

Chapter 7

Feeling dejected, I stroll to my car. *What was that about... She was so into it and then... What could I have done...?* The question repeats over and over in my mind. I find myself home in no time at all and I go straight to bed, checking my phone first before I shut my eyes... *No messages...*

Another rough night, I find myself in the shower before my alarm would've gone off. *Saturday... It's going to be a busy one today.* I arrive at work super early to try and distract myself; it doesn't help. All my morning jobs are done, and I've still got an hour to go. Thankfully, Mandy is also running early. I open the door and notice that she has managed to contain the girls in the spare jacket from yesterday, walking past me she makes no attempt to smile or acknowledge me.

"Morning Mandy" I say warmly.

"Hi Dan... I'm going to put my stuff into my locker" she replies looking down at the floor, then promptly heading towards her lockers.

I guess things are still weird... I need a coffee.

Heading to the staffroom I pass Mandy at the lockers. I watch briefly as she takes the jacket off and reveals her bust. *The extra-large, must be.* The shirt looks extremely baggy everywhere except her chest, where it fits much better than her previous uniform. She suddenly turns, noticing me heading her way she turns away to hide her bust, a fruitless task as she is far too busy for that now. Taking the hint, I pull out my phone and pretend to be engrossed in it.

I put the kettle on and prepare a mug for me, *I wonder if she wants one.* "Hey Mand, do you want a coffee?"

Her head pops into the staffroom, her eyes looking misty. "Err... sure" she snuffles.

"Hey, are you ok?" I ask. *Mistake.*

Without responding she pulls her head out and I can hear her running. *Shit, probably not best to follow.* I finish the coffee as I hear Mandy's footsteps, presumably, headed towards the staffroom. Anxiously waiting for her entrance, I take a sip of my coffee. I see her bust enter the room before the rest of her, *Not the time!* She looks like she has been crying.

"I'm sorry Dan..." the tears start to build up in her eyes.

"Hey, me too Mandy" bringing myself to my feet and starting towards her.

"What fo-"

I interrupt her with a big hug, this throws her into a full sob. I gently rub her back and pull her tight to my chest. We stand there for 5 minutes as she regains her composure.

She lifts her head "I'm sorry that we did what we did... You are my boss and I've only just met you and I've been pretty forward and and..." tears again fill her eyes.

"Hey, there is no need to be sorry, you are wonderful, and I wouldn't have done anything I didn't want too" giving her a big smile.

She rubs her eyes and gives her best attempt at a smile back despite the tears.

"You don't have anything to be sorry for Mandy. I swear."

"You sure?"

"Yes, I want what you want so if you want to stop then we can stop." I say nobly but dying on the inside. *I've got to do what's best for her.*

"I think that is for the best."

"Ok, now why don't you have your coffee and take some time. We've got about 20 minutes before we open. I'll go to the office, and you come out when you are ready. Also... Sorry, but your makeup has run..."

"I'll fix it before we open... Dan?"

"Yeah?"

"Thank you" she wraps her arms around me and squeezes me as much as her boobs will allow.

Mildly hot and bothered by the parting hug, I head back to the office and flash Mandy a smile as I leave.

20 minutes pass quickly, and I am about to open the shop and Mandy joins me on the shop floor. I notice her makeup is all fixed and she is giving a mighty smile.

“Ready.”

“Last day before a day off, Let’s make it a good one, eh?”

I open the door and let in the morning rush. Thankfully, the rush keeps us occupied so that there is minimal awkwardness. The downside is that we barely get to talk, and the day gets away from us rather quickly.

“Saturdays are the worst” I exclaim, lowering the shutter.

“Well, that was certainly busier than a weekday, how come we don’t work Sunday too?”

“Quietest days are Sunday and Monday, there is a dedicated cover team that works them, we are the muscle that needs to be here during the busiest days.”

“I guess that makes sense...” she trails off.

“So... any plans with your two days off?” I ask curiously.

“Not really... Most likely play some games and work on my cospl-” she stops herself and blushes. “Sorry, I, er...”

“Don’t be, we don’t have to be awkward, we are adults... most of the time” I joke.

“I guess you are right.”

We both exit the store and I set the alarm.

“Well, I hope you have a good two days off, I’ll see you Tuesday bright and early for another fun week” I head towards my car, she has parked the other side of the car park, so we part ways.

The evening quickly turns to morning as Sunday rolls around. I spend the day chilling on the sofa and doing chores, lacking the energy to go out into the world. I don’t hear from Mandy, and I think it best not to message her. Sunday quickly fades away and before I know it Monday is halfway through. I’m having lunch when I hear my phone go off. *It could be her!* I

rush to my phone which is on the other side of the room, practically throwing my lunch to the floor during the launch from my sofa.

Mandy: Hi Dan, how are you doing?

It is her! Play it cool Dan.

Dan: Hi Mandy, yeah, I'm not bad, just having some lunch. The days off go by so quick. What about you? How are you and what are you up to?

Mandy: Not too bad... I've just had lunch and I went to try on my uniform...

Dan: Why are you trying your uniform on?

Mandy: Erm... I know things might be a bit awkward, but you are one of the only people that I speak to... especially about the problem I have... It'll be better if

I

just show you.

Mandy sends a picture through. The photo is of Mandy standing in a mirror, I see her top is tight and the buttons are strained but something seems different. When I saw her on Saturday her top was strained, now this top looks... not as strained.

Mandy: Sorry if this makes things awkward again but I didn't have anyone who understood my predicament.

Dan: I'm always happy to help.

Mandy: I bet, especially as it's about my boobs :P something about them always gets your attention, I wonder what? Hmmm...

There is the old flirty Mandy.

Dan: Well like I said, always happy to help Mandy. What's the problem?

Mandy: Don't tell me you couldn't tell. You aren't paying enough attention. Here, maybe
this will help.

A second picture, this time the middle two buttons of the shirt have been opened exposing a boob window which shows off the deep valley of her breasts. *She isn't wearing a bra.* Her nipples are stiff and pressing out against the tight top, confirming my suspicions. Her boobs look bigger but still the top doesn't look as strained. *What am I missing?*

Mandy: I guess you might not have enough blood going to your head. Maybe you are feeling a little distracted?

Dan: Sorry Mandy, I don't see any problem.

Mandy: You wouldn't... Truth be told I don't have a "problem" with it either but maybe the company will.

Dan: Huh?

Mandy: I bet you thought this was the large top you gave me? Guess again ;)

Dan: It's the extra-large?

Mandy: Yep, I had another growth spurt. I bet you saw the picture and thought I might've gotten smaller. Quite the opposite.

A third picture, this time Mandy's uniform shirt is open fully and she is using her fingers to cover her nipples. Due to the size of her breasts and areola her fingers don't entirely cover them, and you can see the darkened skin peeking out around her fingers as her breasts bulge over her fingers. Her tits are unrestrained by clothing and hang proudly from her chest. Casting my mind back to the events on Friday night, *Fuck... they are bigger...*

Mandy: So, I guess you see my problem now? ;)

Dan: I see your big problems, yes.

Mandy: Well, my problems are only growing and getting bigger. I need some help dealing with these problems. Can you help with these problems?

Dan: I am always willing to help Mandy.

Mandy: Good, these problems are likely to get bigger... is that ok?

Dan: Absolutely.

Mandy: Tell me Dan, do you want to have bigger problems?

Dan: Yes.

Mandy: Tell me...

Dan: I want your problems to get bigger. They are already so big but sometimes bigger is better, right?

Mandy: Bigger is always better.

Dan: I agree.

Mandy: Good.

She is driving me wild... so much for chill...

Dan: I want to see them grow, they can never be too big, I want you to outgrow your uniform again, I want to see how big you can get.

Mandy: Oh Dan, I had no idea... ;)

Another picture, this time Mandy is pulling her uniform tightly around her boobs as if trying to stuff them into the shirt. The top looks incredibly taxed by the weight of her chest. She is giving a sexy smirk whilst holding her huge boobs. The effect of her pulling the top tight

around her tits make them look even bigger. Her hands are no longer covering her nipples and due to their size and thin fabric there is little left to the imagination. Painfully my erection throbs in my trousers.

Dan: It looks like it won't last long.

Mandy: It won't, not at this rate, I'm growing bigger day by day, constantly expanding...

Dan: That is incredibly hot.

Mandy: I know.

Dan: You are so huge... And you are just getting bigger...

Mandy: Always. Do you like my growing boobies? ;)

Dan: I love them.

Mandy: Do they make you excited?

Dan: So excited.

Mandy: Tell me more.

Dan: I love getting to work early so that I can get everything done before you arrive, that way when you come jiggling into the shop, I can watch you take your long strides and just absorb the sight before me of your bigger and bigger chest day by day. Constantly getting tighter in your top, I just watch and hope that you pop a button during your walk toward me every time.

Mandy: Oh...

Dan: I hope that wasn't too far...

Mandy sends a voice clip. I take a deep breath and tap play. Immediately I am greeted by sounds of immense pleasure. Fast and shallow moans blast out of my speaker. *Fuck...* I release my cock out of my trousers, not resisting any longer and start to stroke.

"Fuck... Dan... I... Am... Growing... I'm so fucking huge... Make me bigger!" she screams and lets out a powerful yelp as she orgasms, the audio cuts out during the long moan. I listen to it a few more times as I continue to stroke myself, getting very quickly close to the edge when I notice a new message from Mandy.

Mandy: Show me. Show me how excited I make you. Please.

I quickly snap a picture of my throbbing dick and send it to her.

Mandy: Oh, is that for me? Did I make *you* grow? ;)

Dan: Yes.

Mandy: You don't need to type... I want you to focus on your... "Problem"

Fuck.

Mandy: I want you to just think, I am still growing. Tomorrow morning when I jiggle over to you I will be bigger than I am now. Tomorrow might even be your lucky day, I might even pop that button like you want. Do you want to see me burst out of my top? Don't answer, I already know you do. I think you are much like me Dan. You have a breast expansion fetish. Me too. It drives me wild, growing bigger and bigger each day. Sometimes it is so hard to get out of bed in the morning ;) I hope you are still stroking over there...

Dan: I haven't stopped, I don't think I could anyway...

Mandy: Good.

A second voice clip. "Stroke it for me Dan, stroke it for my growing tits. I want to... no I NEED to grow bigger... cum for me and my growing tits Dan, your cum will make me grow... I need you to cum for me..." Her voice is so sexy, it is driving me wild.

A third clip. "Faster... Faster..."

I increase my pace.

"I want you to cum... 5..."

She's counting me down.

"4... 3... 2..."

Fuck!

"1..."

I let out a mighty grunt as I cum. thick ropes of cum exploding from my throbbing head.

That's it, imagine blowing it all over my huge fucking tits."

Holy... Shit...

A couple of minutes pass.

Mandy: Sorry for going silent on you then... I couldn't resist either...

Dan: Fucking hell Mandy...

Mandy: I'm guessing by your silence that I had the intended effect ;)

Dan: Holy shit yes... You are amazing... You are right too; I do have a BE fetish.

Mandy: I didn't need to be Sherlock Holmes to work that one out ;) Good thing you met

someone like me then. A like-minded girl who happens to be able to fulfil your fantasy ;)

Dan: You can say that again.

Mandy: I hate to shoot off, but I've got some plans with my parents soon and I think

I might need to shower :P I'll see you tomorrow morning Danny ;)

Dan: It's ok, I hope you have a good afternoon, I'll see you tomorrow

Mandy: Danny, one more thing. I want you to save those audio files and when you feel like stroking it again, use them. I want you to cum for only me and my huge tits. Each time you do, I'll reward you. Do you understand?

Dan: Yes.

Mandy: Good, ttyl x

My god what a woman.