

This story was voted for by my Patreons, they wanted a BE themed story. Enjoy!

Chapter 2

The next day I get to class early, it's funny the motivating power that Miss Stevens has. Sitting in class early, my notebook and textbook ready, I eagerly wait for Miss Stevens to enter. I am one of the first people in the room, there are three others here, all eating breakfast.

I remember that the bus would get here so early...

The sound of her office door creaking cuts through the ambient noise of the room. I fix my eyes on the doorframe and watch as Miss Stevens enters.

Is she... different?

Looking her over, she has the same look, hair the same, makeup the same, clothes-

Wait.

Her trousers were the same, but her blouse was being worn differently. The strain on her blouse now slightly alleviated by the fact that she now had opened two buttons at the top of it, revealing the generous start to her cleavage.

If yesterday was a distraction...

I watch as she continues to bounce and jiggle as she walks about the class getting her resources together. She places a cup of coffee on the desk and starts typing away on the computer. It is still early, and class hasn't started so she doesn't engage us yet.

I keep my eye on her, watching as she types away at the PC, her boobs occasionally bumping into her desk as she leans over to read something on her screen.

Her boobs are bulging upwards over her bra cups slightly and between the gap in her blouse. I watch as she strains her eyes to look at the content on the screen, her cute brow furrowed. She huffs as her bubbly demeanour turns to a sour one.

I watch for a few seconds as she is getting increasingly frustrated. Boldly, I stand up, and start towards her desk.

Getting closer with each step I keep my eyes fixated on her.

She is mesmerising.

"Hey Miss Stevens." I interrupt her angry glare.

“Yes!” She turns to me, her angry scowl still present, I reel. “Oh! Sorry.” The frustrated look fades from her quickly as she continues. “This computer isn’t playing nice; sorry I didn’t mean to scare you Mr Adams.”

“Kris. You can call me Kris; Mr Adams makes me think of my dad.”

“Unorthodox but sure, Kris.”

“Do you want me to help? I know the school system well.” I offer.

“Alright? She’s all yours.” She wheels herself backwards and gestures towards the screen.

From this angle I can see into the cleavage her firm boobs are now making.

Don’t get hard...

Quickly, needing the distraction, I lower to my knees and start to play with her PC.

“I can’t get this file to download and open, it keeps blocking access.” She says frustratedly.

“I know how to fix it, don’t worry, it’s not you, it’s the firewall.” I reassure, in a few quick taps I’ve got the file open on the screen for her.

Quickly catching the document title, I notice it’s a receipt from a raunchy lingerie shop. I see one item, a bra. 32E.

My face turning a bright crimson I back away and turn to Miss Stevens to apologise.

She is sitting there, smirking at me. “How rude of me, Jess. You can call me Jess.” She giggles.

Quickly getting to my feet, I apologise. “Sorry Miss Ste- Jess.”

“No, no, it’s quite alright Kris, thank you for your help. I needed that to order a refund.”

My brow unconsciously lifts inquisitively.

“Too small.” She looks down, and that is when I finally notice.

She is positively overflowing her bra.

In danger of staring too long, I try to tear my eyes away, but she shakes slightly, keeping my eyes fixed on her boobs.

“I don’t know what happened, I swear I fit this bra yesterday... heck, even this morning...”

Slowly I can see her bust rising up more and overflowing her cups more by the second.

“I swear I can almost feel myself growing...” She says softly under her breath.

I feel a stirring in my pants, my crotch near enough shoulder height to her in her chair, I start to panic. I look at her face; she has just flashed a quick glance at my trousers.

Giving me a huge grin, she lets out a deep breath, her boobs shrink back down. "You'd best take a seat Kris..." She winks and wheels her chair back over to her computer, her bosom colliding with the edge.

I walk awkwardly towards my seat, hoping desperately nobody notices my forming erection in my trousers. I see a girl turn and laugh to her friend; I sink into my chair.

Great... That won't help my reputation.

The rest of the students flood into the classroom, all just about in time for the start of the lecture. Miss Stevens, no, Jess gets up and addresses the class. I find my eyes focused on the two things that have had my attention since I first set my eyes on her yesterday.

This is going to be a long lesson.

Jess gets into the rhythm of the lecture and walks around the class as she speaks, like a shark stalking her prey. She gets close to me on one pass through and she lingers next to me as she reads an extract from the textbook, she looks over the edge of the book down at me, of course I was looking up at her.

Our eyes meet, I look away out of fear and embarrassment and she knocks my desk with her knee to get my attention. Looking back up, I see she has moved, the book is now not blocking her face, I can see her beautiful visage as she looks down at me, still citing the book, clearly, she has it committed to memory.

I notice a shifting in her top. Slowly, her face is being obscured by her bust.

Is she... Growing?

Jess continues to read to the class, everyone seemingly focused on taking notes, I on the other hand, stare at her bust. I can see her smile now fading behind her breasts, her eyes filled with a fire as she stares down at me. My face must be a sight, mouth agape, eyes wide and sweating profusely.

I can hear the fabric creak, her chest becoming too much of a burden for her blouse. Her boobs are now pushing out so far that I see that her blouse gets untucked from her trousers. I steal a quick glance of her torso before casting my eyes upward once more. The look in her eyes have changed, her eyes almost look like they are pleading...

Is she enjoying this?

I see her boobs shake and jiggle slightly as I notice now that she is trembling.

She is...

Finally, there is a pop, not quite loud enough to draw attention from the room but I notice it. Her top button pops, from this angle I can't see the result of the pop but I can see the shock on Jess' face.

Her speech which has been confident and measured this whole time now becomes slightly disoriented, she sounds distracted.

I wonder why...

She gives me a quick wink and her boobs seemingly deflate slightly. She heads to the front of the class, using the textbook to cover up her cleavage.

Thank fuck that I am sitting down.

I feel my throbbing cock pulse against my trousers, desperate to be touched. I can't take my eyes off of Jess, I can barely resist just stroking myself through my trousers in class even. After getting to the front of the class she takes a seat, hiding behind her computer desk but this is only brief as she readjusts her top.

Standing back up she continues her lecture. Wholly unfocused I just watch as she paces around the class. She gives me a quick sideways glance every so often, being sure to take a deep breath and puff out her chest when she does so.

She knows exactly the power she has over me.

She gives us another set of problems to go through, the second the instruction is given she rushes over to my seat and gets on her knees, lowering herself to speak to me. Jess sticks her chest out and her boobs collide with my table. She gives me a knowing glance as her bust covers a part of my desk.

"Remember, you have a tutoring session after class Kris." She says in a breathy tone, my name lingering on her lips.

I nod.

As if I could forget.

"Good. Is everything..." She pauses and glances at her bust. "...Ok?"

Following her gaze, I can see once again her boobs are growing, spreading over the surface of the table. Very slight but incredible nonetheless, especially this close to me.

She leans towards my ear "Kris?" She whispers. "Something wrong?"

She is in my head, her sultry voice dancing around reducing my brain to mush.

"Err... I-... Wha... Umm" I babble.

"There, there good boy, I'll let you get on with your work." She stands back up and gives me one last glance and a slight shake of her chest.

I stare as her boobs now bulging over her bra shake from side to side, her overflowing bust jiggling. Once again, they seemingly shrink back down, albeit slightly. She catches eye with another student who has their hand raised.

“Coming” she says aloud as she leaves.

I don't know how she is doing it, but it is the hottest thing I've ever seen.