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1,237 words.

<Busty Best Friend: Remastered>

by <Growing Desires>

Foreward

Hello and thank you for reading, supporting or even buying this book, I appreciate it immensely.

This is my first "re master" / Continuation of an older commission that I finished. I am very curious if you want to see more of these in the future so please do let me know.

This was originally a Patreon voted for story, the fans back in 2021 voted to see a story where a best friend, who knows about your BE fetish, starts to grow. The original story is available for free on my Deviantart page right here

Thank you for your support, to see all of my content, check my Linktree

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Chapter 1

My grunts echo out into the room, it's the dead of night but I can't sleep. I should be past the age of being a horny teen, but I don't think my body got the memo that I turned 20 last week. I am transfixed on the images on my screen. Boobs, not any boobs, massive growing boobs. I have a fetish, commonly referred to as a breast expansion fetish. The fetish isn't based in reality, but where would the fun be if we were stuck in the real world all the time? I've loved it since being a teen and those were some wild years because every girl I knew was going through puberty. I remember a particular girl who during school holidays grew two cup sizes to a D cup, I overheard her tell her friend. Small potatoes compared to what was on my screen now, huge gravity defying melons covering up this woman's torso. I pick up the pace with my strokes.

Abi has been my best friend since we were in primary school together. Abi's mum and my mum met on the yard when doing the school run and hit it off so when they would hang out that meant me and Abi would too. Me and Abi thankfully hit it off and we were inseparable as we grew up. Even passed that awkward stage where most kids go through that "Yuck! Girls!" stage we remained thick as thieves. When Abi went through her puberty, she didn't see much change, she filled out a little and got some curves, but she wasn't stealing boys' attention. My breathing increases as I approach climax.

We are still best friends to this day, Abi decided to head off to university, in the same town thankfully, whilst I started working at an accounting firm after college. We have much less time to

see each other in person but we message daily. I was a bit clumsy, this resulted in Abi finding my porn stash on my PC. I can remember the feeling of deep shame and embarrassment thinking she might out me to our mutual friends. However, she was interested more than anything. She asked loads of questions, felt like I was being interrogated to be honest, but it was a pleasant experience that made me feel more comfortable with it all. She had this profound fascination with the whole thing. It wasn't like I was being judged, rather, I was trying to be understood. Empathy was her strongest trait, how she used it seemed to be to incite reactions. Passing the point of no return I start to erupt into a tissue I've got to hand. Leaning back my head in my PC chair catching my breath and feeling my heart pound my chest, I take a moment.

Abi is my best friend, but I would be lying if I said I didn't think about her sometimes as something more. We were so close and young that it was inevitable. Abi was a very pretty girl, and her added curves made her attractive but not a standout to most people. She never really had any boyfriends, they would hit on her, but nothing ever came of it. Even after asking she never really gave a reason. It is quite strange because Abi seemed to be a big flirt, I'd not seen it with other people, but she loves to tease me. Whenever we would be out, and she would clock a busty woman, she would take the time to point her out to me and the way she stared at me was as if she wanted to read my mind as I would stare at this random woman's breasts. Sometimes she would even say things like "Oh, she looks quite big, eh Jack?", "Wow, look at her, someone didn't put a bra on today", Or when she was feeling in a particularity teasing mood, "Imagine how quickly she grew those."

I lift my head up, open my eyes and close my browser and head to the bathroom to dispose of my tissue and clean up. Abi herself didn't have any sort of secret kinks but she told me that she was quite sexual in her head, lots of things would be taken dirty rather than the innocent comment it might be as an example. From years of knowing her I know that it probably runs deeper than that.

Tomorrow, we have made plans to see each other, we have both had a particularly busy time of things lately. Abi has been studying super hard for a test which she took today, and I have been swamped with work. Somehow the stars have aligned, and I just managed to finish all the

work for my clients before my annual leave starts tomorrow and the exam that Abi sat was the last one for the year. This would likely mean she would be around my house most of next week, certainly not a bad thing.

I check my phone and see our messages are still open and I click the profile picture. It was taken a few months back just before her 20th birthday. In the picture Abi is standing with her arm around two other girls. Standing at about 5'8 she is a few inches taller than these girls, they are dressed for a night out and I can see Abi's dress is very form fitting to try and accentuate what curves she does have. Her long brunette hair has been curled into big ringlets for the occasion that flow over her shoulders. Her face beaming that beautiful smile as she poses for the camera. Her eyes don't look as joyous, they look sultry as her eye liner stands out on her half-closed eyes, bedroom eyes almost. Her slim cheeks have a slight blush to them, and her lips look fuller thanks to the magic of her deep rouge lipstick. Further down her body my eyes meet her boobs, a solid C cup she told me sometime last year. They fit on her frame well, maybe it's the residual horniness, but I'd love to see what she would look like bigger. Her slim waist is next, which leads to her mildly wider hips. She developed a bit of a shimmy once puberty was done with her. The dress she is wearing ends part way down her thigh leaving her long slim legs out on display as they lead to her feet in her heels. I put my phone down on the side after setting three alarms; five minutes before to take the snooze swipe, actual time and "if you don't get up now you will be late."

Until tomorrow...

I lock my phone and close my eyes.

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