

## Retail

### Chapter 2

The morning alarm comes around fast and I bolt upright, time to get ready for work.

Thoughts of Mandy linger in my head, *How can she change so much?*

Traffic is light and I get into the shop nice and early to prepare the shop for trade. Mandy comes through the staff entrance early for her shift with 2 coffees in her hand. I see the coffee and can't help but notice her chest again... *That uniform is looking a bit tight, Luke must've not got the right size for her.*

"Howdy Dan, I didn't know what you like so I played it safe and got you a mocha" Mandy says as she gives the most wonderful smile.

"Awh thank you Mandy, you didn't have to do that. How did you know I needed it this morning?" I laugh and give her my best smile back whilst taking the mocha from her outreached arm.

"Well there are two things that make the morning worth it and seeing as we are both single only one of them is readily available" she gives a cheeky wink.

I can feel my face blush already and we haven't even opened yet. "Well thank you Mandy" I repeat.

9am rolls around and we both start the trading day, a bit of a rush in store as we open but that is normal. It starts to ease off around 10 so we can get back to talking, I am secretly hoping we can discuss her changes... the thought is still there, I need to know if I'm going crazy or she really did transform.

"I must admit Dan, I did some snooping last night. I'm a bit of a social media stalker" Mandy nervously admits.

"Oh yeah? Did you find much?" *I'm fairly sure most of my settings are set to private so I doubt she'd find much.*

"Not a great deal, I think I need to have you as a friend to really snoop..." awkwardly ending her sentence.

"Was that a hint?"

"Maybe, I mean, we are friends right?" she says as she gives me the puppy dog eyes.

"Sure, I'll add you now" I open up my app and send a friend request.

"That was quick... say Dan, how did you find me so quick?" *Busted.*

Now it was my turn to be nervous, I look away from her eyes and stammer.

"Were you stalking *me* by chance?" she accuses with a huge smirk on her face.

“Well, No, I-”

“Cut the crap Dan, I know you were, you liked one of my photos. You aren’t very secretive”

*Well and truly busted, How could I be such a moron!*

“Well Mandy, It seems I have something I need to admit to you”

Her eyes are glued to my face as she is pulling the most cheesy grin I think I’ve seen. “Go on Dan, tell me all about it”

“I too am a social media stalker... I guess I had more luck than you because your settings are mostly on public”

“That is true, I keep forgetting to change them. Tell me, why did you like this photo?” Mandy turns her phone screen and shows me the photo from a few months ago that I was looking at last night.

“Well, I didn’t mean to like anything as that defeats the point of being a stalker. That image does raise some questions. That was only 4 months ago, you look... Er... hope this doesn’t come across as rude... very different from then”

“Well, I just started taking care of myself more and very quickly I changed I guess” she shrugs.

*Sure, looking after yourself might help with the hair, complexion maybe? But her boobs... unless she got surgery. Seriously gone from an B cup to a D cup... that isn’t just looking after yourself.*

My face must’ve been an open book because she starts to chuckle. She pulls her customer routine on me; she presses her arms together and squeezes her bust and stares up at me. This is the first time I’ve gotten a front view of it and I can see why it is so effective on certain demographics of customers. Powerless to resist, my gaze lowers to her bulging breasts. Mandy’s buttons are straining and her bra cups are overflowing, is this because of the squeezing, maybe, but something tells me no.

“I bet you are wondering where *these* came from?” she drops all facades and bluntly confronts me.

Speechless, the only way to describe my reaction at this point.

“What’s the matter Dan? Never seen a real woman before?” she smirks.

“I er, well, yeah I guess... You weren’t half as... endowed as you were, er, four months ago, that doesn’t just, ya know, happen to a woman, especially in their mid 20s” I bumble out.

“Very observant Dan” she winks. “I am thinking of it as a second puberty, I’ve not gone to a doctor or anything but why would I? I’ve got these!” she bounces on the spot with her arms still compressing her breasts. Luckily for me Mandy’s boobs are blocking her line of sight to my crotch or I think I would die at this point.

“That’s enough teasing for now. It looks like we might have some more customers” Mandy gives me an innocent smile as she practically skips over to the couple entering our department.

*Fuck me... What a tease*

Luckily, or unluckily depending on perspective, the shop is busy enough to keep both Mandy and me busy until we close. Same routine as always, thankfully again no last second customers and I let Mandy out the staff exit and set the alarm. When I turn around and take a step towards my car, I crash into something soft, Mandy’s boobs. For the briefest of seconds I can feel her breasts press into me and yield to my forward momentum. I quickly jump backwards.

“Oh my god, I am so sorry Mandy! I didn’t see you there!” I quickly apologize

She clutches her chest and raises her face from her chest to me. Not angry, not insulted or embarrassed but rather with a grin.

“It is quite alright Dan, I wasn’t paying attention either and like we were discussing earlier, I have grown. I am still getting used to them being *bigger*” she lingers on the word bigger, giving it a real emphasis, something about it sends a shiver down my spine.

“Still, I am sorry”

“Hey if you wanted to touch them all you had to do was ask” she winks and turns to start towards her car. Once again, I am left speechless.

“See you tomorrow Dan” she waves and drives off, I don’t think I’ve moved since jumping back from her and apologizing.

I get home and quickly put a frozen pizza into the oven. *I’m starving and I can’t be arsed to cook.* Checking my phone I notice a message from Mandy. *That’s right, we added each other earlier.*

Mandy: *Hi Dan, hope you aren’t feeling bad about what happened earlier? I don’t ;)*

*Look at this pic, I took it 2 years ago, I feel embarrassed about my face and hair but I just wanted to show you what my “second puberty” has done.*

The picture attachment shows a cropped image of a young lady’s body, mostly hidden in baggy tomboy clothing but it is evident that this lady doesn’t have any bust to speak of. Something strikes me as wrong looking at this image like this but Mandy did tell me to look.

Dan: *Hi Mandy, I am sorry again but if you don’t mind then I don’t feel as bad.*

*That is you in that picture?*

Mandy: *Hard to believe the girls have gotten that big. Speaking of which...*

*How do I*

*go about ordering a new uniform? I don't think the sizes that the company*

*offer*

*are generous and not sure if Luke gave me an old one that had been tumble dried or something. Look*

Another picture fills my screen, it shows Mandy's face and bust in the mirror, she has a cheeky smile on her face with her right index finger at the corner of her mouth. Her left arm is barely visible but it is under her chest lifting up her breasts. The main highlight of the picture is her impressive boobs, they cover the width of the frame and the uniform she is wearing is clearly having a difficult time in containing her breasts. Small glimpses can be seen of her boobs between the large diamond shaped gaps between the buttons of the shirt. Her bra underneath the shirt is now overflowing, somehow more than earlier. The sides of the shirt show clear strain marks as the fabric is being stretched to its limits. For the third time today I find myself speechless, thankfully I don't need to speak, just type.

Dan: I can order a new uniform tomorrow first thing, just remind me and I'll get it done

Mandy: I don't think you'll forget ;) I swear it's getting smaller by the day.

Anyway, I'll

leave you in peace. Have a good night Dan xx

Dan: You too Mandy, see you tomorrow

*Mandy is something else...*