

REUNION

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY



J. D. TUFTS

REUNION

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY



J. D. TUFTS

REUNION

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.

I got a Facebook friend request from Amy Jin. Amy Jin, who I hadn't heard from since college, and who I had tried to find on Facebook several times. It had been ten years, and here she was. I couldn't believe it. I accepted the request immediately so that I could look at her profile.

Here I was disappointed. There were very few pictures of her, instead a lot of pictures of nature shots and places she had traveled. The pictures that there were of her were headshots. Ten years later it seemed that Amy was still a pretty Asian girl, who had seemed to have barely aged in a decade. Still, I wanted to see that body, which had been the source of lustful thoughts for me these past ten years.

After I friended her, Amy sent me a message the next day. "Hey Ted, haven't talked to you in forever. I'm going to be back in town in two weeks. You still live in Seattle, right?"

I wrote her back. "Yeah, I own a house in Green Lake. I would love to reconnect."

Amy Jin, I was thinking. Did she know what I felt for her back in college? Did she know how I had lusted for her so long since? If she had, then ten years was a long time for a reunion. I didn't want to get my hopes up. Yet, I couldn't help it. I thought that seeing her again was a great opportunity to make my dreams come true.

Amy and I met our junior year of college. I was a Philosophy major then, and she was majoring in biology. If we had crossed paths before that, I definitely

would have remembered her. She stood out, very literally.

The class was a philosophy of science class, and fairly small. The set up was several rows of tables that were made for two. How classes like this usually worked was that they were fairly full until a lot of students dropped the first week, and you ended up with the class being almost half the size it started at. That day, I had an empty chair next to me, and there were only two other empty chairs in the room when she walked in.

When I looked up at her, it was as if I literally forgot to breathe. She would have been attractive and have gotten my attention simply because she was so beautiful. She had a gorgeous face and shimmering hair. Her slim figure was perfect, tiny waist, sexy hips and ass, and long shapely legs. What I couldn't take my eyes off of though, were her amazing breasts.

They were absolutely huge, especially on her slim figure. She wore a tight white blouse that made the outline of her bra visible. When she walked into the room, they bounced lightly, creating a massive jiggle, and I thought I had died and gone to heaven. She was a 34HH that day, though I of course wouldn't find that out until much later.

Amy looked around the room looking for a seat. I averted my eyes, knowing that she wasn't going to decide to sit down next to the creeper who was leering at her chest. My brain was repeating the phrase, "Pick me, pick me," over and over on an endless loop, but I was really shocked when Amy slid into the seat next to me.

It was only then that I dared to look at her. I couldn't risk staring at her chest, so I instead looked her in the face. She was even more beautiful close up than I would have imagined.

“Have you ever taken a philosophy course?” she asked me.

“I’m a philosophy major,” I said. “The professor for this class is my advisor.”

“Man, did I pick the right guy to sit next to,” Amy said with a laugh.

“What are you majoring in?”

“Biology,” she replied. “One of my professors suggested this class was something that we might want to take to enhance our understanding.”

“It isn’t that hard,” I told her. “You just have to be willing to think outside the box.”

That’s when the professor came in and the class officially began. As usual, the first class was mostly going over the syllabus, and discussing the basics of the materials and what we would be expected to do. When it was over, I walked out with Amy, and we talked over the class. We exchanged phone numbers.

Once I got back to my dorm room I started masturbating furiously. I couldn’t believe there was such a beautiful girl with big, luscious tits and I had her phone number. I thought about touching those amazing breasts, and sucking on them, while pumping inside her tight, wet pussy. It wasn’t long before I was coming everywhere.

Once I had calmed down, I thought about how I was possibly going to turn this into what I wanted it to be. I hadn't even asked if Amy had a boyfriend. I didn't even know if what I wanted was even a possibility. I knew I was going to have to play this perfectly, but I had an in now. She already thought I could help her through this class.

It turned out that Amy didn't need to worry. She took to the class really quickly, and in fact became very interested in philosophy. She wanted to know more about it. That meant that she wanted to talk more and more with me. We spent a lot of time hanging out, or on the phone, talking about philosophy. This meant that we also talked about other things.

"I have a hard time with guys," she said. "They pretty much just want to fuck the boobs."

"What?" I asked.

"When guys are hitting on me, it isn't even like they are really interested in me but are only interested in my tits. The downside of having 34HH cups."

I could barely believe that cup size when I heard it, even though I knew that Amy had some of the biggest breasts on campus. I didn't know what to say. We were on the phone at the time.

"Are you still there?" Amy asked.

“Yeah,” I told her.

“This conversation isn’t making you uncomfortable?” she asked.

“No,” I said. I desperately wanted her to say more, or to elaborate. “I just don’t have much to say about that.”

Amy laughed. “Not a boob guy?” she asked.

I thought there was no good way to answer this. If I said no, then Amy would think I couldn’t possibly be interested in her, but was there any way to say yes and not seem creepy? There was another awkward silence, but finally I did manage to say something.

“I’m a gentleman, Amy,” I said.

“That’s why I like you,” she said softly. Much to my disappointment, this ended the boob talk, at least until a few months later.

It was the end of the school year and Amy and I were taking another philosophy class together. She had kept fiddling with her bra in class, and it caught my attention even though she was wearing a baggy sweatshirt that day.

“Are you okay?” I asked.

She kept trying to adjust herself. “I think my boobs are growing again.”

These words made my heart soar, though I thought that I was a real creep for feeling that way. Amy’s boobs were already enormous. Any bigger could start to cause her serious problems but being her friend for months had made me boob crazy. The idea of her growing made my cock hard.

“What makes you think you’re growing?” I asked.

“Really?” Amy asked rolling her eye. “My bra is feeling super tight, genius.”

There was an awkward silence and then I said something that I still can’t believe I said, but it just came out. “Well, if it makes you feel any better, I’ll help hold them for you.”

There was a moment of terror over what I had said, and then Amy burst out laughing. “I bet you would!” she said and pushed me gently.

When classes let out for the summer, Amy and I still kept in touch, but the subject of her boobs did not come up. We talked on the phone at least once a week, but no matter what she was doing, her tit growth did not come up. It wasn’t until late August that I had the courage to bring it up.

“So, what ever happened with your bra?” I asked.

“My bra?” Amy seemed confused.

“You were saying it wasn’t fitting in class.”

“Oh,” Amy thankfully remembered. “It turns out they were growing,” she said. “I’m a 34J now.”

Now that I asked the question, I didn’t know what to say. Then it dawned on me. “Well, the offer is still on,” I told her.

I expected Amy to laugh but she didn’t. “I don’t think the guy I’m seeing now would like it that much,” she said.

“You started dating somebody and didn’t tell me?” I asked. I tried not to sound hurt, only surprised.

“We’ve been on two dates,” Amy told me. “It’s really new but I like him.”

“Well, I’m happy for you,” I said, while I felt that my insides were on fire.

“We need to find you somebody,” Amy said. “You’re too cute to let go to

waste.”

“I’m too cute to waste on a woman,” I retorted. I could barely get the joke out. I wished desperately I had asked Amy out.

When we returned to school I did try to date and had a girlfriend for a few months. Her name was Heather, and she became jealous of Amy almost immediately. Not that I could blame her. Amy was this gorgeous girl, with an unbelievable figure, who I spent a lot of time hanging out with. The three cup sizes Amy had gained over the summer made her beyond sexy. Heather was only a 36D.

Amy’s new boyfriend, Brandon, lasted a little longer than Heather. He was not jealous of me at all. I’m not sure what made them break up, I just know that by March it was over. By then, Amy had grown two more cup sizes and was a 34K. She announced this to me casually, as if she was telling me she had put on ten pounds last semester.

“Are you leaving for spring break?” Amy asked me.

“No, I’m going to stay here,” I said.

“Good then we can hang out,” she said. Just you and me.”

The thought made me incredibly excited, but I didn’t want to get my hopes up. Still, there was a voice in my mind telling me that now was the chance to make

my move. Now or never, I said. I wasn't going to get anything better than this.

Then after the last day of classes, I got a call from Amy late at night. "I'm sorry to call you like this, but I have nobody else to talk to."

She sounded like she was on the verge of tears. "What's going on?"

"I just found out that one of my best friends from high school, has gone missing. She's been missing for over a week, but I just found out now."

Unlike most situations like this they would find her, a month later, having been kidnapped by a psycho ex-boyfriend who had locked her in a room intent on making her love him again. At least that story had a happy ending, but for right now, Amy was beside herself.

"Do you want to go home for Spring break?" I asked.

"No...no," she said. "I still want to see you. I just know I don't want to be alone. Can you come over here, and stay with me?"

"Right now?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

So, there goes my chance to make a move, I told myself. What kind of scumbag makes a move on a girl when she is in that kind of a mindset? I knew that I couldn't be that guy.

When I got over to Amy's place, she looked like she had just been crying, but done her best to try and clean herself up and make it look like she hadn't. She looked so fragile. I had never seen her like that. When she came to the door, I hugged her, feeling her huge breasts pressed against me, I tried to make it brief so she couldn't feel my obvious physiological reaction.

"How are you feeling?" I asked.

"Trying to hold it together," she said.

We sat on the sofa and talked about her friend for a while. Talking seemed to help Amy deal with it. Finally, she seemed tired and said she was ready to go to bed.

"Will you sleep in my bed," she asked. I can only imagine what my face must have looked like. "I need somebody to hold me," she said.

I don't even remember what I said, but I know that I had to have mumbled some kind of agreement. We went to Amy's bedroom, and I started to think about what I was going to sleep in when suddenly she walked to the bed and took off her jeans. She was wearing white cotton panties underneath, and now I could see her beautiful ass clad in them, as well as her long shapely bare legs. She was turned

around from me, reaching under her t-shirt to get at her bra.

I could not look away as she unhooked her bra and then slid it out of her t-shirt, after getting it off. The bra was absolutely massive, and I had never gotten a proper look at it. My eyes followed it as she dropped it to the floor, but what I really wanted to see was what she looked like in a t-shirt, braless. I knew I would have to try not to stare.

I didn't have to wait long. Amy turned around and my heartbeat increased rapidly, while my breath was almost a desperate panting. Her tits looked bigger without the bra, much bigger, and they were doing a great job of resisting gravity as they thrust out from her chest, her hard nipples pointing at me. I had to keep my eyes from being glued to her chest, but the idea of looking anywhere else was causing me to panic.

"Why don't you take your clothes off," Amy said. If she noticed how distracted I was by her massive tits, she made no indication. She climbed into bed, got under the covers and then turned away from me.

I took off my shirt and pants and got into bed wearing only my boxers. Amy looked over her shoulder at me. "Hold me, please," she requested.

I did what she asked, looping my arms around her waist. Her boobs were so huge that even though I was trying not to touch them, they rested, warm and heavy, on my arms. Amy moved her ass back and pressed it against me. I was hard at once, and I knew she could feel it.

"Well, that's a nice surprise," Amy said. She ground her ass into me more.

“How can that possibly be a surprise,” I said.

“I guess it isn’t,” she said, and she started to grind her ass into my dick even more.

I was overcome by my desire at that point, and I started to kiss Amy’s neck, as well as move my hands up to properly fondle her breasts. They felt more amazing than I thought, my hands coming nowhere close to being able to hold them, tit flesh overflowing everywhere. They were so soft, and so warm.

“Mmmmmm,” Amy moaned. “Now you’re asking for it.”

She turned around and embraced me, kissing me passionately and running her hands up and down her body. It wasn’t long that I had pulled her shirt up over her head so I could feel her massive tits against me. I couldn’t believe how amazing they felt.

Then Amy flipped me over, and she was on top of me. Her eyes burned with passion as she pulled my boxers off, and then slipped off her own panties. I tried to sit up for a second, but she pushed me back down.

“I’ve caught you looking at my tits sooooo many times,” she teased, running her hands over her own gigantic breasts. “You thought I hadn’t noticed.”

“I was hoping you hadn’t,” I said.

“Why not?” Amy said, leaning over toward me. “Maybe I liked it when you looked.”

Her breasts were in my face, covering all of it, and I was licking and sucking her nipples, as she grabbed my cock and inserted it inside her. She started riding me hard and fast, her enormous tits bouncing around my head. I reached my hands up and held them in place, while I kept pleasing her with my mouth.

“I loved telling you how I’ve been growing,” Amy said. “I loved the idea of you trying not to ask about them, and of what you might be thinking.”

“I was thinking about how amazing it was. You were already the bustiest girl on campus, and yet you just kept growing.”

Amy sat up and moaned. I grabbed her hips as she grinded back and forth on top of me. “God, you know exactly what to say,” she told me. She kept working herself up slowly, before she leaned over again and smothered me in tits. Once she resumed her frantic riding of my cock, she was soon coming again, screaming so loud I thought the neighbors had to hear us.

For the next week I thought that I had gotten what I really wanted. Amy was still sad over her friend, and I needed to comfort her, but there were a number of sex sessions. I thought for sure that when we returned to class, Amy and I would be a couple. That wasn’t what happened at all.

“After what happened with Brandon, I just don’t want a boyfriend right away,” Amy said. “I hope you understand.”

“I guess I do,” I told her, hoping she would change her mind.

When Amy’s friend turned out to be okay, I thought that would change her tune, but things stayed the same. Amy and I saw each other at graduation, and we met each other’s families. I especially enjoyed my Dad’s reaction to meeting Amy, and his attempt for my Mom not to notice how mesmerized he was by Amy’s jugs.

After that we still talked on the phone regularly. This continued for about a year, but the phone calls became less and less until they disappeared altogether. That was when Amy had friended me on Facebook.

Amy suggested that we meet up and walk around Green Lake. “It is where I used to like to skateboard,” she said.

“You skateboarded?” I didn’t remember her skateboarding in college.

“I never told you?”

“No.”

“I guess I’m full of surprises.”

I wondered if I would be surprised with what she looked like now. In college, Amy had been one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen, even without those tits, but ten years was a long time. She would be thirty-two, and a lot had changed. I looked at myself in the mirror, and thought I looked pretty close to how I had in college, a few more lines, but mostly the same. I knew not everybody held up so well.

Another thought occurred to me. Amy had still been growing when she had graduated. We hadn’t talked about it, but I could tell that by the time we graduated, she had expanded beyond her 34K cup. She had never told me exactly how big she was, and I had known better to ask. Did she keep growing after graduation, and for exactly how long? My mind was obsessed with the possibilities. I was thinking of this constantly in the four days Amy and I had made plans and we met at Green Lake.

We had planned to meet near the basketball courts. I was walking toward them when my phone rang. I picked it up. “I think I see you,” Amy’s voice said. “I’m walking toward you right now. Look straight ahead.”

I looked and thought I could see her, but a man was walking in front of her, obscuring her body. “I think I see you too,” I said. Then I hung up the phone and started walking forward.

Amy had come dressed for exercise, wearing sweatpants and a tight stretchy top. Of course, it would have to be tight. When the man who had been obscuring her body walked away, I got my answer to the question of whether Amy’s breasts had grown (Yes!) and how much. (A hell of a lot!)

It is hard to put into words how much bigger she was since the last time I had seen her. I would have estimated that she was at least three times bigger than the 34K that was her last known bra size, but with tits that enormous, and the 34K already being out of most people's conception, this does little to convey her massiveness. I'll make an attempt though.

Each breast was bigger than a basketball, and as she walked they jiggled, hypnotizing anybody who caught sight of them. Two men on the basketball court, collided into each other and fell to the ground as she walked by. Her breasts protruded at least four feet in front of her and hung down just past her stomach. I couldn't believe anybody could be so busty.

I was losing my mind looking at her but was trying to make it seem like I wasn't. As we got closer, she reached out to me, expecting a hug. "Ted, it's so good to see you again."

Then we were hugging, and all I could feel was the incredible warmth of her massive tits. They hung low enough to press right into my crotch, and then I was hard. It was so instantaneous, and so powerful, that she had to be able to feel it, but she didn't react, just pulled away and smiled.

"I've always wondered what happened to you," I said.

"Well, wonder no more," Amy said, and she held her arms out. This made it look like her tits were going to explode her top. "Let's catch up. Tell me everything that you've been doing."

We walked around Green Lake and shared about our lives. I told Amy about my job, which I had gotten soon after college and had never left. I was still making good money, had a pension, and good benefits. There was no reason to leave. I also told her about the couple of relationships I had after college, one of which had lasted four years.

“So, you’re single now?” Amy asked.

“I’ve been single for about two years,” I said. “I’ve dated a little here and there, but nothing has gotten serious.”

Then Amy started to share about her life. After college had come grad school, first a master’s degree, and then a PhD. She had done some post-doc work, and now had been offered a place at UW.

“What about your love life?” I asked her boldly. I had shared about mine.

“There hasn’t been much of one,” she said. “Men are usually threatened by me. Either it’s the PhD, or it’s...” She stopped right there.

“It’s what?” I asked coyly.

“You know,” she said, and she looked down at her chest. “Same old story, only now there is much more of it.” She laughed and her massive chest began to shake. I was so turned on that I took a moment to look away. When I looked back at her, she was eyeing me curiously. “I haven’t gotten too big for you?” she

asked.

I took a deep breath. “I don’t know,” I said. “There is only one way to find out.”

Amy seemed pleased with my boldness. “Where do you live?” she asked.

We adjusted our walk to go back to my apartment. Now that we had decided to be direct about our intentions, the sexual tension was thick enough to be cut with a knife. I reached out and took her arms, and I could see her huge nipples hardening under her top and starting to poke out.

“I was wrong to pull away from you in college,” she said.

“You were going through something,” I replied. “I understand completely. It doesn’t matter now.”

When we got to my apartment, we were on each other the minute we made it through the door. I pushed her against the wall, and then my hands were exploring her colossal boobs. I was like a wild animal, touching huge tits that were beyond my wildest imaginings before today. I loved the feeling of them squishing against me, as I had Amy backed up against the wall.

We began to make our way to my bedroom, removing clothing as we went. I was down to my boxers in seconds, but it took Amy longer to get her top up over her head. She struggled for quite a bit, trying to get it over her breasts. Finally, she pulled it off, revealing an enormous lacey black bra.

Amy walked into the bedroom with me close behind. I watched her hips sway, she wanting to taunt me, and she slowly turned so I could look at her gigantic breasts again. The sheer amount of material that had been needed to make her cups was head-spinning. Yet, the bra fit her snugly.

“I’d tell you what size this bra is,” she teased, “But I’m far beyond the point where bra sizes matter. Besides, I’m still growing. It won’t be long before this bra is too small.”

She giggled when she saw my expression and she started removing her sweatpants. She bent over, revealing vast and endless cleavage that took my breath away. She stood up, now just in her bra and panties.

“You look ready,” she said, nodding at my full erection. “Why don’t you come and get it.”

I was on her in a second, grabbing at her, and again feeling her gigantic chest pressed against my own. I wanted them bare, and my arms reached around to get at the series of hooks keeping me from feeling those naked monsters.

I was kissing Amy’s neck, she moaning, as I opened the hooks one by one, each one relieving some of the tension of the enormous bra trying to hold back. When we were down to the last hook, it felt as if the bra might explode. When I undid it, her tits were finally free, and they exploding outward. When I stripped the bra off, they looked even more enormous.

“My God,” I practically choked.

Amy grabbed my head and shoved me into her chest. Each one was far bigger than my head, and I felt like I was being smothered to death. She finally let me go, and I moved my hands over them, and my mouth found one of her nipples.

Amy was going crazy as I sucked her. I let one of my hands move down to her crotch and it felt like she was soaking wet. I pushed her down on the bed, ripped her panties off, and then I was inside her.

The feeling of her breasts pressed against me while I was laying on top of her, made me so excited that I was an animal. Neither of us lasted very long that first time. “I’ve been waiting to have you inside me again for so long!” Amy screamed. Soon she was coming, and I was too.

We held each other and talked, gently kissing and fondling each other’s bodies. “I’ve been thinking about you for years,” I admitted.

“I’ve been thinking of you too. I always thought I passed up the one guy who would appreciate me,” Amy said. “Once I moved back, I knew I had to try for a second chance.”

“Appreciate you?” I asked.

Amy smiled. “You know what I mean,” she said. She pressed her chest against me, and then reached down to grab my hardening cock. “You love my giant

boobs, and you won't mind if I get bigger." She leaned forward and kissed me. "No matter how big I get."

I was fully hard and pulsing. Amy didn't waste any time. She rolled me over and was on top of me. With her on top, her colossal tits looked even bigger. I reached up and felt their massive weight as Amy rode me.

"This is just like the first time," Amy said. "Except I'm so much bigger now." As she rode me, her enormous breasts slammed against my body. "Think about them getting even bigger."

I did think about it, as Amy used me to get closer and closer to her pleasure. If her breasts got much bigger, they would start to envelope me, to crush me. They might become bigger than my whole body, and the thought was the hottest thing that I could think of. Not only that, but Amy seemed to think so too.

"You're so massive," I said to Amy. "You're a big tit goddess, and you rule over me."

Amy laughed, as she quickened her pace. "Don't you forget it," she said. "Nobody comes close to me, and I'm just going to keep on growing. I need it, I want it. I can't possibly be too big."

With her words we both started coming, and I knew both of us could not wait for it to become reality.