much guys are always looking at you.”

“Then why don’t I get asked out more?”

“Maybe they are just intimidated,” I said. “You have really huge tits. They probably figure you can have anybody you want, and therefore you’ll reject them. It is the case of a girl who is so hot that she never gets hit on.”

Erin gave me a long look that made me shiver, and then she said, “Why don’t we get out of here?”

We walked out to the parking lot and then Erin asked me, “Are you working tomorrow?”

“I don’t have to be in until five.”

“I’m off tomorrow. Do you want to come back to my place?”

She said it in a way that sounded very casual, but as I looked at her, there was no other way to interpret what was going on. There was nothing I could say but yes.

Once we were at her place, she offered me a beer. She was old enough to drink but I, of course, was not. I took the beer anyway. I was very nervous about what was about to happen.

When Erin came back from the kitchen, she took her small jean jacket off. All night, she had been wearing it. Underneath, she had on a small, lowcut, red top. The jacket had obscured her chest a bit, though it was impossible to hide breasts as big as hers. With the jacket off, I could finally appreciate how gigantic her chest really was. Her cleavage was exposed, and I was amazed how deep it was. I couldn't take my eyes off it for several seconds, and when I finally pulled myself away, I could see that Erin had noticed me looking.

“Man, you really love my tits,” she said with a giggle. “I'd noticed you looking at me sometimes while we were at work. I never knew why. I guess you were looking at my tits the whole time.”

I could feel myself blushing as I held the bottle of beer in my hands. I took a swig but said nothing. Erin had a look on her face that I had never seen before. She was sexy and confident. At work she was always very professional, and even the few times we had hung out, I hadn't seen this side of her.

“You can have a seat on the couch,” Erin said. I sat down and Erin came and sat beside me, leaning toward me. I couldn't help but look at her tits again. They were almost touching me.

“I never would have known,” Erin said looking at me. “It all makes sense now. You’ve wanted me all this time.”

I leaned forward and kissed her. She kissed me back. Her breasts were pressed against me and I was overwhelmed by their softness and their warmth. They felt so warm to me, that was the surprising thing. It was like Erin was a conduit of heat. I wanted to be close to her.

“Have you done this before?” I asked Erin as we broke our kiss.

She shook her head. “I’ve never done anything with girls. What about you?”

“I’ve made out with girls before,” I said. “I’ve never really wanted anybody the way I want you.”

She kissed me again, wrapping her arms around me, and pressing her huge, soft breasts against me body. I could feel how wet I was, and I knew that I had to have her.

Erin pulled away from me and arched her back so that her chest looked like it might pop right out of her top. “Do you want to see them?” she asked teasingly.

All I could do was nod my head, and Erin smiled as she started to take her top off over her head. Underneath, there was a gigantic utilitarian looking bra. It was

not meant to be “sexy” but to support the abundance that Erin was carrying in the most comfortable way. Still, I couldn’t help but be turned on by the fact that so much material was necessary to support Erin’s huge boobs.

“When I take it off, they’ll look bigger,” Erin said with a giggle. She reached around and struggled to get her bra unhooked. “Could you help me with this?” she asked.

I reached around and tried to help her. There were six individual hooks on the back of her bra, and it was as if they struggled to hold Erin’s abundance in even with all six of them working together. They all felt bent, and it took quite a while for us to get them open.

When we finally did it was all worth it. Erin was right. Once the bra was unclasped it was as if her breasts immediately expanded outward. It was like watching them grow before my eyes. I removed the bra swiftly, and her huge tits retained their firmness despite their size. She had large pink nipples, that were so beautiful that I had to get my mouth on one.

When I went down to suck her right nipple, Erin gasped immediately. She was surprised, but it was obvious as I tended to her breasts that she loved to have them played with. I positioned my fingers on the left nipple while I sucked on the right and then switched between the two. After a while I brought my face back up to kiss her.

“Oh Faye, you’re fantastic,” Erin said. “You really know how to handle my tits.”

We kissed again, and I fondled her big boobs while we did so. Our kiss was long

and passionate. It felt as if we wanted to meld our bodies together as one.

“Come to the bedroom,” Erin said. She stood up, and I marveled as her huge boobs shook when she stood. Each one looked the size of a cantaloupe melon. She turned and walked to the bedroom ahead of me, and I followed, watching as her boobs swayed back and forth. They were easily visible even watching her from behind.

Once I was in the bedroom, I saw that Erin was already taking the rest of her clothes off. She was naked within seconds, but I hadn’t removed a stitch. I quickly started to remedy this situation.

“Don’t go too fast, let me enjoy it,” Erin said with a laugh.

I took off my shirt and pants first, so that Erin could see me in the lacy black bra and panties I had picked out for that night. I hadn’t imagined that things would go like this but hope springs eternal.

“You have a really nice body, Faye,” Erin said as she walked toward me. Her massive boobs, bouncing and swaying, was the most incredible thing I had ever seen.

“So, do you.”

Erin was up against me again, with her fully naked body pressed against me. I felt as if I might explode. She ran her fingers over my body, feeling my hips, my

waist and breasts. I was so wet at this point my panties were soaked.

“You’re thin, but you have boobs and a butt,” Erin said. “That’s what guys like.”

“There aren’t any guys here,” I said.

“You know what I mean.”

“You have an amazing body,” I said. “You have incredible curves.” I put my hands on her tits. “These are the biggest tits I’ve ever seen.”

Erin laughed again. “You really love big tits.”

“I do.”

Erin reached around and unhooked my bra. Once my breasts were free, she bent down and sucked my nipple just as I did to her. “You have really nice tits too,” Erin said.

I reached down and removed my panties. Then we moved over to the bed. I had never fingered a girl before, nor had I eaten a girl out, but I did both that night, and Erin responded enthusiastically. My favorite thing to do was to finger her while sucking on one of her mammoth tits, and Erin loved it too. I made her come several times that night in just this way. It was a heavenly experience.

We hooked up one more time that summer before I had to go back to school. Within a few weeks of school starting I met Reggie and we were quickly a couple. It was late October when I had made the wish on the shooting star, and Reggie had told me he did not have the same enthusiasm for gigantic tits that I did. I didn't think it would matter, but everything was about to change.

It was a few weeks later that my bra started to feel tight. At first, I thought I must have gained weight, but looking at myself in the mirror I couldn't see where I had gained weight anywhere else. My figure was still slim, and I exercised regularly, so how I had gained any weight would have been a mystery.

I decided to measure myself, but I wanted to have somebody else to make sure, so I called Reggie over. He was surprised to see me in my dorm room, wearing nothing but my bra and panties.

"Well, if this was what you wanted, I would have made it over here faster."

"Not that, you nitwit. I want you to measure me." I took off my bra and handed him a tape measure.

"I'm not sure how to do this," he said.

I sighed. "Wrap the tape measure under my boobs and get my band measurement first." He did what I told him, and I got exactly what I expected at thirty-four inches. "Now put it over my boobs." He did it correctly, and then announced the results.

“Forty inches,” he said.

“Are you sure? Let’s try this again.” We did it a second time and got the same result.

“What’s the big deal?” Reggie asked.

I turned toward him and gestured to my boobs. “Do they look bigger?”

He looked at my chest for a long time as if contemplating something important. I sighed heavily. If I had a boyfriend who was as into my boobs as I wanted him to be, he would have known immediately, but instead I had Reggie.

“Yeah, they definitely look bigger.”

“Are you sure, because a forty-inch chest means my boobs are fifty percent bigger than they were a couple weeks ago.”

“That’s a lot.”

“No shit.” I was annoyed with Reggie, and concerned, yet saying out loud how much my boobs have grown

There was a short conversation with Reggie, in which I realized that he was going to be of no help, and I made him leave. After that went down to student health services to see if I could talk to a doctor.

“It is nothing to be concerned about,” a female doctor, who couldn’t be larger than a B cup, told me. “Women’s breasts grow for a variety of reasons and it’s normal.”

“It was just a big jump very fast,” I said.

“You’re sure you aren’t pregnant?”

“Positive.”

“Then there is no reason to worry.”

After that, I went to Victoria’s Secret and bought myself a few new bras. I couldn’t help but be excited to be getting a 34DDD.”

Once I had new bras my boobs looked fantastic. Not having the right bras before, had not made it apparent to others how much my boobs had grown, and I always dressed to show my boobs off. Now, with every outfit I wore before designed to accentuate my former D cups, my new triple D cups looked astounding. I was turning heads everywhere I went, and it wasn’t long before I

broke things off with Reggie. He didn't seem too broken up about it.

I hooked up with a guy named James at a party a few days after Reggie and I broke up. When he saw me with my bra off, he was appropriately appreciative. "Oh my God," he gasped.

"You've never seen boobs this big before?" I asked teasing.

"Never."

"How big were the biggest boobs you've ever touched before me," I said, taking his right hand and placing it directly on my tit.

"A C cup," he said.

I laughed. "You poor boy, I'm a 34DDD."

He made a face like he had never imagined touching boobs that big. "Wow," he said. I could only imagine how he would have reacted to boobs that were as big as Erin's and thinking of her I found myself wishing I had grown to that size.

"Do you want me to tit fuck you?" I asked.

“I’ve never had that before.”

“You’ll love it.” I don’t think I have to tell you that he did. I got him off that way within a few minutes, and it didn’t take me that long afterward to arouse him again so he could fuck me.

James and I ended up hooking up again about a week later. “Your boobs look even bigger,” he said. I took this as a compliment but didn’t take it seriously. It wasn’t until Thanksgiving that my bras started to get tight again.

I couldn’t find a bra with my new cup size and band size, so I ended up buying a bra that was a 38DDD from Victoria’s Secret, rather than the 34FF that I really needed. I ordered some of those bras online but was angry that each cost fifty dollars. I put them on the credit card that my parents gave me for emergencies.

“Geez, your boobs, Faye!” my sister Jill exclaimed when she saw me.

"I know, I know," I said, downplaying how delighted I was that she had noticed. Jill was my older sister, but she was only a B. My mother was the same size. There were big boobs on my father’s side of the family, but he had been interested in women with average size busts. I was a D because of the genes from my paternal grandmother, but when I went to family gatherings on my father’s side, I had always been the smallest one. Not anymore!

“It wasn’t enough that you were already the sister with the big boobs?” Jill asked.

I ignored this. I had always loved rubbing it in that I had been twice as busty as my “big sister”, but now that she was only a fourth of my size, there was no reason to be cruel. At least that was what I had been thinking at the time. Jill had brought a boyfriend to our Thanksgiving feast.

Jill’s boyfriend was a tall handsome guy named Craig. There had been some issues with Jill’s boyfriends in the past. The two of us looked very much the same, so which sister somebody preferred was really down to whether they preferred my curves to Jill’s slenderness. Since there was only two years difference, and we mostly went to the same high school, it was not much of a problem. I would sometimes try to tempt one of Jill’s boyfriends with a lowcut top, but none had ever taken the bait.

Craig was a different story. Jill had met him at school, and while he was aware that Jill had a sister, he hadn’t set eyes on me. With one look, I could tell that Craig was “settling” for my sister’s modest bust. In fact, he obviously liked really big boobs. When he first laid eyes on me, in a grey top that showed a modest amount of cleavage, his mouth fell open and he had to quickly compose himself. Not quickly enough for me not to have noticed.

I caught him stealing glances at my tits throughout the rest of the evening and it delighted me. My nipples got hard every time I would see him out of the corner of my eye. It seemed like he was more into big tits than even James. I wondered why he was dating my sister. He was a good-looking guy and could have had his pick of many different ladies.

I finally got to talk with Craig by himself. It turned out that he smoked, so he was sneaking a cigarette out in the front yard and I went out to talk with him.

“Hey, Craig,” I said. He looked over at me and once he saw that it was me and

not my sister, he became noticeably uncomfortable.

“Hi Faye, how’re you doing?”

“I’m fine. I just didn’t know you smoked.” I reached over and grabbed the cigarette out of his mouth before taking a drag myself. Then I handed it back to him. “I’m surprised my sister would date a smoker.”

“I’m trying to quit.”

I nodded. “So, how did you meet Jill anyway?”

“At a party.”

I nodded again. “I wouldn’t have figured you for Jill’s type.”

Craig smiled and looked at me directly in the eyes for the first time. It seemed until then he had been avoiding direct eye contact as much as trying to avoid the temptation of appreciating my bust. “What’s Jill’s type?” he asked.

“Nerdier,” I said, though this was a lie. It was merely an excuse to steer the conversation in a direction I wanted to go. “What’s your type?” I asked.

He gave me a long hard look and I knew then that he knew what I was doing. He knew I had seen him staring at my breasts. He knew I was playing with him. Part of him was doubting it, and the other half was asking why.

“Your sister is my type,” he said and threw his cigarette on the ground, before walking back into the house.

I wasn’t sure why I was doing it. Maybe it was the rush of power I felt at the size of my new breasts, but I wanted to seduce Craig. Still, it was just that one night and I wasn’t going to push it. I forgot about it and went on with my life.

My new bras came to my parents’ house a few days later, and when I tried them on, they already didn’t feel like they fit properly. At first, I thought it was a problem with the bras, but then I thought to check. I remeasured myself and saw that I had a forty-three-inch chest. I had grown a cup size in just a few days.

I returned two of the bras, and just kept one. I figured I needed a bra to wear, and if I was going to grow this fast then I needed to keep this one for as long as I could. That turned out to be another two weeks. I grew so fast in that time that I split the bra open.

When I measured my chest after that it turned out to be forty-seven inches, big enough to wear a 34HH if I had a bra, but I decided against ordering one. I was growing so fast now that it would be ludicrous to order one, since it wouldn’t be too long before I outgrew it.

I didn’t leave the house much on Christmas break. I loved the size of my tits, but because I didn’t have anything to wear, I didn’t want to be seen out like that. I

spent a lot of time sitting around the house and fondling myself. I loved how full my tits felt, and how heavy they were. When I walked, they swayed pendulously, and I would watch myself in the mirror. The best part was they kept getting bigger. It felt like they were getting bigger every day.

By the time Christmas Eve came around, my chest was fifty-two inches, and if I had a bra, I would wear a 34K. I was bigger than Erin! At least in terms of cup sizes, though because she was a bigger girl in general, her boobs were still slightly bigger than mine. With the way I was growing, I didn't think that would stand for very long.

My parents had a holiday dinner on Christmas Eve, and my sister invited Craig over. I hadn't seen him since Thanksgiving, so I was ecstatic to see his reaction to my growth. I didn't have a bra, but it hardly mattered. I put on a tight red sweater, and the enormity of my brand-new tits pushed it out to an outrageous degree. My tits were so firm it was almost as if I was wearing a bra, until I moved, and they started to bounce. That day, I saw that my mother wanted to say something, but what could she say? There was nothing that I could wear that wouldn't be obscene.

When Craig saw me, the look on his face was all I had hoped for. He looked as close to a cartoon wolf's jaw hitting the floor as any human being could. "Oh hi, Craig, I said coquettishly.

"Hey, Faye," he said to me. He tried to control himself with the rest of the family there, but I thought his heart was beating so hard that I could hear his heartbeat.

I steered clear of him for the rest of the night. I didn't want Jill to get any ideas, but then I saw him smoking again. I went out to see him out front. It wasn't very cold that night, so my sweater was more than enough to keep me warm. I didn't

want a jacket to conceal my chest from him.

“So, is my sister still your type?” I asked. I didn’t hesitate to stick my chest out to emphasize my point.

Craig looked at me, and this time he was overcome with desire. While he had been suspicious before, there was no holding back. “Are those even real?” he asked.

I laughed, and then I boldly lifted my sweater up for a second to flash him. Seeing my huge tits naked for the first time, I could only imagine the impact it had on him. He looked like he was going to faint. I slipped him my cell phone number.

“We can have some fun before I go back to school.”

Craig left that night, but he texted me that evening, saying he wanted to see me the day after Christmas. I agreed to the rendezvous, and we made plans. Neither of us mentioned Jill, of course, but I’m sure he was thinking about her the same way I was. Why did this turn me on so much? I knew it was wrong, but it was so hot it was like I didn’t even care.

Craig gave me directions to his apartment. I wore a tight tube top that I had bought back when I was merely a double H cup. Now I was so huge that I was popping out of it. I put a bulky winter coat over it, just so I could have that dramatic reveal.

When I got to his apartment, I practically bounded up the steps to the second floor where he lived. I knocked on the door and he opened immediately. “Hi Craig,” I said with a giggle.

Craig pulled me inside and had his arms around me in an instant. We kissed, and I could feel how hard his cock was pressed against me. He was very excited, and so I reached down to grab his cock. “I’ve really gotten you worked up,” I teased.

Then I pulled away from him and unzipped my coat. My back was to him for those few brief seconds, and I let him marinate in the anticipation before I turned around. He looked like he was about to have a heart attack. For the first time he could look at my tits without fear of being caught by Jill. My huge tits were practically erupting out of the top, each breath I took tempting fate.

“My god,” he said breathlessly.

“You really love big tits don’t you?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“Then why are you with my sister?”

He pulled his eyes from my breasts for a moment to look me in the eyes, but he couldn’t stray from my chest for very long. “Being with busty girls has always got me in trouble,” he said. “I wanted to take a break from it. I thought I could get used to a girl with a smaller chest.”

I laughed at the poor pathetic boy and his dilemma. “What size was the bustiest girl you’ve ever been with?” I asked.

“36G,”

“Wow,” I said with a giggle. “That’s so small.” Then I peeled my top down and watched Craig struggle to comprehend my size. “What do you think of these?” I asked.

Craig couldn’t answer in a coherent way. He was on me in an instant ripping my cloths off and getting his hands on my massive tits. We fucked on his couch immediately, and poor Craig couldn’t hold on very long. He came within a few minutes, and I felt bad for him having to hold off while feeling my huge mountains pressed against him.

It didn’t take long for him to get hard again. Especially when I ordered him to. We went to his bedroom where I climbed on top of him and rode his cock. “Who is the biggest?” I asked him.

“You are,” he answered, while he fondled me. “You’re so massive. Your tits own me.”

It was one of the most incredible days of my life. Craig worshipped my tits and appreciated how truly massive I had become. When it was over, I told him we’d do it again sometime, but I knew it was a lie. I could have any tit man I wanted.

When I got back home, I stood naked in my bedroom and marveled at my startling figure. I had a kind of power now that I never imagined having before. Even when I fantasized about having huge tits, I never really appreciated how it would feel. Part of me felt a little guilty about taking Jill's boyfriend, but I knew I deserved to take whatever I wanted.

I finally bought a bra at the end of winter break, a 34LL that I found on the internet. I didn't quite fill it, yet, but I knew I would soon. I knew that soon I would be busting out of it.

When I got back to school, I found myself with many admirers, that it was simple to turn into my worshipping slaves. When I finally did burst out of my 34LL, I had many men at my beck and call to pay for my custom bras. They were happy to do it, and I often had many men to satisfy all my needs, both financially and sexually. I often had orgies, where I was the only woman, one man inside me while I had each nipple sucked on by a lucky man.

The power my big tits gave me was beyond anything I imagined, and I just kept feeling more powerful as I kept growing. By the end of the school year I was beyond huge. My chest measured ninety-two inches, and the idea of bra sizes was beyond me. Heads turned wherever I went. Men would walk into things or come in their pants. My number of slaves was growing.

Still, I felt like something was missing. Once the school year was over, I called Erin. "Hey, it's been a long time," I said.

"Yeah, are you coming back to work at the store?"

With the money from my many admirers, there was no reason to work. “No, but I was hoping I’d get to see you. What are you doing tonight?”

Erin said I could come over, and I got one of my men to drive me and then drop me off. My tits were far too big for me to drive myself by that point. I wore a tight green top with a plunging neckline. As I knocked on Erin’s door, I waited in anticipation.

When Erin saw me, she looked astounded. “I think the tables have turned,” I said.

“How?” Erin asked breathlessly.

“It’s a long story,” I told her. “I’ll tell it to you. I think we have all night.”