



DOKI DOKI

BREAST EXPANSION CLUB

A PARODY

J. D. TUFTS



DOKI DOKI

BREAST EXPANSION CLUB

A PARODY

J. D. TUFTS

DOKI DOKI BREAST EXPANSION CLUB

Copyright © 2021 by J. D. Tufts

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or used in any manner without written permission of the copyright owner except for the use of quotations in a book review

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Sumiko had been my neighbor for as long as I remembered, and we grew up as best friends. There was a time when we had done everything together, but that began to change as we got older. I stopped wanting to hang out with a clumsy girl all the time, but it became very clear that Sumiko had developed a pretty huge crush on me.

I wasn't sure what to do about that. Don't get me wrong, Sumiko was a very cute redhead, and I liked her just fine, but I had learned in my teenage years that I had a thing for very specific girls. I liked busty girls, the bustier the better. In fact, there was no limit to how big tits could be to excite me. Sumiko was maybe a C cup, and that just wasn't going to cut it for me.

Still, I felt bad for her. She really was quite sweet, and obviously so into me. We got past high school and started going to the same college. In our home country of Japamerica, it was a big deal for college kids to join different clubs, so Sumiko kept pestering me to join a club that she had formed with some other students.

"It's a literature club," Sumiko said. "You'll love it. Why don't you join it and hang out with me?"

I kept shrugging it off, but after a while I ran out of excuses. I finally agreed reluctantly. I thought that if I agreed to do this one activity with Sumiko then I would be able to pursue other girls in peace.

So, I came by one afternoon at the room where the club usually meets. When I got there, Sumiko bounded toward me. "I can't believe you came," she said. "Let me introduce you to the other members of the group."

It turned out there were only four members total, before I showed up, but they were all attractive girls. Sumiko introduced me to Monica, the club president. She was a tall girl, almost as tall as me, and who towered over Saori. She also had red hair, though hers was much longer. What caught my eye though was a nice pair of double D breasts. I didn't want to stare with Sumiko right there, but I initially found Monica very attractive.

"I'm so happy that you're joining our club," Monica gushed. "We barely had enough members to form a proper club, and it would be so nice to have a male perspective."

The second member was Natsumi, who was even smaller than Sumiko and had boyish proportions. "Hey, I hope you aren't going to make us all read a bunch of lame dude authors," Natsumi said to me.

"I don't even know what that means," I responded.

She rolled her eyes. "That's even worse."

Then I met the final member of the literature club, Yumi, and my breath was taken away.

When I had first entered the room, Yumi had been sitting down with her body angled in such a way that her figure was obscured. When she stood up, I noticed immediately that she was the tallest of the girls, an inch taller than me actually, but the thing that could not be ignored was that she was the bustiest of the girls

by far.

I had been able to guess that Monica was a double D fairly easily, because that was within a range of breasts that I was familiar with, but I couldn't begin to guess how big Yumi was. Her breasts were at least twice as big as Monica's, and easily the biggest pair I'd ever seen.

"Hi JD," Yumi said. "What kind of books do you like to read?"

"Um, to tell you the truth I haven't been reading a lot lately," I said.

"Well, I have something I think you'll like," she said. She produced a book from her bag and handed it to me. It was a horror novel with a logo of an eye on the cover. "This is one of my favorites," she said.

I didn't have to be convinced to spend time with Yumi. I started reading the book that night after the club, and I discussed it with Yumi every time we had a club meeting. The club also consisted of writing our own works, mostly poems, and when I wrote mine, I was always thinking of Yumi.

Natsumi seemed to pick up on this right away and was annoyed by it. It seemed that she had a crush on me, just as Sumiko did, but she was never going to be able to compete with Yumi. Sumiko, much to my surprise, didn't seem to be getting jealous at all, but seemed happy I had joined her club and was meeting the other girls. Monica seemed very keen on discussing my poems with me, and I liked her well enough. Still, I was surprised by her seeming interest.

All I could think about was Yumi most days. “Have you always liked horror?” I asked her, one day.

“Yes,” Yumi said. “For as long as I can remember, I always was into a good scare. I also love horror movies, and there is nothing I’d like more than to have somebody to snuggle up to while watching something scary.”

When she said that, her voice became very sultry, and she thrust her big chest out and toward me. There was no mistaking what she meant by that.

“Why don’t you come over this weekend, and we’ll watch scary movies?” I asked her. “I think that would be fun.”

I was making my big move here.

I was incredibly nervous about Yumi showing up at my house, but I picked three movies that I thought would be sufficiently scary. I thought Yumi might be a hard one to scare. She liked that dark stuff.

Yumi showed up at my house in a tight grey sweater and black pants. I realized that her normal school attire had minimized her bust before. Looking at her chest right now, it looked absolutely immense. I could barely keep my eyes off it, and I just flat out stared at those big tits for a long period.

Yumi giggled, knowing exactly what she was doing to me. “Aren’t you going to invite me in?” she asked.

I did just that, and then I showed her around my parent's house. The whole time I was watching the wobble and bob of those enormous fat tits. I just couldn't believe how huge they were. I had never touched a breast bigger than a double D, and Yumi's were so much bigger.

I showed her around the house quickly, and then took her back to the living room. She sat down on the sofa, and I watched her huge boobs bounce. "What movies are we watching?" she asked.

I gave her the three titles I had picked. "Have you seen any of these?" I asked.

"No," she said, delighted. "I guess this is going to be fun."

The first movie I put in was *It Follows*, a movie that I had seen before, and it really creeped me out. As we started watching it, Yumi snuggled up next to me, and as the tension built, I could feel her grabbing my arm tighter and tighter. Her left breast was pressing against me soon.

"You aren't too scared?" I whispered in her ear.

"No," Yumi said. "I have you here to protect me."

I held her close until the movie was over. As the credits rolled, she looked up at me, and I saw the longing expression on her face. I leaned down to kiss her, our

lips met, and I felt an electricity coursing through me.

Then we were furiously making out. Yumi leaned back, and let me get on top of her, so I could feel her huge breasts pressed against my chest. I felt my cock getting hard at once, and I knew Yumi could feel it too. Her breathing quickened at how aroused I was.

“I’ve been waiting for this,” she whispered. She took my right hand and moved it under her sweater. “Feel my big tits,” she said. “I’ve been waiting for you to feel them. I know you’ve been staring at them.”

I shuddered as my hands moved over her huge, thick bra. The bra was bigger than I could have ever imagined it being, and I could tell that Yumi was starting to overflow it. As big as her tits were, they seemed to be still growing.

Suddenly, Yumi flipped me over, and then she pulled her sweater over her head. I could see her enormous bra, and the big tit flesh flowing out of it. “Natsumi has a crush on you,” Yumi said with a laugh. “I knew she didn’t have a chance though. You’re a real breast man, and these are some real tits. I’m a 36HH, and Natsumi is barely a B cup.”

Yumi reached around and unhooked her bra. Finally, those tits were free, and I could see them. I had seen huge tits on the internet before, but never that firm and perky. I was in awe of them as Yumi lowered them down and put them straight in my face.

“Suck me,” she ordered, and I obliged her right away. “I want to feel you sucking my huge titties.”

I sucked and fondled them, driving Yumi crazy. I could hear her moans, and I could feel her reaching toward my belt and then unbuckling it. She was ready to fuck. I knew I was only seconds from being inside the bustiest girl I had ever seen.

Yumi rode me until we both came, and I watched as her giant boobs bounced. She would often run her own hands over them and touch her own hard nipples.

“You ever see tits this big?” she asked me.

“Never,” I said.

“Tell me who’s the biggest,” she said.

“You are,” I said.

It wasn’t long before I came with her talking like that. Afterwards. We lay on the couch holding each other. We watched the second horror film, a movie called Audition, but we didn’t make it to the third. Yumi had to go home, so we put her clothes back on and walked outside.

“We’ll do this again sometime,” Yumi said, and then she kissed me, a passionate kiss. She pressed her huge jugs against me, just to remind me how big they were. After she walked away, I turned back toward the house to see Sumiko standing

there.

“Sumiko!” I cried out. “You scared me.”

“Sorry,” she said. She was looking at me curiously, but I didn’t know how much she had seen.

“You just missed Yumi,” I said dumbly.

“Yes, I saw her,” Sumiko said. “I think a lot of things make more sense to me now.”

“I can explain everything,” I said.

Sumiko walked toward me. “You don’t have to explain,” she said. “I’m happy to see you getting close to somebody else. It makes me feel good. I wanted you to join the club so you could make more friends, and you have.”

She hugged me, and I didn’t quite know what to say. “You’re my best friend, Sumiko,” I finally said.

She didn’t say anything else, just let me go and went running toward the house. I thought about running after her, but maybe I was overreacting. She would get over the whole thing with Yumi eventually.

When I went to the club on Monday, I expected to see Sumiko there, but she wasn't. Yumi wasn't there either, only Monika, and Nutsumi. "Where is everybody?" I said.

"Yumi is making tea," Monika said. "She'll be right here."

"What about Sumiko?" I asked.

"She wasn't in class today," Nutsumi said. "I think she must be sick or something."

For some reason, this sent my mind into a panic. I suddenly thought I had to see Sumiko. I had to see if she was okay. "I've got to go," I said, and then I was running out the door.

I ran all the way home. It was only sixteen blocks, but by the time I got there I was awfully winded. I was bent over and coughing by the time I got to Sumiko's house. I took a moment to recover myself before I knocked in the door.

I knocked but received no answer. I knocked a little more loudly, and still there was no answer. I thought it was still a little early for Sumiko's parents to be home. I tried the door, and to my surprise, it opened.

I walked up stairs toward Sumiko's bedroom. The door was shut, and so I

knocked on it gently. “Sumiko, it’s JD,” I said. There was no answer. I got a bad feeling. I gently pushed open the door.

Sumiko was in the room, sitting on the bed with her back turned to me. “Sumiko, are you okay?” I said. She said nothing, for a very long time, and then finally she spoke.

“I didn’t want you to see me like this,” she said.

“Like what?” I asked. I noticed that Sumiko was hunched over. I didn’t know why she was sitting like that, and the sweatshirt she was wearing looked misshapen. It should have been very oversized on her, I think it was one of her dad’s old shirts, but it seemed tight in places.

“Sumiko, please talk to me,” I said.

“I was jealous of you and Yumi,” Sumiko said. “It was stupid, but I was. I think when I saw you two together, I finally got it. I don’t have big enough boobs for you.”

I felt myself blush a bit. “Sumiko, it’s not just only that,” I said.

She ignored me. “You know how I’ve always been into chemistry. I thought you were into big boobs for a while. I had been thinking you might like me if I had bigger boobs, so I’ve been working on something all this time. I decided I’d try it on Sunday, and things got really out of hand.”

Then Sumiko stood up, and I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Her back was still turned to me, but even with her back facing me, I could still see that her chest was protruding out ridiculously. I could see the incredibly girth of her chest even from behind.

Sumiko reached down and lifted her shirt up, revealing an orange tank top underneath. My heart was beating a mile a minute. I wanted her to turn, and I wanted to see her, but she placed her sweatshirt on the bed first and hesitated. I could feel a shiver go through my body.

"I guess there is no point in hiding it any longer," she said. "I'll have to show it to you some time."

Sumiko turned to face me, and it was like all the air went out of the room. Her breasts looked like they projected out at least a foot in front of her, yet they still retained their shape, even though she obviously wasn't wearing a bra. There was no way that she could have found a bra that was big enough. Her breasts looked to be at least four times bigger than Yumi's which were the biggest I had ever seen.

"I know I look hideous," Sumiko said, and I could hear the break in her voice.

"No, no...Sumiko...you look beautiful," I said.

She looked into my eyes, and I could still see her tears welling up, but she seemed surprised. "You don't think these are too big?" she asked.

I almost laughed at the question. My cock was hard in my pants looking at cute little Sumiko and her now gigantic tits. They were beyond even my wildest fantasies. She made even the huge boobed anime girls look tiny by comparison.

“Sumiko, I’d love to see them,” I said. “I’d love to touch them.”

A change came over her, as Sumiko realized the power that she had over me. “Do you think you could handle them?” she asked.

“I’d be willing to try,” I said.

Then she was reaching down and pulling the tank top over her enormous boobs. She struggled to do it. I wasn’t even sure where she had been able to find a tank top that could contain her voluminous knockers, but somehow she had. When she finally got it off, they bounced free, and there they were, bare, with huge pink nipples, erect and pointing at me.

I couldn’t control myself. I was on her in seconds, and my hands were fondling her huge tits. I could feel them pressed against me, overwhelming enormous and warm. One tit was as wide as my whole chest. It was like I was lodged between them as Sumiko and I were kissing each other wildly.

“I’ve been dreaming of this for so long,” Sumiko said.

I thought about telling her I had been dreaming of this too, but it would have rung false. The truth was, I had been dreaming of this, but the fantasy I had been having was one of a woman with colossal tits of this size, and not of Sumiko in particular. We were both able to have our fantasy, and as Sumiko reached down to grab my hard cock, I knew she was ready to go.

While Yumi had seemed experienced, I knew that Sumiko was a virgin. That made me apprehensive, even as her tits drove me crazy, but Sumiko wasn't holding back as we took our clothes off. "I need you inside me," she said. "Fuck me, suck on my big tits. I've never been so excited."

I did what she told me, and soon I was inside her, and I was on top of her, feeling those monstrous tits under me. It was like laying on two enormous, warm beachballs. I had never been so hard in my life, and I was amazed that I didn't come immediately upon entering her.

I fucked Sumiko vigorously, and she was indeed excited. She came almost immediately when I was inside her, and then as I kept pumping in her, I felt her come again and again.

"I love you JD," she said. "I've loved you for years."

She came what seemed like five times, her huge mountainous tits wobbling under me every time it happened. Then I finally couldn't take it anymore, and I exploded inside her. Sumiko let out a satisfied sigh.

"Oh thank you," she said. "I love to feel your cum."

The two of us collapsed on the bed together and continued to gently kiss each other. “That was amazing,” I said.

“Yes, and I know you’re mine now,” Sumiko said as she pulled me into her cleavage. “I’m the biggest. That means you belong to me.”

Hearing her say those words was very satisfying, but there was something troubling about this. I had just had sex with Yumi this past weekend, and I didn’t know how she would take this. I was also worried, as we both started drifting off to sleep, that Sumiko’s parents would find us. Why did they never seem to be around?

I wasn’t sure how much I had slept, but when I woke up, I was in Sumiko’s bed alone. I looked around, thinking she was somewhere else in the room, but she wasn’t. I put back on my clothes and crept toward the door.

When I opened it, I listened for somebody else in the house and heard nothing. There was nobody here at all. I took out my phone and saw it was seven o’clock. Why would Sumiko leave me here, and where were her parents? This was seriously confusing.

I decided that the best thing for me to do was to leave the house, and then try and call Sumiko once I was back home. I crept toward the living room, but just as I was about to get to the front door, a shape came into my vision, and then there was somebody standing in front of me.

I let out a scream, but there was no need to be afraid. The person standing in front of me was a familiar sight. It was just Monica. She was dressed as she usually was for our literature club meetings and was smiling at me.

“Monica, what are you doing here?” I asked.

“I realized what happened,” Monica said. “First with Yumi, and then with Sumiko. It made me realize why you didn’t pick me. I had their game files erased, and so now I can give you what you want.”

“Files erased?” I said. “What are you talking about?”

“I had Natsumi erased as well,” Monica said. “There is no reason to have her around now that we know what you want.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I said.

Monica stared at me blankly. “Don’t play dumb,” she said. “You can only role play so much.”

Monica snapped her fingers, and suddenly we were back in the classroom. I realized that she really did know she was in a game, and that she had control. She was sentient, and she had somehow hacked the program.

“How did you?” I asked her.

“I’m not really sure,” Monica said with a shrug. “I’ve been stuck in here for a long time, reliving the same thing over and over again. With each person, we would act it out, while they chose one of the three girls, but somehow I was never a part of it.”

“Did you know you were in a game before?” I asked.

Monica shook her head. “It didn’t come to me all at once. It was something that I gradually realized, but this was the first time I took control of everything. Once I realized your obsession with big tits was affecting the game.”

I blushed a bit. “I used mods to make Yumi bustier,” I said.

Monica laughed. “Obviously,” she said. “Maybe that was what awoke me and had me take control. It was what made me realize that I could be happy with you.”

I took a moment to look at Monica. She was a beautiful girl, with a nice figure. She was tall, with long legs, a pretty face, long red hair, and big firm breasts, by normal standards, yet, not up to my standards.

“I’m curious,” Monica said in a sultry voice. “Just how big do you like them?” She giggled. “Is there a limit to how big a girl can be?”

Monica thrust her chest out, and then, almost instantly, I saw that her breasts were very slowly getting bigger. Monica moaned as her breasts expanded.

“I can feel them pressing against my bra, filling it more and more. I’m getting so big,” she said.

Within seconds, I could see that the bra was going to give way. I finally heard the snap, as her huge tits were now free. She had expanded to almost the size that Yumi’s breasts had been, and she was starting to get there very quickly. I could see that her shirt was still filling up, and her buttons were starting to pull tight.

“I need to get this thing out of here,” Monica said. She reached into her shirt and pulled the useless bra out of her sleeve. I looked at it, a big bra by most normal standards, that she had quickly rendered almost useless.

“Oh my,” Monica said, and she looked at her own breasts. “Come here JD. I want you to feel them.”

I could see that the buttons were puckering, and pretty soon she was going to start popping out of her shirt. Once I walked close enough to Monica, she reached out and wrapped her arms around me. She kissed me passionately, and grabbed my right hand, placing it firmly on one of her big tits.

The sensation of feeling her breast grow under my hand was incredible. She was already much larger than a handful, but it was still exciting to move my hand

over so much breast flesh, and feel her getting bigger and bigger.

Soon, she was filling her shirt completely. I could feel that the bottom of her shirt had come out of her stomach and revealed her flat stomach. She was starting to reach the proportions that Sumiko had been at, and then her first button went. It exploded off with a pop.

“There’s one,” Monica said, and that had relieved some of the pressure, but her boobs were growing so big that it wasn’t long before the second one was ready to go. “There’s two,” Monica said, as the second button popped.

Soon, the shirt was ripped open at the front, and she was still growing, but the shirt was such tatters that it didn’t matter. Her tits here starting to become so large that it was difficult for me to be close to her, even pressing them as much as I could. They were starting to push me out.

“If you want to kiss me,” Monica said, with a smile, “You’re going to have to sink into my cleavage.”

I did just that. I tore the final bit of her shirt open, and she smiled, as she pulled back and removed her shirt. She was bigger than Sumiko had been and was getting bigger. When I sank into her cleavage, I felt like I was surrounded in warmth and power. I could still feel her breasts slowly expanding around me. She was pleased and kissed me.

“Am I too big yet?” Monica asked.

“No,” I whispered. “You can never be too big.”

“Really?” Monica asked with a cock of her eyebrow. “You think I can’t get too big for you. That sounds like a challenge.”

I felt it almost instantly, the increase in growth from the slow steady growth that she had been exhibiting so far. Her breasts were expanding around me, and I was hard, thinking I might come in my pants.

“Let’s see how big I can get,” Monica taunted.

Her breasts were swelling around me, and soon each breast was touching the ground even when she was standing. Monica had made herself strong enough to carry her breasts no matter how big and heavy they got, and they were already impossibly heavy. If she put one on top of me, I would be pinned to the ground without being able to move.

Monica reached for my hard cock and pulled open my pants. “I want you inside me,” she said. “I want you to fuck me as you feel me grow.”

That’s what happened, me entering Monica’s velvety pussy while her breasts continued to swell around me. It wasn’t long until they were indeed bigger than me, and they were starting to fill the room. It was a question whether they would overwhelm the wall or the ceiling first.

I could hear the sound of her breasts encountering the furniture in the room,

mostly desks, and they being quickly crushed under the immensity of her size and weight. It was unbelievable how colossal she was. This was a fantasy that I had never dared to dream.

As if in answer, Monica said, “I can be as big as your wildest imaginations,” she said. “I can be your perfect woman, and your perfect fantasy. We can love each other here like you could experience it nowhere else.”

That was true, I realized. Monica was what I had always wanted.

Just Monica.

Her breasts continued to fill the room, and then I could feel them pushing against the ceiling, and then pushing against the walls. She was going to burst this room open. I could feel the pressure, and breasts all around me pushing against my body. It was the most incredible thing I had ever experienced, being crushed, but it being by big soft tits.

Then the walls began to give, and the ceiling began to give. She was breaking the room just like she had broken one of her bras, and I was coming inside her. I was lost to her in that moment. Monica was my obsession, my goddess, the way it was always meant to be.